

HISTORICAL PAPERS

FRANKLIN COUNTY AND THE CUMBERLAND VALLEY

BY
JACOB H. STONER

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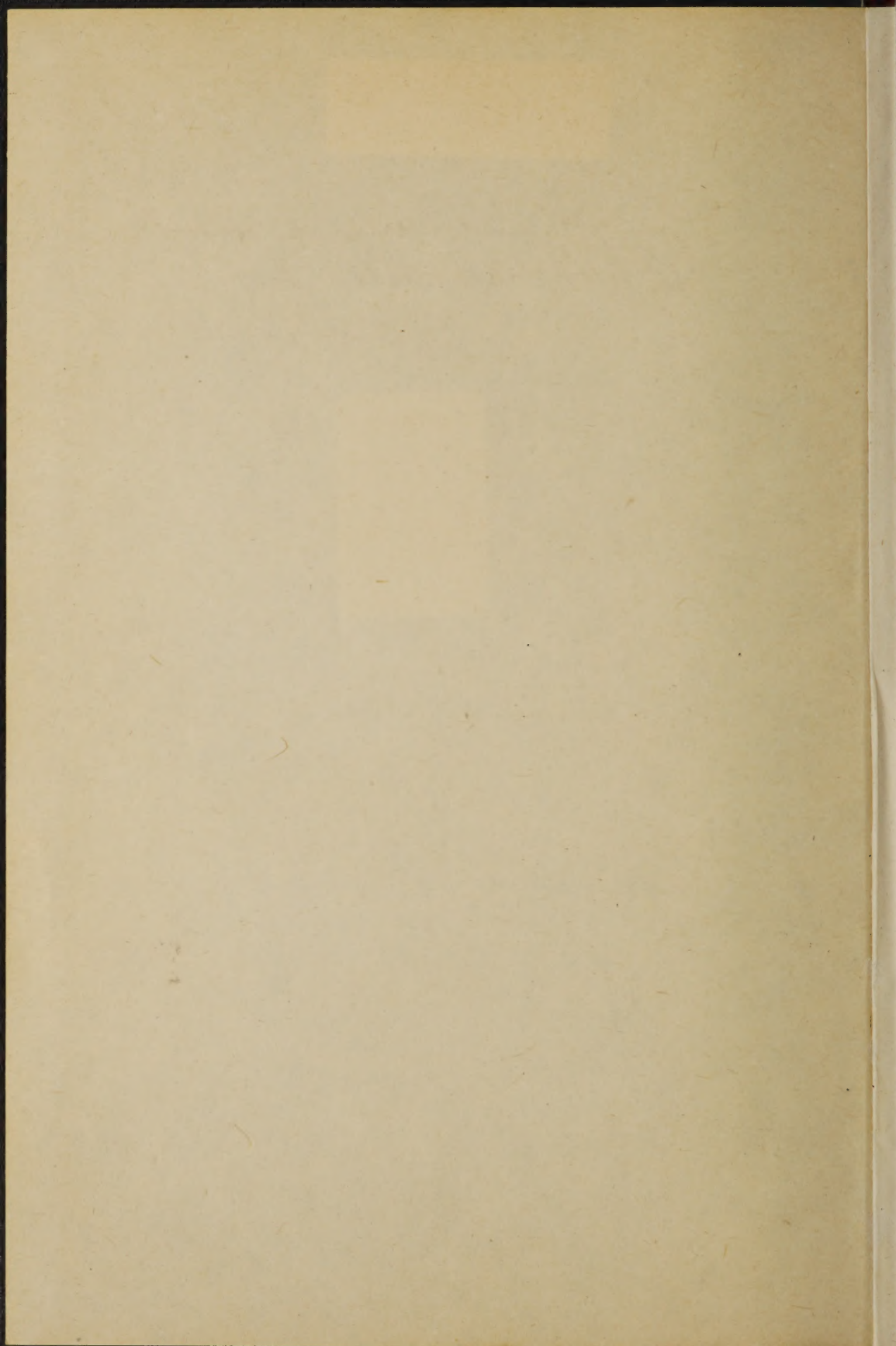
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For Roy J. D. and Gertrude Hoover,
With best wishes from
The J. H. Stoner Family.

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FRANKLIN COUNTY AND THE CUMBERLAND VALLEY PENNSYLVANIA

BY
JACOB H. STONER

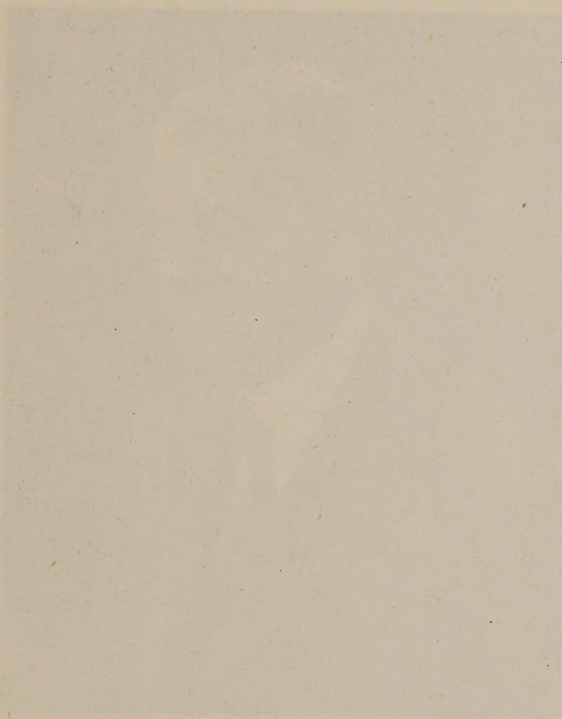
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LU COLE STONER

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HISTORICAL PAPERS

BRANKIN COUNTY AND THE CLIFFLAND VALLEY PENNSYLVANIA

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Introduction

The first paragraph in this section discusses the importance of the study and the objectives of the research. It mentions the need for a comprehensive understanding of the subject matter and the role of the researcher in this process. The text is somewhat faint and difficult to read, but it appears to be a standard academic introduction.

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Mason and Dixon Line

October 25, 1923

About one and one-half miles south of where we now are, running due east and west, is Mason and Dixon Line. Waynesboro, accordingly, is the nearest town of any importance on either side of this historic parallel. The line forms the southern boundary of Pennsylvania and consequently it is also the southern boundary of Franklin County. There is perhaps no line, real or imaginary on the surface of the earth, whose name has been oftener in men's mouths, especially during the period immediately preceding the Civil War.

Mason and Dixon Line represents the conclusion of a controversy continued through several generations between the successive Proprietaries of Pennsylvania and of Maryland. It has a history of more than 150 years duration. It abounds in curious conflicts of grants, and upon its disputed margins have been enacted scenes of riot, invasion and even murder, involving the early settlers in much perplexity and confusion. Kings, Lords, and Commoners; English, Swedes, Dutch, Quakers, Germans and Catholics, all figure in its narrative with dramatic effect. The line takes its name from two celebrated astronomers and surveyors from England, Jeremiah Mason and Charles Dixon.

OTHER REMARKABLE LINES

It might be appropriate in this place to direct attention to the peculiarities of a few other state boundaries. The longest stretch of straight boundary line in the world is the parallel extending along our Canadian frontier westward from Lake-of-the-Woods to Puget Sound. This line became famous in a boundary controversy with England and gave us the alliterative slogan "Fifty-Four Forty or Fight." The dispute was finally settled by Webster and Ashburton at 49 degrees. And we did not fight but we gave up our claim to a strip of territory 400 miles wide and 1500 miles long, or an area equal to thirteen states the size of Pennsylvania.

The longest similar boundary line wholly within the United States is the parallel which runs westward from the southeastern corner of Kansas separating Kansas, Colorado and Utah on the

north, from Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona on the south. This line is nearly 1100 miles in length.

There is seemingly a long straight line between Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri on the north, and North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas on the south, but it is not throughout its length a single parallel. It has several kinks each with a more or less interesting diplomatic history. This is the Thirty-Six Thirty Line of the Missouri Compromise controversy.

Judge James Vetch in his *Sketches of Southwestern Pennsylvania* says, "In some respects the celebrated 36 degrees and 30 minute line resembles Mason and Dixon Line with which political writers and declaimers sometimes confound it. But it has neither the beauty, the accuracy nor the historic interest of this line. It is, or rather was, intended to be the southern boundary of the states of Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, but it was most bunglingly run, as a glance at the United States map will show. Beginning correctly on the Atlantic seaboard, by the time it reaches the western confines of North Carolina—to which it was run before the Revolution—it was some two miles to the south. Its extension was resumed in 1779, and after correcting the first error, the surveyors ran into a greater one, for at the Tennessee River they were some ten or twelve miles too far to the south. When, afterwards extended to the southwest corner of Missouri, the surveyors drop down to the true 36 degrees, 30 minutes and run it out correctly."

AN INTERESTING BOUNDARY LINE

The most famous boundary between any two states of the Union and, all things considered, one of the most notable and interesting in the world, is the parallel about 267 miles in length between Pennsylvania on the north and Maryland and Virginia on the south. It is, for the greater part of its length, the Mason and Dixon Line of history. Not even the long disputed Northwestern boundary or the Missouri Compromise Line has the interesting history of our line. This line follows without deviation a western course, over mountain and valley, across rivers and rivulets, through fields and forests, hesitating at no natural obstacle, delayed for awhile by the Red Man, and stopping at nothing short of the Panhandle of Virginia by which it was prevented from reaching the Ohio River.

Many people are under the impression that the Mason and Dixon Line marked the northern limit of slavery. When it was laid out it had nothing to do with slavery. The Missouri Compromise Line, 36 degrees and 30 minutes was the line run to limit slavery. There were slaves on both sides

of Mason and Dixon Line. In fact the last slave in Pennsylvania was sold at public outcry, in 1828, about two miles south of Chambersburg. This was only twenty-two years before the Civil War, and Franklin County has possibly the distinction of being the last slave holding county north of Mason and Dixon Line.

Some writers seem to think, that the reason the Mason and Dixon Line formed the division between the states resting on free labor and the states tolerating slavery, was due to the philanthropy of the Quakers and the peaceful influence of the German Palatines. Bancroft says that this division was due principally to climate. There were doubtless a number of causes why slavery became sectional and did not flourish in the North. Whether the cause was climatic, economic, political or moral; or whether it was a combination of any or all of them, the Mason and Dixon Line was merely an incident and was not the cause of the division.

EARLY LAND GRANTS

In preparing a sketch of the disputes which were settled by the running of Mason and Dixon Line, it is necessary to refer to matters foreign to Franklin County. The cause of the contention dates back to the time of King James I of England when in 1606 he granted to the London Company four degrees of latitude on the Atlantic from the 34th to the 38th parallel; and to the Plymouth Company four degrees from the 41st to the 45th parallel, leaving three degrees from 38 to 41 as neutral or common territory. Within these three degrees King Charles I in 1632 granted to Lord Baltimore the territory lying under the 40th degree of north latitude while the grant to William Penn in 1681 by King Charles II was limited on the south by the beginning of the said 40th degree, thus making an overlap of one whole degree. Note the language—Lord Baltimore's grant reads *under* the 40th degree of latitude while Penn's grant reads to the *beginning* of the 40th degree. It should be borne in mind that a degree of latitude is not an invisible line, but a definite space or belt upon the earth's surface of approximately $69\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Here then was the cause of their principal contention. Under these grants both sides claimed the three counties along the Delaware Bay. Eventually these counties were organized into the colony of Delaware and both lost them. Had Lord Baltimore's contention been sustained most of the built-up portion of Philadelphia would have belonged to him. On the other hand had Penn's contention prevailed the city of Baltimore itself would have been in Pennsylvania territory.

The knowledge of American geography in those days was

very limited. Little was known of the country beyond the great headlands, bays and rivers and their true positions were often in doubt. Pennsylvania is the only colony whose territory is not touched by the briny waters of the Atlantic. Penn was forced therefore to take an inland position—not a bad one however—as all here can testify.

Penn's grant was also the only one limited by longitude. He was given five degrees, but he could just as easily have had it reach to the Pacific Ocean. The mode of acquiring title to distinct parts of the American Continent by the old European nations had in it more of might than of right. It consisted of the so-called right of Prior Discovery—a kind of kingly squatter sovereignty.

JOHN SMITH'S MAP

The kings of Europe often depended on maps that were not reliable and they were less precise in the location of points, and in the use of terms, which were to define the boundaries of future states, than we are today in describing the boundaries of mountain lots. These led to angry disputes, and out of them grew the conflicting claims, arising from the boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania.

In making these grants history says that a map made in 1614, by Captain John Smith of Pocahontas fame, was used. It was believed to be correct, but in 1682 it was discovered that the true meridian of 40 degrees was over nineteen miles north of where Captain Smith located it. By that map the 40 degree line is laid down as crossing the Delaware river where the city of New-castle now stands. Penn was deeply disappointed, Lord Baltimore was highly elated, and the controversy between the provinces, thus lying side by side, was waged with spirit and varying results between Lords Baltimore and the Penn family from 1682 to 1767.

THE TEMPORARY LINE

As settlements were being made in the disputed territory both sides saw the necessity of making a final adjustment of the dispute. Accordingly on the tenth day of May, 1732 the respective proprietaries entered into an agreement to fix the boundaries between their provinces. This was to be done by a joint commission, but the members on the part of Maryland, under various pretexts, delayed the work. The line they eventually run was called the "Temporary Line" and it became the accepted boundary between Maryland and Pennsylvania.

This Temporary Line west of the Susquehanna, lying along the present boundaries of York, Adams and Franklin counties, coincided rather closely with the present Mason and Dixon Line, varying from it one-quarter to three-quarters of a mile northward. In this vicinity it was 226 perches or nearly three-quarters of a mile north of the present Mason and Dixon Line. That would bring it close to the southern boundary of Waynesboro or below the bridge where the Western Maryland crosses the State Road. This line reached the top of the most western hills of a range called, the Kittoctinny Hills 88 miles from the place of beginning. Here on the west side of Franklin County the commissioners stopped, as the treaties between the Indians and the Europeans at that time stipulated that no settlement should be made by the latter west of the Blue Ridge.

Neither William Penn nor his sons, John, Thomas and Richard were ever willing that settlements should be made in their possessions without the consent of the Indians or until their claims to the soil had been satisfied. The lands of the Kittoctinny or present Cumberland Valley were not purchased from the Indians until 1736 and were not therefore, before that time, open for sale; but for several years prior to that period the agents of the proprietors knowing the feeling of the Indians to be favorable, had encouraged settlers to come hither and had issued to them not deeds or warrants but special licenses for the settlement of such tracts of land as they might desire. The Maryland authorities however were not so particular in respect to the claims of the Indians.

The territory on both sides of the Temporary Line rapidly filled up with settlers. Some of them received grants of land from the Baltimores, others from the Penns. Their titles frequently overlapped resulting in numerous disputes.

DEEDS TO THE STONER FARM

A peculiarity of the warrants issued by the Maryland authorities was, that besides a description of the properties, names were also given to the tracts. This was seldom done in Pennsylvania. For example, the Stoner farm adjoining Waynesboro on the south is composed of two tracts described in deeds given by Lord Baltimore to John Stoner, great-great-grandfather of Harry L. and Watson C. Stoner, present owners of the land. The first deed was dated September 20th, 1759, and the tract was called "Little Egypt." The other was issued November 20th, 1759, and was called "Content." In 1774 the owner received a deed from Thomas and John Penn for the same tracts of land. The present owners of the farm have these

old deeds in their possession. The parchment is much discolored with age, but the writing is very plain and legible showing that there were good penmen in those days and that they used a good quality of ink. A great many of the farms in this part of the country still retain these old names, indicating that the first grants were received from Maryland authorities. Here are a few of the many quaint and amusing farm names in this neighborhood: Almost Night, Wood Enough, Dear Bargain, Stony Batter, Sock's Delight, All That's Left, Hunt for Timber, Smith's Retirement, Jack's Bottom, Corker Hill, Katie's Memoranda, Found it Out, etc.

A fact worth noting is that only a small number of the farms along the Maryland border have the Mason and Dixon Line as their northern or southern boundaries. The reason for this is that the original settlers acquired titles to their land before the boundary between the Provinces had been determined. Accordingly land owners with property on both sides of the line, have the respective portions recorded in Washington Co., Md., and in Franklin Co., Pa. It follows, therefore, that they are assessed and pay taxes in both jurisdictions. These farms would not likely reach across the border, had the boundary been permanently fixed before the settlers came here.

More border troubles occurred in the decade between 1730 and 1740 than during any previous or subsequent time. The Temporary Line which had been agreed to by the Proprietaries in 1732 was not run and finally determined until 1738. This unsettled condition of affairs served to perplex the land owners and caused an endless amount of trouble.

TWO ACTIVE PARTISANS OF MARYLAND

It is interesting to those of us in this neighborhood to know that two of the most active partisans of Maryland had their homes for several years in the Leitersburg District, a few miles from Waynesboro. These men were Captain John Charlton and Colonel Thomas Cresap. Both came here in 1733. Charlton lived on a tract of land called "Darling's Sale." His residence was along a small stream known as "Tipton's Run" which crosses the Smithsburg Road near Martin's School House. Cresap owned a place called "Longmeadows" close to the Marsh turnpike on the Marsh Run. His house built of stone, now in ruins, served the triple purpose of residence, fortification and trading post.

Captain John Charlton first appears in connection with a scheme to colonize York, Adams and Franklin Counties.

This region was settled by Germans, who secured the land under Maryland tenure, Lord Baltimore having offered them inducements in the way of transportation and grants of land, to come over and occupy the frontiers of his province. Some of these Germans settled in disputed territory and in 1736 becoming dissatisfied, fifty-two of them renounced the authority of Maryland and acknowledged that of Pennsylvania.

Plans were at once formed to evict them from their lands and Governor Ogle of Maryland issued a warrant for a resurvey in favor of Captain Charlton and fifty-one others. The eviction of the Germans was partly accomplished. The work was entrusted by Governor Ogle to Charlton and several others who were stationed with a detachment of militia at Canjohela in York County where they built a fort.

CAPTAIN JOHN CHARLTON'S RAIDS

Of Captain Charlton's individual proceedings two instances are reported. The first was the capture of Elisha Gatchell a Pennsylvania magistrate in Chester County on the 29th of June 1737. On this occasion the Captain was accompanied by four men one of whom was John Perry, subsequently his neighbor near Leitersburg. All were armed, "Some with guns, others with hangers and swords." Gatchell was brutally beaten and compelled to accompany his captors into Maryland, where he was released through the intervention of a magistrate.

Several months later the Captain successfully accomplished one of the most daring exploits of the border war. It is thus described in the affidavit of Richard Lowdon, keeper of the county jail at Lancaster: "On Wednesday the 29th day of October, 1737, about 12 o'clock in the night, John Charlton, captain of the Maryland garrison, with sundry other persons unknown to the number of about sixteen, armed with guns, pistols and cutlasses, broke into the house of the said Richard Lowdon adjoining the prison of the said county, and getting into his bed chamber where he and his wife then lay, pulled them out of bed and presenting cocked pistols to their breasts demanded the keys to the jail, that the doors might be set open and sundry prisoners who were therein confined to wit, Daniel Low, George Bare, Philip Yeiger and Bernard Weymer, to be set at liberty, for, that they belonged to the province of Maryland; threatened to shoot the said Lowdon if he disputed doing what was required of him; that amongst said armed company was one Frances Lowe, sister of the aforesaid Daniel, who, by frequent visiting her brother in jail became acquainted therein, and having observed where the keys were put at night, undertook

to show the company where the keys were, and accordingly opened several drawers until she found them; whereupon the said Charlton and his associates ordered that the said Richard Lowdon forthwith to take the keys, open the door himself, and to dismiss the aforesaid prisoners upon penalty of instant death, which he peremptorily refused to do, even though they should carry their threats against him into execution; that one of the company took the said keys, unlocked the jail doors, and calling to the said four prisoners, they came forth and with the said armed company rode off towards Maryland; that Lowdon's wife and maid, endeavoring to escape in order to give the alarm, were seized by some of the same company, kicked and beat, and the whole family were held and detained, so that no timely notice could be given in the town of Lancaster of this action until the rioters were all gone off."

James Logan, President of the Pennsylvania Provincial Council after the attack on the Lancaster jail wrote to Governor Ogle of Maryland: "We find the same lawless person, your Captain Charlton as it appears, depends so far on your support that there is nothing too heinous for him to undertake." Governor Ogle maintained in their defense that the region from which they had evicted the Germans (now York County, Pa.) was Maryland territory, and he expressed mild surprise when informed of the arrest of Gatchell and the attack on the Lancaster jail, but declined to deliver Charlton and his associates to the Pennsylvania authorities. Some of Captain Charlton's descendants are still residents of Washington County, Maryland.

COLONEL THOMAS CRESAP'S EXPLOITS

Colonel Thomas Cresap the other Leitersburg resident, was by far the most notorious of all the border disputants and was an outstanding figure among Maryland partisans. Living first in York County, Pa., along the Susquehanna River, then in Washington County, Maryland, afterwards he moved to Old Town, Md., in Allegheny County. Later he settled in what is now West Virginia, keeping close however, to the boundary so that he could always be in position to annoy the Pennsylvanians.

Colonel Cresap was born in England about the year 1702 and came to America at the age of fifteen. In 1732 he secured under Maryland grant a tract of several hundred acres on the west bank of the Susquehanna River just south of the 40th parallel. He at once became the leading partisan of the Maryland interests. The region in which he first settled was disputed

ground and circumstances soon brought him into collision with Pennsylvania claimants. One of his neighbors, John Hendricks, a German, had made valuable improvements on a tract secured by a Pennsylvania patent.

In 1734 Cresap had the same tract surveyed under a Maryland warrant, and employed workmen to build a house within a hundred yards of Hendrick's door. Upon complaint of the latter, the sherriff of Lancaster County crossed the river and arrested the workmen but Cresap was prudently absent and escaped. The guards left by the sherriff at his departure, went at night to Cresap's house for the purpose of arresting him, and that in the melee that ensued, Knowles Daunt, one of the attacking party, was mortally wounded:

In 1736 a group of Germans who had settled in Cresap's vicinity also acknowledged the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania. This was construed by the Maryland authorities as an insurrection, for the suppression of which, the Sheriff of Baltimore County hastened thither with several hundred men and established his headquarters at Cresap's. After the departure of his force he converted his house into an arsenal and received ample supply of arms and ammunition from Governor Ogle of Maryland.

For five years Cresap was the terror of the Pennsylvanians and was prepared to maintain his position with greater security than ever. On the night of November 23, 1736, the sheriff of Lancaster County crossed the Susquehanna to arrest him on a warrant issued two years before, for the murder of Knowles Daunt. His posse numbered twenty-four men, and at daybreak on the 24th they surrounded Cresap's house. A furious fusilade ensued and continued at intervals throughout the day.

THE BURNING OF CRESAP'S HOME

The termination of the affair is thus described in a dispatch to the Provincial Council:

"The Sheriff and his assistants having waited until sunset and finding they must either return without executing their warrant, or destroy the house to come at him, they set fire to it, but offered to quench the fire if he would surrender. He nevertheless obstinately persisted in his refusal, neither would he suffer his wife and children to leave the house, but shot at those who proposed it. When the fire prevailed and the floor was ready to fall in, he and those with him rushed forth loaded with arms, which, as they

fired at the Sheriff and his assistants, they threw away and in this confusion one of Cresap's men, Michael Reisner, shot down by mistake another of the gang named Lachlan Malone, Cresap was at length apprehended and it has since appeared that he intended to have had his wife and children burned in the house, and that during the time of action he set his children in the most dangerous places and had provoked the Sheriff's assistants to shoot at them. Of the six persons who had thus joined with Cresap one got out at the chimney and another was killed." This affair was deemed of so much importance that the Pennsylvania Assembly was summoned in special session.

Cresap with four of his companions were hurried into jails of the Province and according to the Maryland account one of them actually perished. The jail to which Cresap was carried was in Philadelphia and as he was borne through the city, it is said the streets, doors and windows were thronged with spectators to see the "Maryland Monster" who taunted the crowd by exclaiming, "Why this is the finest city in the Province of Maryland!"

Within a fortnight two commissioners from Maryland, Edward Jennings and Daniel Dulany, Secretary and Attorney-General, respectively, of the Province, appeared to demand the release of Cresap and the delivery of his captors to the Maryland authorities for trial. The Sheriff and his posse were denounced as "incendiaries and murderers," and the capture was characterized by such expressions as "horrid cruelty," "savage violence," "a barbarous transaction," etc., but the Pennsylvania authorities were firm in their refusal to release the prisoners. Cresap was at first put in irons. These were later removed, but he refused to be liberated except by order of the King, which order was eventually issued.

Many warm supporters of the border controversy lived in Franklin County as well as in Washington County. Among them was Colonel Benjamin Chambers, founder of Chambersburg, who was just as active in the interest of Pennsylvania as was Colonel Cresap in the interest of Maryland. As evidence of his familiarity with border conditions, he was at one time sent by the Proprietaries to England to represent Pennsylvania in the border controversy. Colonel Chambers was an experienced military man also, but he was not the dare-devil type of Colonel Cresap with whom he frequently came in contact.

On one occasion he attacked Cresap while he was surveying in the vicinity of Wrightsville in York County, and drove him and his party of thirty men away from their work. At another time he went as a spy among the Mary-

landers and was detained as a prisoner by some of Cresap's men, but his natural wit helped him out of his dilemma.

It is difficult to give a true estimate of Cresap as his enemies were very bitter against him, and his friends were most loyal to him. His biographer, Jacobs, says he was one of the foremost men in the development of Maryland and he frequently represented his County in the Legislature. George Washington when a boy only fifteen years of age visited Cresap for several days at Old Town and later during his surveying expeditions, frequently stayed over night at Cresap's house. As a surveyor he was associated with General Washington, as a member of the Ohio Company. Cresap was generous in his hospitality and the Indians called him "Big Spoon" as he always kept a kettle filled with water and wood beneath, ready for their use. During his two years imprisonment at Philadelphia, the Indians took care of his wife and children. Later, during the French and Indian War, he and his sons became relentless Indian fighters.

Day in his Historical Collections calls Cresap "A blustering desperate bully," who had volunteered his services to the Governor of Maryland to raise a party of marauders for the purpose of driving off the Pennsylvania settlers. Cresap lived to be one hundred and five years old. He married the second time when he was eighty. His home at Longmeadows, still known as such, was sold by him to Colonel Henry Boquet the hero of the Pontiac War. Later it was the birthplace of Lucretia Hart who became the wife of Henry Clay.

SPEECH OF LOGAN, THE INDIAN CHIEFTAIN

It is not generally known there is a local touch to the speech of Logan, the great Indian Chieftain. This speech he sent by messenger to Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia. It has long been one of the favorite selections for school declamations and some of you doubtless remember its noble and pathetic sentiments.

"I appeal to any white man," said Logan, "to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat, or if he came cold and naked and he clothed him not." Further on in the speech he said, "Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries of one man, Colonel Cresap, who in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living

creature. This has called on me for revenge, I have sought it, I have killed many, I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace, but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? No one."

Michael Cresap, the youngest son of Colonel Thomas Cresap was the man accused by Logan. He was born at Longmeadows just across the Franklin county line along the Marsh Run. He was only fourteen years old at the beginning of the French and Indian War, but before its conclusion he was engaged with his father in the bitter warfare with the Indians, where quarter was not asked or given.

Thomas Jefferson in his "Notes on Virginia" referring to this incident, wrote, "Captain Cresap was a man infamous for many murders he had committed on the much injured Indians." General Clark, who afterwards distinguished himself by the conquest of the Illinois country, wrote "The conduct of Cresap, I am perfectly acquainted with and he was not the author of the murder of the Logan family." The question was greatly discussed for many years, especially by Cresap's descendants, and they seem to have proved that it was not Cresap who killed the Logans. During the Revolutionary war he was Captain of the Maryland riflemen and was with Washington before Boston. He died in New York City and was buried in Trinity Church Yard. Two of his sons were members of Congress and another descendant, John J. Jacobs was Governor of West Virginia.

FEUDS OF PENNSYLVANIA AND MARYLAND

Two streams of emigration seemed to converge on the disputed boundaries. The English, many of them Catholics, came by way of Baltimore and the Quakers together with the Germans from Switzerland and the Palatinate landed at the port of Philadelphia. The latter were regarded as a peace-loving people; in their border contests, however, they were materially assisted by the Scotch-Irish who also settled here in large numbers.

The disputed titles and doubts as to the location of the boundary led to a condition of lawlessness throughout the debatable ground. Tenants refused to pay rents or taxes alleging doubt as to who was the lawful Proprietary and under what government they lived. Sheriffs took with them armed posses to enforce payment of public dues and occasionally the aid of militia was invoked. The natural results ensued—arrests,

bloodshed; reprisals, burning of homesteads and all the incidents of border warfare. The Marylanders called the Pennsylvanians "quaking cowards" and the Pennsylvanians called the Marylanders "hominny gentry." Even the gentler sex became involved in the disputes.

Then again there were the time-servers of those days, the men who "carried water on both shoulders," to use the phrase that has come down to us; and with a patent from Lord Baltimore and a grant from Penn, obtained exemption from all service by being Marylanders when called upon from Pennsylvania and Pennsylvanians when called upon from Maryland. The fanciful pen of Sir Walter Scott made the borderland of Scotland immortal. The same great novelist would have found in the feuds of the southern confines of Pennsylvania as much diversity of character, as thrilling incident, as magnificent scenery, and as wild adventure as were furnished him by the history of his native land.

THE AGREEMENT OF 1732

Leaving our settlers to continue their disputes, attention will now be turned toward the actual work of fixing the permanent boundry between the provinces. The agreement of 1732 whereby the holders of lands in the disputed territory should not be disturbed in their titles whether granted by the Penns or by the Baltimores, quieted the disputes, but the contest over where the true line was to be fixed, went on until they reached an agreement in London before the King and his Lords in Council on July 4th, 1760—just sixteen years to a day before the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed.

It should be remembered that this disputed territory constituted a strip of land nineteen miles wide extending the whole length of Pennsylvania. Had the controversy been decided in favor of Maryland a most valuable tract would have been added to her domain. The greater part of Franklin County would have belonged to Maryland, and even our county seat itself would have become what Cresap called Philadelphia, "a fine Maryland town." To that great compromise are we as Pennsylvanians indebted, that instead of being citizens of Pennsylvania we would be citizens of Maryland—an added reason why we should celebrate the Fourth of July.

THE CIRCULAR BOUNDARY LINE

It was at this time that the Penns and Lord Baltimore employed Mason and Dixon to fix the permanent boundary between their provinces. These men went to work at once, and as there must be a point of beginning in all surveys, they

took, according to the agreement, the Court House at Newcastle as that point. This is the only instance recorded in history that the circle with its geometric accuracy has been employed to divide contiguous states or counties. This comes about because the eastern part of the southern boundary of Pennsylvania's grant was to be a circle drawn twelve miles distant from Newcastle northward and westward unto the beginning of the 40th degree of North latitude, and, to the difficulty of tracing this circle, do we owe the presence of Mason and Dixon in America. The question naturally arises, how did the surveyors determine the latitude of the boundary between the two provinces? It is a complicated problem and even with the improved instruments of today it would require great skill to establish the line correctly.

According to the agreement between the Penns and Baltimore they were obliged first, to go to the southern limits of Philadelphia which they found at that time to be 39 degrees, 56 minutes and 29.1 seconds north latitude. Second, they measured thirty-one miles westward from the city to the forks of the Brandywine where they placed a quartz stone, known then and to this day as the "star gazers' stone." Third, from said stone they ran a due south line fifteen English statute miles to a post marked "west." From this post they set off and produced a parallel of latitude westward as far as the Susquehanna River. Then they went to the tangent point and ran a meridian line northward until it intersected the above parallel of latitude, thus and there determining and fixing the northeast corner of Maryland. Next, they described such portion of the semi-circle—the Court House in Newcastle as the center—with a twelve-mile radius as it fell westward of the said meridian on the due north line from the tangent point.

This little bow or arc reaching into Maryland is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide, and near the tangent point where the three states join, to the fifteen mile point where the Mason and Dixon line begins in $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, room enough for three or four good farms. This was the only part of the circle which Mason and Dixon ran. The line running south which divides Maryland from Delaware is also a portion of the Mason and Dixon Line, but the name is generally understood to refer only to the southern boundary of Pennsylvania. Having made many astronomical observations some days preceding, on April 4, 1765, they began running the western Line which has since been associated with their names.

SURVEYORS CROSS CUMBERLAND VALLEY

Mason and Dixon reached the Susquehanna River on

the 17th day of June, 1765, and crossed South Mountain about the first of September. The following entries occur in their journal during the survey across the Cumberland Valley.

September 4. At 93 miles and 63 chains, crossed the first rivulet running into Antietam. At 94 miles 62 chains, crossed a second rivulet running into the Antietam. This rivulet is at the foot of the South Mountain on the west side.

September 5. Brought the sector to this side of the mountain.

September 6. Set up the sector in our direction at the distance of 94 miles 63 chains 10 links from the post marked "west" in Mr. Bryan's field and made observations. (Supposed to be on farm now owned by John A. Johnson.)

The journal from September 7th to September 18th consists entirely of astronomical observations based thereon for the purpose of determining the true parallel.

September 19. Packed up the instruments, etc.

September 20. Began to run line in the direction found per stars on the 9th instant, corrected so as to be in the parallel at 20 minutes west (supposing us to change every 10 minutes as usual).

September 21. Continued the line. At 95 miles 38 chains, crossed a brook running into Antietam. This brook is near the present residence of Jacob F. Good at Midvale Station on the Western Maryland Railroad.

September 23. Continued the line and crossed Antietam creek at 99 miles 35 chains.

September 24. Continued the line. At 101 miles 71 chains, Mr. Samuel Irwin's Spring House 2 chains North (This spring is on the farm now owned by Ira Miller near the intersection of the line with the Greencastle and Leitersburg road). At 102 miles 67 chains, a rivulet running into the Antietam. (This is Marsh Run). At 102 miles 70 chains, Mr. William Douglass's house 4 chains (near the present residence of Harry Hykes).

September 25. Continued the line at 103 miles 69 chains and crossed a road leading to Swaddinger's Ferry on the Potomac. (This is probably the road laid out under the direction of the Frederick County Court by Thomas Cresap and Thomas Prather from the Potomac River to the Pennsylvania line "through Salisbury Plains.")

September 26. Continued the line. At 105 miles 78 chains 67 links, changed our direction as usual. At 105 miles, 4 chains,

Mr. Ludwig Cameron's house 2 chains North. (Cannot now locate this place.)

September 27. Continued the line.

September 28. At 108 miles 5 chains, crossed the road leading from Carlisle to Williamson, now Watkin's Ferry on the Potomac. (The present Williamsport and Greencastle Turnpike.)

September 30. Continued the line. At 108 miles, 65 chains, Mr. Thomas Meek's house 2 chains South. (This place cannot now be located). At 109 miles 14 chains, crossed Conococheague Creek.

October 1. Continued the line.

October 2. Continued the line. At 112 miles 20 chains, crossed a road leading from the "Temporary Line" to Frederick Town.

October 3. Continued the line. At 114 miles, Mr. Philip Davis's house one mile and a half north by estimation.

October 4. Continued the line. At 115 miles 42 chains, crossed a small rivulet at foot of the North Mountain.

SURVEYORS RETURN TO PHILADELPHIA

A series of astronomical observations was begun on the 7th of October, upon the conclusion of which, the party then went to Conococheague, now Greencastle and remained there a few days, before returning to Philadelphia. The journal reads as follows:

Packed up our instruments and left them (not in the least damaged to our knowledge at Captain Shelby's).

Repaired with Captain Shelby to the summit of the mountain in the direction of our line, but the air was so hazy it prevented our seeing the course of the river (The Potomac river is here meant and the spot where Captain Shelby took the surveyors is one of the few points in Franklin County from which the river can be observed, and then only in case the air is very clear).

October 27. Captain Shelby again went with us to the summit of the mountain (when the air was clear) and showed us the northern-most bend of the river Potomac at the Tono-loways, from which we judge the line will pass several miles to the north of the said river. Thence we could see the Alleghany Mountains for many miles and judge by appearances to be about fifty miles distant in the direction of the line. It might be noted in passing, that the Captain Shelby with whom the surveyors left

their instruments over the winter, was the father of Isaac Shelby the first Governor of Kentucky.

October 28. Set off on our return to the river Susquehanna to make the offsets from our vista to the true parallel.

WORK RESUMED ON THE LINE

The following year they resumed their work, beginning at Captain Shelby's on the eastern slope of the North Mountain and continued the line to the foot of Savage Mountain. The Indians into whose ungranted territory they had deeply penetrated became threatening. They thought this little army meant something. Their untutored minds could not comprehend the nightly gazing at the stars through gun-like instruments and the daily felling of the forests across their path. They forbade any further advance and they had to be obeyed. The farthest point westward reached by Mason and Dixon was 230 miles, 18 chains and 21 links from the point of beginning. The line was not marked until after the engineering work had been finished.

BOUNDARY LINE MONUMENTS

The stone Monuments placed by Mason and Dixon to mark the line were cut in England from limestone extensively used there for building purposes and are extremely characteristic, as no stone of a similar nature can be found anywhere along the boundary. They are about two feet above the ground and are about a foot square with rather a flat pyramid at the top. Four-fifths of them were marked with the letters "M" and "P" on opposite sides, and the remainder with the arms of the proprietors in place of these letters. These latter commonly called "Crown Stones" along the line, were placed at every fifth mile on the boundary, counting from the starting point of the northeastern corner of Maryland.

There are thirty-four stones in the Franklin County line and the first one eighty-nine miles west from the northeast corner of Maryland stands a short distance east of Blue Ridge Summit station and several hundred yards west from the Adams County line. This is not the original monument placed at this point by Mason and Dixon. No trace of their monument could be found at the time of the resurvey of the line in 1903. The position was then redetermined and a monument obtained near Clearspring in Washington County was placed here.

The next monument is a Crown stone. It stands in the

village of Pennersville, near Highfield on the southeast side of the road and is covered with a wire cage to protect it from the attacks of relic hunters. The next stone stands on a rocky forested mountain side, a short distance east of Pen Mar Station. This monument has been badly mutilated but is now also protected by a stout wire cage. The next is in a field at the base of the Blue Ridge on its western side and the next one is near Midvale.

The next five mile stone number 95 stands between the farm of William H. Hoffman in Maryland and that of Clifford Biser in Pennsylvania. Numbers 96, 97 and 98 are standing as originally set. The next number 99 stands by the side of the road leading from Greencastle to Leitersburg. It is not the monument placed there by Mason and Dixon. The original had disappeared, having apparently been broken up as small pieces of its peculiar material were found in the vicinity. * The position was redetermined and another stone supplied when the line was resurveyed in 1903.

Mile Stone number 100 is a Crown Stone and stands on the north side of the road leading from Reid Station to Marsh Run. The stone placed here by Mason and Dixon had disappeared and it was said to have originally stood in the middle of the piked road. A stone obtained in the vicinity of Clearspring, Md., was set in 1903 by the Resurvey Commission in its present position. Here it might be said that a number of the Mason and Dixon stones were found near Clearspring and had been utilized as doorsteps, horseblocks, etc., at various farm houses. Some persons were of the opinion that all these had been removed from their places on the line. That supposition may have been true in a very few instances, but it seems more probable that these monuments had been brought thus far on their way to the western part of the boundary, and owing to the difficulty of transporting them over the mountains they had never been set and were left at the point which they happened to have reached. Most of the monuments which were found under such circumstances by the Resurveying Commission in 1903, were used to fill gaps in the old series. Six, which were built into the walls of houses and barns, could not be recovered.

Number 101 is in open ground about three-quarters of a mile west of Altenwald Cutoff Railroad.

Number 102 is east of Middleburg. The old monument had been broken off below the surface of the ground and its position was lost. The proper place was redetermined by survey and the base of the stone was found by digging. After being repaired by iron clamps and bands the monument was reset.

Mile Stone number 103 was found by the resurveying party lying on the ground a short distance west of Middleburg. It was reset a few yards east of the former position as there was a cut in the road which probably caused it to be washed out.

Number 104 is in the fence line on the south side of the road and about half a mile east of the Cumberland Valley Railroad.

One of the Mason and Dixon monuments, which had formerly been in use as a horse block at a neighboring farm house, now stands on the east side of the right of way of the Cumberland Valley Railroad at the station called Mason and Dixon. The railway company had secured it and placed it approximately on the line. Its position was corrected and then set in masonry by the railway.

Mile Stone number 105 is a Crown Stone standing in the back yard of a farm house on the road leading west from Mason and Dixon Station.

Numbers 106, 107, 108, 109 and 110 are all original Mason and Dixon markers.

Monument number 111 was found in the door yard of a farm house. It was much out of line and was reset by the Resurvey Commission.

Number 112 is on the side of a small valley at the foot of North Mountain.

Number 113 is on the Tuscarora Mountain.

Number 114 is a little east of the road running through Blair's Valley.

Mile Stone Number 115 is a "Crown Stone" which formerly stood at this point. It was removed by a former owner of the land and was sent to Baltimore where for many years it lay in the cellar of a mercantile establishment at Cheapside. It was found there in 1903 by W. C. Hodgkins, engineer in charge of the resurveying party and was recovered for use on the line; but in exchange for a replica of white marble, it was given to the Pennsylvania Historical Society. Meanwhile one of the Crown Stones found near Clearspring was set here in place of it. This stone was given to the Pennsylvania Historical Society because Milestone number 50 near New Freedom had been washed out of the ground and subsequently removed to Baltimore, where it came into the possession of the Maryland Historical Society. This Society also furnished in exchange for it a duplicate in white marble.

Mile Stone number 116 is in a thick woods on the east-

ern slope of Hearthstone Mountain just west of the "Punch Bowl."

Number 117 is on the summit of Keefer Mountain.

Number 118 is in Little Cove Valley, on the western slope of Keefer Mountain.

Number 119 is on the hillside west of Little Cove Valley between the Coon Ridge road and the next road eastward.

Mile Stone number 120 is a Crown Stone on the small hill west of the first crossing of Licking Creek and near a wagon trail. This monument had been broken off above the ground. It was repaired and reset.

Number 121 is on the hill west of the last crossing of Licking Creek and close to a wagon trail, which runs nearly east and west. The last stone on the boundary line of Franklin County is 122 miles from the northeastern corner of Maryland, the place of starting, and it is near the angle of a public road on west side of Elbow Ridge.

These stones were all reset in cement about twenty years ago.

No monuments were set by Mason and Dixon beyond number 132, which is near Hancock, Md. The western portion of the line was marked by wooden posts cut on the spot and secured in place by mounds of earth or stone piles around them. These posts have disappeared but some of the mounds still remain.

THE VISTA OF THE LINE

The vista of the line was opened twenty-four feet wide by felling all the trees and large bushes, which were left to rot upon the path. There are persons now living who remember seeing evidences of this "vista" through the woods and mountains on account of the younger growths of the trees.

Owing to the deflection of the magnetic needle, especially in the mountain regions, Mason and Dixon did not depend on the ordinary surveyor's compass. They used instead a sector and run their parallel by means of observing the fixed stars. These observations were made daily and the principal stars noted were Cygni, Persei, Castor, Andromeda, Capella and Luræ. They also took frequent observations of the eclipses of Jupiter.

Mason and Dixon is called an astronomical line, the first of its kind ever attempted. All the boundary lines of Pennsylvania are now astronomical boundaries except of course

in the Delaware River and along Lake Erie. During the resurvey of Mason and Dixon Line in 1903 it was found that as a whole it is remarkably close to the parallel of 39 degrees, 43 minutes and 26.3 seconds. In its course from east to west the line undulates somewhat, now to the south and again to the north, but in general it keeps quite close to the curve. The engineers further acknowledge that even at this day it is impossible to avoid such errors.

The map of the boundary line was not completed until after the field work had been terminated. It goes very much into detail and shows all the natural as well as many of the artificial boundaries. This survey cost proprietaries fully \$75,000. How much more was spent in lawyer's fees, the gathering of testimony, prosecution of trespassers and worry will never be known. Mason and Dixon were each paid 21 shillings or about five dollars a day for their services from the time they came to this country until they reached England. The only person in this neighborhood who is recorded as assisting Mason and Dixon in laying out their line was David Schrieber great-great-grandfather of the late Adam Forney of Waynesboro.

CONTROVERSY WITH VIRGINIA

"Westward the course of empire takes its way" and with it went our boundary troubles. After Pennsylvania was through with her controversy with Maryland she had to settle with Virginia. As school children we did not then comprehend that when Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia sent young George Washington out on his surveying expedition that it was a scheme to attach southwestern Pennsylvania to Virginia as well as to wrest it from the French. Colonel Cresap always an enemy of Pennsylvania was there to assist Virginia in her claims.

The natural connections of Southwestern Pennsylvania were with Maryland and Virginia. These were greatly strengthened by the old road which afterward became the National Turnpike. The position was taken that the Penns by suffering the French to establish themselves at Fort Duquesne, forfeited the right to their charter to that extent. The Governor of Virginia offered land around Pittsburgh as an inducement to those who would enlist in a campaign against the French.

The settlement of the controversy in 1784 with Virginia resulted in a compromise by which the "Panhandle" still rears its head above the 40th parallel, otherwise we might have had the Ohio River as our Western boundary.

The width of a degree of longitude varies according to the latitude it traverses, expanding toward the equator and contracting toward the pole. In this latitude it is approximately $58\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The surveyors consequently made Penn's five degrees of longitude from the Delaware to the western limit 267 miles and 195.6 perches.

Pennsylvania had then become a Commonwealth and as such was extremely generous to the surveyors who run the remainder of the line on the Virginia border. According to the account rendered these men certainly lived well. Among their accommodations ordered by the State were 60 gallons spirits, 20 gallons brandy, 40 gallons Madeira wine, 200 pounds loaf sugar and a small keg of lime juice.

THREE MAIN CONTENTIONS

Penns boundary troubles were brought about chiefly by three errors; first owing to the ambiguity in the language of the original grants, a strip about $69\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide was involved; second, John Smith's map located the 40th parallel far below the true line, this error involved a strip about 19 miles wide; third, the difference between the Temporary and the true line involved a strip from one-quarter to three quarters of a mile wide. The contest was a matching of wits between Penn, the Quaker and Calvert, the Cavalier. Penn having taken an island position, desired a water front on the south. In this he was thwarted, but in most other respects he was the gainer in his boundary controversy.

After the settlement of the boundary dispute, the proprietors remained in peaceful possession of their governments scarcely five years until the encounters between the colonists and the British soldiery marked the opening of the American Revolution. This war resulted in wresting these princely domains from their European owners and now the citizens of Maryland and Pennsylvania on both sides of Mason and Dixon Line have forgotten their differences and are living together in uninterrupted peace.

MARYLAND CRITICISMS

In every dispute there are at least two sides and the controversy over the Pennsylvania-Maryland line is no exception. Inasmuch as Pennsylvania was the gainer naturally much criticism is heard from her opponents. Here are just a few statements from Maryland sources:

Clayton Hall in an address at Johns Hopkins University said, "It is to be observed that by the terms of the agreement of 1732, Lord Baltimore consented that the line should run, not from Cape Henlopen as the Lords of Trade had directed but from 'the place on said map called Cape Henlopen, which lies south of Cape Cornelius', thus admitting the existence of a cape known by the latter name. After the map had served its purpose, Cape Henlopen returned to its proper place the same which it had previously and had subsequently occupied, and the mythical 'Cape Cornelius' vanished from the face of the earth and from the maps thereof."

Brown in his history of Maryland says, "What machinations or falsifications were used to persuade Lord Baltimore, that the cape referred to was not the one that bore that name, we cannot now see. The contrivers of such things are usually too modest to give their modes or workings to the public. Frederick (meaning Lord Baltimore) protested against the fraud; but Lord Hardwicke, who though sitting as a judge in equity, seems to have considered his office merely "ministerial" wherever the Penns were concerned, decided that the agreement of 1732 must be carried out."

Latrobe in his history of Mason and Dixon Line wonders "How Lord Baltimore could have remained ignorant of the geography of his province or be so misled as to the location of its boundaries." He says, "It seems incredible and is a mystery which cannot now be solved."

In the Maryland Historical Society is a manuscript written by the notorious Colonel Cresap, in which he says, "The Lords Baltimore in their disputes with the Penns on one border and Lord Fairfax on the other, had long and deep heads to contend with and did not get their full rights."

BOTH SIDES POSSIBLY TOO AGGRESSIVE

In the strife and negotiations which led to the establishment of Mason and Dixon Line, both endurance and evasion were put to a severe test. There seems to have been no real criticism directed against either the Penns or the Baltimores, but their adherents were aggressive and probably went farther than they should in order to establish their claims. On this side of the line it is believed that Pennsylvania honorably conducted her boundary contests; never encroaching on her neighbor's rights, yet always gaining by their intrusions on her territory. It appears that the controversy on the part of the Penns was better handled, through the years, both in a legal and in a diplomatic way. His people were on the ground earlier than his opponents and the main controversy resolved itself into prior grant against possession, and possession won out. May we not say of both, as did

Lady Macbeth of her "thane," "wouldst not play false and yet would wrongly win." It is more than three hundred years since the seeds of strife were sown, of which the boundary line is the harvest, and over a century and a half has elapsed since the surveyors were running its thread through the forests. Within this period great events have transpired. Civilization, science, religion and population have rolled their resistless tides over this continent. Empires have arisen and fallen and dynasties have sunk into nothingness. At one time it was feared that the line would mark the boundaries of a severed Union. Happily that time has passed, although it required four long years of strife and bloodshed to prevent it. Yet the line still remains and its mute stone markers are silent reminders of the stirring scenes of other days.

PERHAPS A CONTROVERSY OF THE AGES

Perhaps there is a deeper significance to the eighty year's controversy between the Penns and the Baltimores than appears on the surface. Possibly their contention over the Fortieth parallel finds its cause far beyond the confines of the New World. May it not be necessary to look even beyond Europe itself for the beginning of this continuous struggle for domain? Some one has said the 40th parallel is "the line of civilization," perhaps it is so, for the resistless tide of humanity in its course westward over the earth surged sometimes above and sometimes below this invisible line. Many of the important events of history have taken place near this parallel. It seems to stand for the division of mankind into two great groups; those above—cold, calculating and imperious; those below—warm, impetuous and militant.

During the early ages of the world, the Assyrians of the North battled for generations in the Holy Land with the Egyptians of the South. Just preceding the Christian era, Rome of the North contended more than a century with Carthage of the South in the three Punic wars and swept her from the face of the earth. In modern times England of the north met Spain of the south sending ships of her Armada to the bottom of the sea and reducing her to a second-rate power. And within our own day—just one hundred years after Penn and Baltimore settled their boundary disputes—two sections of our country met in desperate conflict on the Fortieth parallel at Gettysburg.

These struggles of the past made and unmade empires, thwarted the ambitions of men, developed outstanding figures on the skyline of history and determined the course of events for ages.

Living as we do on the 40th parallel we are beneficiaries of all that has gone before. Here then, on Pennsylvania

soil, near Mason and Dixon Line, at the meeting place of the North and the South, may we not be unconsciously assimilating the best that is in each? Are we not fortunate to be dwelling on such historic and strategic ground? Would we want to live anywhere else?

Sources of Information:

Nead—History of Waynesboro.

McCauley—History of Franklin County.

Seilbamer—Annals of Franklin County.

Warner-Beers—History of Franklin County.

Bell—History of Leitersburg District.

Williams—History of Washington County, Md.

Williams—History of Frederick County, Md.

Scharf—History of Western Maryland.

Vetch—Old Monongahela Trails.

Latrobe—History of Mason and Dixon Line.

Report—Secretary of Internal Affairs.

Hodgkins—Resurvey of Mason and Dixon Line.

On the Way to Monterey

January 28, 1926

The road from Waynesboro to Monterey is a most interesting stretch of highway and consequently this story has become almost as long as the road itself. Before going very far into the subject it becomes apparent that a large number of superlatives are required to tell the truth about this road as well as to explain its numerous contacts with the outside world. So let us go to Monterey. We will travel at a moderate rate of speed in order that we may learn in one way or another about this historic highway from Waynesboro to the mountain top.

Sometimes we will travel in the present, sometimes we will travel in the past; now we will look at the beautiful scenery along the way, then again we will observe the exciting scenes of other days; sometimes we may indulge in flights of fancy; at other times we will come down to earth alongside of the road and watch men at work and play.

Years ago it took about two hours to make the trip, but as we travel now-a-days it can be taken in a much shorter time. In the course of this journey, you will become aware that the objects and events which receive our attention come along without any chronological order. The reason for this is that we will talk about them as we pass "On our Way to Monterey."

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN WAYNESBORO

Among the varied objects of interest touched on this trip the most unusual of them all is the one we pass first. This is the little old one-and-a-half story house which we come to just before leaving town. It is a veritable antique and stands about one hundred feet to the left where Roadside avenue branches off from East Main street.

It is the oldest house in Waynesboro, and was built for a schoolhouse and a church, sometime between 1770 and 1780 by John Bourns, of whom we shall hear later. He sawed the lumber for this house at his sawmill near Roadside and he also hammered out the door hinges and fastenings and made all the nails in his blacksmith shop.

The people in this section had been worshipping in homes some distance from the present site of Waynesboro,

so they conceived the idea of building a house in which divine services could be held on the Sabbath and children could receive instruction through the week. In this building all the children living within a radius of six miles, gained their education during the week and all the different denominations took turns on the Sabbath in holding religious services. The late Miss Sallie C. Amberson at one time stated that her parents remembered hearing their grand-parents often relate how persons walked all the way from Monterey for prayer meetings.

The denominations which worshipped in this building were German Presbyterians or Reformeds, Lutherans, English Presbyterians, Covenanters, Associate Presbyterians and a few Methodists. The mother church of the Lutherans was Jacob's Church, three miles south; of the German Reformeds, Salem, three miles west; of the Presbyterians, Greencastle, nine miles west.

The first school teacher of whom there is any record was Francis McKeon. His account shows that he had seventeen pupils and received as compensation, one pound, one shilling and ten pence, or a little more than five dollars from each pupil for a term of six months. This was in 1808. Evidently school had been kept in this house prior to that date, but the records, if any, have all been lost.

THE ORIGIN OF BOOTLEG

An informant states that a Mr. Hill—first name unknown—later taught in this same house and that he bore the reputation of being rather fond of his toddy. It seems that he carried his bottle in his bootleg and was in the habit of taking a drink during school hours. Possibly this school teacher Hill was the original bootlegger whose kind has become so numerous and notorious in our day and generation.

The striking or peculiar thing about this property is the fact that after it was no longer used for school purposes, Christian Dowlan, grandfather of the present occupants, moved in and took possession. After living there more than twenty-one years and paying no rent to anyone, he claimed ownership by right of prescription. There was no one to dispute his title and in common parlance he was what is known as a squatter, or to use a milder term which later came into vogue, a homesteader. There may be other instances where property has been acquired in this way, but seldom or ever has any one moved into a house with the deliberate purpose of obtaining ownership.

As an interesting side light to this circumstance, it should be mentioned that Christian Dowlan was twice married and was the father of twenty-one children. With the first wife he had

three children and his second wife became the mother of eighteen sons and daughters. This is certainly a record in the rearing of large families. If any other woman has ever lived in Franklin county who was the mother of more children than Mrs. Christian Dowlan, the second, she is yet to be heard from.

This is a remarkable performance when it is remembered that these twenty-one children were all reared in this little sixteen-by-twenty hut alongside of Burns Hill cemetery. It is related by one of my informants that many of these children never knew each other as brothers and sisters; for it appears that as soon as they were old enough they were pushed out into the world to shift for themselves. Some of them drifted away, others grew up in this neighborhood, married and their descendants became useful citizens. If there is a family anywhere that should have the privilege of living in a house without paying for it, or without paying any rent, Christian Dowlan and his descendants are entitled to that right.

Charles B. Clayton a few days before his death, stated that Christian Dowlan worked for his grandfather, John Clayton, who then owned the Strickler farm just east of town, and in return he furnished him with pork, corn and flour. No accounting was ever made, for here was a large family that had to be sustained and John Clayton took it upon himself to do it. There were no associated charities or community chest in those days. As the custom was, nearly every well-to-do person had his retainers who relied on him during the winter months to furnish food and clothing with the implied understanding that they would work it out during the following summer.

FUTURE MUSEUM?

Before leaving this old house, it is suggested that whenever the Dowlan property comes on the market it should be acquired for the use of Waynesboro. There are several reasons for this: first, because it is the oldest house in our town; second, because it was our first schoolhouse; third, because it was a building in which so many congregations of Waynesboro worshipped; fourth, because in it was the largest family that was ever reared in Waynesboro; fifth, because of its interesting history, and sixth, because at some future time it might be wanted for a museum.

It is doubtful whether many persons while passing have ever noticed this old house which is plainly visible from the street, especially during this season of the year when the leaves are off the trees and shrubs.

Just a few rods beyond, in an angle formed by the meeting of Roadside avenue, with East Main street, is the Waynesboro hospital. It is a modern and well-equipped institution

and was opened for the reception of patients October 2, 1922.

A small addition of pleasing bungalows adjoins the hospital grounds on the east and is known as Sunnyside. This settlement is suitably named for the tract of gently sloping ground on which it is located, faces toward the south.

THE OLD FORT-HOUSE

On the right hand side of our road several hundred yards down in the hollow, are to be seen a group of buildings on the farm belonging to Mrs. Clara A. Strickler. Between the house and the barn is a never-failing spring covered with a small building called the spring house. Near by is an old building, part stone and part frame. This old building merits our special attention for it is of historical interest to the people of Waynesboro, as it was the home of John Wallace, founder of our town.

Some of our older people remember seeing this home when it was half log and half stone. About forty years ago the log part was torn down and replaced with a frame building. The stone walls are very thick and as only three sides are standing, it is assumed that the log part was erected first and the stone part built up against the log house. The tradition is that it was converted into a house from an old Indian fort which stood there in the early days.

JOHN WALLACE, PIONEER SETTLER

One of the first settlers in these parts of whom there is any record, was John Wallace, a Scotchman, who came here about 1750, or possibly prior to that date. His first warrant for land was dated October 20, 1750. He was the father of John Wallace, founder of the town. Why he settled at this particular spot, no one seems to know. It is possible that the fine spring appealed to him. It is well known the early settlers, for obvious reason, preferred to locate their homes close to springs.

When John Wallace the elder, came here our Monterey Road was not in existence, for there were no roads in this neighborhood—only bridle paths. In 1768 six viewers were appointed by the Court of Cumberland county, to lay a road from the Conococheague Settlement at Greencastle through Nicholas' Gap toward Baltimore Town. The laying out of this road certainly gave value to the Wallace lands as a desirable locality for a permanent settlement. And so when our town was afterward laid out and John Wallace, being the largest land owner of the locality, it is not surprising to find the settlement around his warranted lands bearing the name of John Wallace's Town, or Wallace Town.

For nearly twenty years prior to the laying out of our road to Baltimore Town, John Wallace, the elder, held title to six hundred and thirty-three acres and one hundred nineteen perches of land—almost a square mile—or equal in size to five or six present day farms. He was considered a large land owner even in those days. Our Monterey Road for a considerable distance ran through his land.

The neighbors of the elder John Wallace as shown by the surveyor's draft of his property were: John Stoner, David Stoner, Martin Stoner, Withard's heirs, Isaac Moorehead, James Coyle, James Jack, John Coughran, Daniel Royer, John Moorehead, James Coughran, Mathias Ringer, Roger Hartes. It will be seen by these names that most of the people living here at that time were Scotch or English.

"MOUNT VERNON"

The particular tract upon which the town of Waynesboro is situated, was known as "Mount Vernon," named, no doubt after Washington's home along the Potomac. The western limit of the land as described in the deed, or plan of the town, is the alley between the Beck and Benedict Building, and the Wayne Building; the eastern limit is at the entrance to Burns Hill Cemetery. These then, were the east and west boundaries of our town and remained so for many years.

It should here be stated that on account of Anthony Wayne's popularity, three other localities in Pennsylvania contended with our town for the honor of incorporating his name in their municipal titles. These were Green county, with its county seat, Waynesburg; Bedford county with a Waynesburg historically known as Bloody Run, and Chester county with its native home of the Waynes, mentioned as Waynesborough.

Our John Wallace was very zealous in his efforts toward defending the name he had selected for his new town. In the contest of names Waynesburg in Bedford county, and Waynesborough in Delaware county, finally gave up the struggle, the former taking the name of Everett and the latter the name of Wayne. However, the name Waynesborough is still retained by the ancestral home of General Wayne, but it is no post office. The name Waynesburg in Green county was too firmly fixed to be changed. About this time it became the policy of the Federal government not to duplicate the names of post offices in any one state, so when our town was rechartered in 1831 it took for its corporate title the name of Waynesboro. Accordingly we see that our town has had four names: Mount Vernon, Wallacetown, Waynesburg and Waynesboro.

JOHN WALLACE FOUNDER

It should be remembered that John Wallace who settled here prior to 1750, did not lay out our town. It was to his son of the same name that the honor belongs. While John Wallace the younger, was out fighting the battles of his country, John Wallace, the elder, died. In his will he devised his property to his son Robert Wallace. He kept the title only a brief time and then conveyed it to his brother George Wallace. He also kept the title only a brief time and conveyed it to his brother John Wallace, shortly after he returned from the Revolutionary War. This is the John Wallace who proceeded to take steps to develop his future plan for laying out the town. Why these frequent changes of ownership from brother to brother, it is difficult to understand.

When John Wallace laid out Waynesboro he placed ninety lots upon the market. The first deed entered of record was to Henry Smith, shoemaker. It gave him title to lot number 49 and is the lot now belonging to W. H. Gelbach and R. E. Stouffer, next to the Citizens' National Bank building. Michael Corkey, merchant, a man apparently of some means, purchased ten lots. The best authorities seem to fix upon lot number one, owned by Corkey, on the southeast corner of the Square and now occupied by the Waynesboro Trust Company and the Post Office, as the site of the first house built on John Wallace's town plot.

It is interesting to know that the price was fixed at five pounds, or twenty-five dollars for lots on Main street, and six pounds, or thirty dollars, for lots on the crossroads. At this time it is difficult to understand why Main street properties should have sold for less than those on Church street. These prices are quite in contrast with present prices of properties in Waynesboro. However, is it not possible that \$25.00 put out at six per cent compound interest in 1797, would today show even a larger increment than is shown by these lots? A short calculation will disclose which end of the proposition would have been more profitable.

These lots were all sold with the stipulation that a ground rent of "one dollar of United States specie, per lot yearly, was reserved payable to the said John Wallace, his heirs and assigns forever." This ground rent or quit rent, as it was sometimes called, in the beginning was collected regularly by those entitled to it, but payment lapsed many years ago, for the reason no doubt that it was difficult money to collect or possibly because there was no one living who was entitled to it. Should some one turn up who could establish his right to these ground rents, there is a tidy sum due him, as they have been accumulating at the rate of ninety dollars a year.

JOHN WALLACE'S MILITARY RECORD

John Wallace was second lieutenant in one of the companies of Colonel Magaw's Sixth regiment of the Pennsylvania Line. In the daring and successful enterprise of the storming of Stony Point which rendered famous the name of General Anthony Wayne, this regiment was credited with the honor of having chosen from its ranks one of the "forlorn hopes." The soldiers who composed the group of men known as "forlorn hopes" led the assault and seventeen out of twenty of them were killed or wounded.

It was with this regiment, with its distinguished record under general command of "Mad Anthony Wayne" that John Wallace was connected and it is said that he idolized his chief as did all the soldiers who fought in that battle. So it is not necessary to seek any further for the reasons why John Wallace should desire to honor his settlement by bestowing upon it the name of the general under whom he had served. His town therefore was christened Waynesburg.

John Wallace, founder of Waynesboro, was born in 1755, and died in 1811. He left neither wife nor children. His heirs were his brother George and six children of his sister Rebecca, who had been twice married, first to John Irvin and second to John Hogg. There was another John Wallace, nephew of the founder. He was captain of militia, and married Esther Burns, daughter of John Bourns, the cannon-maker. The Cunninghams of Waynesboro, are descended upon their mothers side, from this union. John Wallace, East Main Street, is sixth in line from John Wallace, the pioneer.

One singular circumstance in connection with John Wallace's relation to his town, is the fact that he never lived within its limits. Paraphrasing an utterance made almost two thousand years ago, one can say of him: "he made the town, but was not of the town." This anomaly, however, has now been corrected. Several years ago, when the borough limits were extended, the boundary line of Waynesboro was made to run several rods east of the old building.

The fact that this old house is now within the borough limits, may raise a doubt whether the little old school house, after all has been said, is the oldest house in our midst. If this house was erected when John Wallace came here from Scotland in or about 1749, as it most likely was, it would now be 177 years old. Those persons best qualified to speculate on this question, believe that the log part of the house was erected first. But it has been torn down to make way for the frame building. If authentic evidence can be brought forward to prove that the stone part of this house, which is still standing,

had been built prior to 1775, then the little old school house built by John Bourns, might have to take second place.

But what makes this house interesting to the people of Waynesboro, is that it was the home of John Wallace, the pioneer. If he was not the first settler in Washington township, he was among the very first settlers in this community.

JOHN WALLACE, A MAN OF AFFAIRS

It might be thought that too much space has been given to the biography of John Wallace. If there is any one man more than another, who deserves credit and honor from us, that man is John Wallace, for he was the founder of the town of Waynesboro.

John Wallace in his day was a man of affairs in this community. He made frequent visits of a business nature to the county seat at Carlisle. He was not unknown to and without influence among the state officials at Harrisburg, and he had more or less acquaintanceship with men at the general seat of government.

Without knowing anything more about John Wallace than the single fact that he laid out and planted a town, would be enough evidence for anyone to conclude that he was more than an ordinary man. It is true that here and there throughout the country, town sites have been deliberately planned and laid out, yet as a rule like "Topsy," they "just grew."

John Wallace did not become the founder of our town by mere accident. He himself, conceived the idea of establishing a town here and he built well as we of this generation can testify. Although John Wallace must be credited with having vision and foresight, it is not likely he visualized his town as we know it today. The land included in his little town plot, is now worth millions of dollars and we who are living here are beneficiaries of his wisdom and foresight to a much greater extent than we realize.

It seems to be human nature for us to laud and cast a halo around those men and women who are removed from us in both time and space, and we are prone to forget the qualities of greatness inherent in those who live at our very doors. Had John Wallace and John Bourns a poet to sing their praises, or a historian to chronicle their deeds, the world would know more about them and their work and our community would be accorded its rightful place in history. We of Pennsylvania have been neglectful along these lines, while on the other hand, some sections of our country have made heroes out of every man that ever scalped an Indian or killed a British soldier.

What then, is our duty toward the memory of John Wallace, founder of Waynesboro? He certainly deserves recog-

niton at our hands and his grave, wherever it is, should be designated by a marker or monument with a suitable inscription.

COVENANTERS' GRAVEYARD

Going out the road a little farther we will stop a few moments in front of the home of W. S. Bostwick. Probably few persons are aware that there is a small graveyard in the field several hundred yards to the rear of his residence.

This graveyard, formerly known as the Covenanters' Cemetery is surrounded by a fence and is in a very dilapidated condition. It should, however, be kept in good repair because there are two graves in this graveyard which are the sequels of historic interest to the people of Waynesboro.

JOHN BOURNS, CANNON MAKER

One of these graves marks the last resting place of John Bourns, a blacksmith, who worked in his little shop on the banks of the Antietam. As previously stated, he built the first house in Waynesboro which is still standing in our midst.

With lusty blows, John Bourns was wont to swing his hammer in shaping the heated iron into implements for tilling the soil and harvesting the grain, but in 1775 when the call to war rang over our country, it brought tidings to honest John Bourns that he too must do what he could to free his fair land from foreign control. After looking around for some means of contributing his share to the common cause he determined to try his skill in making a cannon.

An extra pair of bellows was set up in his little shop. His brother, James Bourns, together with some neighbors were called upon to give the necessary aid in keeping up a continuous hot fire for the purpose of welding. A core of iron with a small bore was first prepared. Then bars of iron were welded one by one around this core. The welding having been accomplished successfully a new drilling was made and the bore brought to as perfect a degree of smoothness and circularity as was possible with the tools at hand.

BRITISH CAPTURE CANNON

This small cannon was taken to the army and doubtless gave no uncertain voice in freedom's favor. On the eleventh of September, 1777, the battle of Brandywine was fought and the cannon was captured by the British and taken to England. It is said to be lodged in the Tower of London. Whether this is true or not cannot now be definitely confirmed. It seems however, that John Bourns, after making his cannon, joined the

Continental Army and singularly enough was at Brandywine when his gun was captured. On account of his great skill he was later detailed to repair gunlocks and bayonets for the army.

John Bourns (spelled B-o-u-r-n-s) was the great grandfather of Doctor James Burns Amberson of this place. He is supposed to have been the maker of the first wrought iron cannon in the world. The place of his burial is marked by a little stone on which can faintly be seen the following inscription: "In Memory of John Bourns who was born May 1747, and departed this life April 20, 1802." John Bourns was one of the outstanding figures in this community. Instead of allowing his remains to lie neglected in this little out-of-the-way cemetery, a suitable monument or marker ought to be erected in his memory.

COUSIN OF ROBERT BOURNS

It is of more than passing interest to know that this same John Bourns was a first cousin of Robert Burns, the beloved Scotch poet, their fathers having been brothers. It is well known that the Burns family in Scotland were poor people and his biographers say that young Bobby as he was called, seriously considered coming to America to better his fortune. Had his plans worked out, he would have come here to his cousins mountain home and it is not unlikely that Robert Burns might have traveled up and down our Monterey Road?

Persons who know say that the hills and mountains and fields and streams hereabout suggest the scenery of Scotland and had the budding poet come here he might have found this neighborhood a congenial place to make his home. What about the query then, which has been suggested before, that if Robert Burns had come and lived in our midst, would he have been inspired to write Auld Lang Syne, Cotter's Saturday Night, and other poems that have since thrilled the world?

MASSACRE OF RENFREW CHILDREN

The other grave in this little cemetery about which all should know, is a double grave and marks the resting place of two young girls—the Renfrew sisters—who were massacred by Indians. The year this murder took place cannot definitely be ascertained, but it occurred shortly after the murder of the teacher and children near Greencastle July 26, 1764, and is believed to be the last massacre committed by Indians in the Cumberland Valley.

The small log house in which the young girls lived, stood near the old mill along the Antietam on the farm now owned by the Dr. A. H. Strickler heirs. Traditionary accounts differ as

to the death. The account generally accepted is that the girls were washing clothes that day when the Indians came upon them and shot and scalped them.

Two experienced hunters living in the neighborhood, one of whom had lived with Indians, gave pursuit. It appears there were but two Indians.

The hunters followed the trail toward Bedford. On the second day somewhere among the mountains, the pursuers, deeming by the freshness of the trail, that they were drawing near the Indians, became more cautious. There in a small open glade, where were several plum trees, stood two Indians under the trees eating wild plums. The extreme caution exercised by the savages while eating was curious and showed their hereditary training. They were perfectly quiet. Each would cautiously reach up for a plum, pull it off, then glance around the open area, at the same time listening, and then eat the plum.

WAIT TO SEE PLUM SEED

The hunters in a whisper arranged their plans. They agreed not to fire until near enough to see the plum seed drop from the mouth of each savage. Then stealthily creeping on the ground they advanced near enough when, at the signal agreed upon, they both fired, and springing up rushed forward to complete the work, if need be, with their knives. It needed no completion. Each bullet had sped with deadly aim. The two savages were still in death.

The men obtained the scalps of the two sisters slain near Waynesboro, and scalping the two Indians, they rapidly retraced their steps with the four scalps. They reached the house, where the Renfrew sisters had lived, just as the funeral train was about to leave for the place of burial.

At the grave the hunters approaching the coffin, quietly laid down by the corpses the two scalps taken from them, and then laid upon the closed coffin the scalps of the two Indians. This told the story to the assembled neighbors of the absolute character of the revenge meted out to the fiends.

The young girls were both buried in one plain box. Up until about fifteen years ago their grave could still be identified by a flat stone, set edgewise which marked the place of their burial, but there was no inscription on it except the family name "Renfrew" to tell whose remains were beneath. This stone has disappeared. This story is no fiction, for I myself once heard the late Emanuel J. Bonebrake say that when he was a little boy he heard an old man relate that he was at the funeral when the two men brought the scalps and deposited them in the grave.

The names of the young women were Sarah and Jane, but there is no record of the names of the two brave men who

followed the Indians to their death. It was all in a day's work with them. We should stand in reverence before such men. They are the type who preceded us and made this valley safe for our present occupation. The simplest comforts that we know today were denied them. We measure many things by money, but we cannot measure what they accomplished for our welfare by the standard of dollars and cents.

AFTERMATH OF FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

This massacre, inhuman though it was, was an aftermath of the French and Indian War. Few people today realize that the Cumberland Valley suffered more depredations from the Indians than any other section of the state, unless perhaps, it was the ill-fated Wyoming Valley. During this period upwards of one hundred of our settlers lost their lives and besides many were carried away into captivity. The blame should not however, all be laid to the Indians, for their were reprisals on both sides.

With the Indian the scalp was a trophy, something tangible to be shown to his people, very much the same as a distinguished service medal is regarded by our soldier now. The custom was quickly adopted by the white man and he soon did some scalping on his own account. Laws were passed offering bounties for Indian scalps and "headhunting" as it was called, developed into rather a lucrative business in some of the colonies.

Although our State of Pennsylvania was founded on the principle of brotherly love, it is sad to relate that Governor John Penn, William Penn's grandson, himself not a Quaker, issued a proclamation offering a bounty of \$150 for the scalp of every male Indian brought in, and smaller sums for the scalps of females and children. Be it remembered that this proclamation was issued from the city of Brotherly Love.

The French and Indian War in America was the reflection of a great struggle that involved most of the civilized world. In this war the Indians were persuaded to take sides with the French who often instigated them to deeds of violence. Our valley was then on the frontier. We were at war, although not of our own choosing. But like every other war—whether waged along so-called civilized lines or not—the populace were the ones to suffer.

Our early settlers learned from the Indians that for many years this was coveted territory. There is a well founded tradition that many battles were fought among the Indians along our very Antietam for the possession of this desirable hunting preserve. When the white man came upon the scene, the coalition known as the "Six Nations" appeared to have the

ascendency, although another powerful aggregation called the "Lenni Lanape" also claimed the right to occupy portions of the valley. One historian says "the Indians had as serious disputes among themselves relative to these lands as the inhabitants of Pennsylvania and Maryland subsequently had."

INDIAN CAMPS AND VILLAGES

There is no doubt but that this very neighborhood was thickly inhabited by Indians during the summer months, for like birds of passage the Red Men were wont to spend the winters in the south going by way of the Valley of Virginia. So there is good reason why they were reluctant to give up this territory to the ever encroaching white race.

Evidences of Indian occupation are to be found almost everywhere in the Cumberland Valley, but along the Antietam, arrow heads and other Indian relics seem to be more numerous than anywhere else and one has no difficulty in finding them in freshly cultivated fields. Close to streams in favored locations there must be thousands of these arrow heads on even as small an area as an acre of ground. This is certainly remarkable when it is remembered that much of this soil has been overturned by the plow at least a hundred times since the advent of the white man.

Our knowledge of this interesting section of the country goes back only a little more than a hundred and fifty years and only in our imagination can we picture it as occupied for generations preceding, by a people who had a better title to the land than we ourselves possess. The more we learn about the Indians the more we appreciate their simple life and sturdy qualities, which compare favorably with our own present manner of living.

HISTORIC ANTIETAM CREEK

Let us now pause for a few moments on the old stone bridge which crosses the Antietam Creek. For centuries this modest little stream pursued its meandering course to the Potomac, when lo! one day in September 17, 1862, it became suddenly famous and the name Antietam was woefully articulated by millions of tongues. A great battle of the War of the Rebellion had been fought on its banks near where it enters the Potomac River. The waters of this stream had been crimsoned by the bloodiest struggle of the war—known in history as the "battle of the innocents." Young men on both sides—the flower of our country—lay about in heaps and there were houses of mourning all over the land. The reverberations of the cannonading on that eventful day could be distinctly heard along our Road to Monterey.

Antietam is supposed to be an Indian name, but no one seems to know what the word means. This is unusual as there are few place-names that do not have some known significance. From rather a vague source it is learned that the word "Antietam" in the Indian language means "crooked." Whether this surmise be true or not, it seems very appropriate, as every one knows who has wandered along the banks of this beautiful stream.

The sparkling waters of Antietam creek burst forth from the rocks far up the mountain side and after flowing several miles the stream generously gives up part of its birthright to sustain life in our little city.

This creek with its limpid waters, here and there reflecting the trees and sky, pursues its winding course thru natural meadows. Sometimes it is half hidden by long grass, sometimes it is over-arched by huge trees and clinging vines; now it murmurs over loose stones, then it rushes impetuously over miniature cascades; here it runs in shallow channels through mossy banks, there it collects in glassy pools where speckled trout lure the sportsmen and so—like Tennyson's brook—after passing under half a hundred bridges, it meets the brimming river.

At the Iron Bridge, several miles below where we now are, the Antietam joins its twin sister coming from the Pearl of the Park above Mont Alto, both to be finally embraced by their beckoning mother, the historic Potomac.

On the right side of our roadway, just beyond the stone bridge and close to the stream, was a large tannery, conducted by David Royer some seventy-five years ago. Down the stream a little farther was a flour and grist mill. It was built in 1808 and was last operated by John Hoover. There were the usual buildings in the vicinity of the mill and tannery but most of them were long ago demolished. The sight of the tannery is now completely obliterated.

BRYAN INTERESTED

About twelve years ago the late William Jennings Bryan, during the time he was Secretary of State in President Wilson's cabinet, came to Waynesboro from Blue Ridge Summit. He heard with much interest as the party drove along, that this was the road General Lee and his army took on their retreat from Gettysburg. Arriving at this bridge, he was told that he was crossing the Antietam Creek. He arose from his seat and turned to get another view of the stream. "Well, well," he said, "so this is the Antietam. You certainly live in a historic neighbor-

hood. I hope sometime to spend a few days visiting this section."

As Fate would have it, he never found time to return.

ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE FRANTZES

The next place that should be mentioned is the ancestral home of the Frantz family. This place is now owned and occupied by Daniel Hess and is the first house on the south side of Monterey Road east of Antietam Creek. A fine clear spring between the house and the road adds to the charm of this old homestead.

Christian Frantz emigrated with his family from Lancaster county in the spring of 1825 and purchased this farm from John Stoner. He was a Reformed Mennonite minister and was the first person to settle here who belonged to that religious body. For many years he was the only Reformed Mennonite preacher and was the founder of the church in Franklin county.

About two years after he came here, he established a church near Ringgold and erected a meeting house on Mason and Dixon Line. This building after standing nearly one hundred years was torn down a few years ago. On account of his zeal and persistent effort in advocating the doctrines of his faith, quite a large congregation grew up around this church. It was known as Frantz's church and its members were sometimes called Frantzites.

Bishop Frantz—for his congregation afterward elevated him to that office—was a strong man physically and mentally, very active and energetic, and capable of doing much hard work. He frequently made pioneer journeys on horseback over the mountains into Ohio, Indiana and Illinois when there were yet no highways—only bridle paths blazed through the woods. These trips were in the nature of missionary journeys made for the purpose of meeting and conferring with people of his own faith.

Christian Frantz became a large land owner in this immediate neighborhood. His six sons each acquired a farm, except Benjamin, who prepared himself to practice medicine. Many of Christian Frantz's descendants down to the fifth generation live in and around Waynesboro.

Two fields of the Christian Frantz farm are now built over with fine homes and the place is known as Wayne Heights. It is an attractive residential section, with water, light and street railway service and is a thriving suburb of Waynesboro. Washington Township High School is located here.

A FORGOTTEN SETTLEMENT

At the foot of the next hill we come to the residence of John H. Frantz, grandson of the afore-mentioned Bishop Frantz. No one would ever dream that here more than a hundred years ago was a busy little settlement called Reed Hall. Besides a number of homes there were a tavern or road-house, a blacksmith shop, a wagon-maker shop, and what is stranger than all, a tombstone and marble factory. The marble was obtained in a quarry located about the width of a field north of the present farm buildings.

The marble used in this factory was a fair grade of stone and many of the tombstones in the graveyards hereabouts were shaped from it. There was quite a demand for doorsteps and window sills made from this marble, in both Philadelphia and Baltimore. In those days this industry often furnished the wagoners with loads to the city when they went there for supplies.

Samples of the marble taken from this quarry may be seen in the front door sills at the residences of Mrs. A. H. Strickler, Center Square, and the late Calvin E. Hicks, East Main street. Notice the whiteness of the marble and how finely dressed these stones are. The location of this quarry can still be determined by a slight depression in the ground which has been farmed over many years. It is within the range of possibility that this stone quarry may sometime be reopened. Mr. Frantz states that the quality of the marble seemed to improve as the drillers went deeper into the ground.

LESSON IN EFFICIENCY

A hundred years ago it took five or six days to make the round trip to Baltimore in the Conestogas. Today one can go there and back in as many hours. Travel then was relatively slow compared with the present. Yet John Reed who owned the blacksmith shop at this place is reported to have said that the teamsters were always in a hurry. So in order to be accommodating, he told them to start their teams up the hill and he would walk alongside and every time the horse lifted its foot he would drive a nail. Thus we see they also practiced efficiency a hundred years ago.

As another instance in economizing time it is related that Philip Reed, the landlord of the hotel, when otherwise engaged told his customers just to help themselves. They did. Whiskey, a hundred years ago sold at three cents a drink and one had the privilege of helping himself.

RED RUN BRIDGE

We now come to a second stream on our way from Way-

nesboro to Monterey. It is known as Red Run, because, during certain seasons of the year especially in the fall, its waters take on a reddish color, supposed to come from the distillation of leaves falling upon its banks. An analysis of the water of one of the branches of its rivulet at its source reveals it to be almost one hundred per cent pure for drinking purposes. As evidence of this fact, Buena Vista Spring water as it is commercially called, can be had at dining tables in first class hotels in Baltimore and other cities.

Here is another little settlement which was a busy hive of industry more than a hundred years ago. Most of the activity was just beyond the stream on the road running south from this point. There was a store, a wagon tavern, a still house, a wagon maker shop, a blacksmith shop, a warehouse, and on the west side of the stream a large stone quarry was operated for many years. A sort of firestone was obtained in this locality. It was very tough and was used to line kilns, hearths and other places exposed to intense heat.

THE OLD WAGON TAVERN

Several hundred feet beyond the bridge is an old brick house. In early times it was a wagon tavern and doubtlessly was the scene of many jests and jokes by teamsters who were the jolly men of those days. It was first owned by Lewis Ripple, grandfather of the late Dr. John M. Ripple, of this place, and was known as Ripple's Tavern. In the Forties it was owned and operated by Joseph Cooper, together with his sister, Sallie Cooper. Joseph Cooper's son, John M. Cooper, was editor of the Valley Spirit in Chambersburg for many years. W. J. C. Jacobs telephone manager, brought from Ohio at five years of age, was reared by his Aunt Sallie Cooper. She was known by everybody in Waynesboro at that time and is still remembered as Aunt Sallie by our older residents. Later Ripple's Tavern came into possession of George Stephey, who owned it during Civil War times.

This old house was honored on Sunday, July 5, 1863, when General Robert E. Lee and his staff took dinner here on their retreat from the battle of Gettysburg. It is said he made a short speech to his officers after dinner in front of this house, in which he lamented the loss of so many brave officers and men. But, with the determination of the brave soldier that he was, he told them that their main object now was to reach the Potomac river, which on account of heavy rains, was rising rapidly.

General Lee was so well pleased with this treatment at the Stepheys that he gave the family his call bell and one of his camp stools. These are now in possession of Daniel N. Stephey, son of George Stephey.

THE LITTLE STORE ROOM

It will be noted in passing that there is a small brick building standing close to the old tavern. This was a store room a hundred years ago. Unpretentious though it is, a very distinguished Pennsylvanian clerked here for a short while. He was no less a personage than Thomas A. Scott, the first president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. In 1833 when a boy ten years of age, he worked for his uncle, a Mr. Stewart, who conducted the store at that time. Later Stewart moved to Waynesboro and occupied the present Brown and Miller storeroom.

Is it not possible that Thomas A. Scott received the training while working in this country store along the Monterey Road which started him on his career to become as Abraham Lincoln once said: "the greatest railroad president in the world?"

In passing, it may be noted that Franklin county has furnished two presidents of the Pennsylvania railroad. The other was Frank Thompson, born at Scotland.

A few of our older citizens still remember an interesting character who conducted a store in this same building in the fifties. His name was Samuel Rodenstock, popularly known as "Jew Sam," and it is worthy of note that he was the first of his race to conduct a store in this county. He made friends and had a good trade but he carried on his business somewhat different from the way business was handled at that time. He invariably met his customers—men, women or children—with the greeting: "Wass you vant?"

Rodenstock could not write very well so he kept his accounts in a way known only to himself. It is related on one occasion that he had a dispute with a customer regarding a charge on his books for a cheese. The customer insisted that he never in his life bought a whole cheese at one time. Jew Sam after studying a few minutes, said, "You are right, it is a grindstone, I just forgot to mark a hole in the ring."

INDIAN SPRING

Back of the old tavern is a fine spring known as Indian Spring, so called because it is said that the Indians held the waters in this spring in high esteem, believing them to be medicinal in quality. Two Indians were reported to have been seen here getting a drink of water on the day the Renfrew girls were murdered. It is presumed they were the savages who afterward perpetrated that dastardly crime. The figure of a large Indian, painted on a frame of boards set up beside this spring, was to be seen for many years and was observed with awe, especially by children.

From the spring wooden pipes conducted the water to a

distillery several hundred yards down the road to the present residence of David E. Kauffman. The distillery was known as Indian Spring Distillery. Its product had a wide reputation due to the fact that the water from the spring was said to be pure to a high degree and it contained some peculiar properties which made liquor of a fine quality, and so its customers came back again and again. This distillery after having been in operation since 1812—more than one hundred years—closed down only a few years since.

INTERESTING EPISODE

On account of the superior product of Indian Spring Distillery there is an interesting episode which shows how it once came in touch with big business. This is not surprising for there are a number of places along this road to Monterey which at one time or another had intimate points of contact with the outside world.

The circumstance is this: Some of you, no doubt, remember how strained the finances of our country were during Cleveland's second administration. It was in 1895 and the Pennsylvania Railroad being desperately in need of funds, which is unusual for that railroad, turned to London for a loan. Accordingly the English sent a delegation to the United States to arrange the terms of the proposed loan.

In those days it appears that in order to put large deals over it was necessary to entertain the prospective investors rather lavishly. So it was part of the duty of the brokers to look around for the best grade of liquor obtainable to be used on such occasions. After much sampling and tasting, they decided on the Indian Spring brand. They were so well pleased with this liquor that they bought all of the stock on hand. The whiskey had to be put in jugs to be shipped to England, and Mr. M. T. Brown states that he had the contract for furnishing the jugs.

The Pennsylvania Railroad got its loan, thanks to Indian Spring Distillery, and the question naturally arises: Did Thomas A. Scott who clerked here when a boy, remember about the high grade liquor made at Indian Spring Distillery? And if so, did he tell the English delegation about it? When corporations were badly in need of money, nothing was to be forgotten even down to the grade of whiskey to be served to the prospective investors.

THE LESSON OF HISTORY

We are now nearing the foot of the mountain, and doubtless it has become apparent that in the course of this recital many of the characters and scenes are no longer in existence. Along the

road to Monterey are numerous examples of changes which have taken place in one hundred years and even in fifty years. Scarcely a vestige of these little centers of industrial and social life remains. There is one—the old inn—which is used today as a residence, but it was abandoned as a tavern sixty years ago.

History like charity, should begin at home, and if a recital of local events is good for anything, it should be useful to impress upon our minds the truth that men are born, grow to manhood, strut the earth for a season, and then go the way of all flesh. And the lesson is plain that the things which men build—on which they set their hearts and which they believe will be permanent—also decay and pass away.

As evidence of the non-permanance of any concern, we have only to point to the forgotten industries in this neighborhood. Less than fifty years ago there were prosperous furnaces, forges, rolling mills, woolen mills, carriage factories, wagon-makers' shops, tanneries, potteries, and distilleries. The men who conducted them were our captains of industry in those days and their lives and works left an influence on our day and generation which we little appreciate.

In our work-a-day world we are prone to be forgetful of this process of change which is continuously going on around us and sometimes we pay dearly for such neglect. Persons with their hearts and minds set on certain investments or certain businesses, can well pause and contemplate this subject.

And now with questioning glance into the future—will our stores and our factories and our cherished possessions be in evidence a hundred years from now? Will they be in evidence fifty years from now? Will they be in twenty-five years from now? There is no one capable of answering these questions.

"Not in vain the distance beacons.

Forward, forward let us range.

Let the great world spin forever

Down the ringing grooves of change."

THE TOWN OF ROUZERVILLE

Going a short distance, we come to Rouzerville, a little town, which reminds one of Atri in Italy, so graphically described by Longfellow:

"One of those little places that have run

Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,

And then sat down to rest, as if to say,

'I climb no farther upward, come what may'."

Strangers first hearing the name of Rouzerville, are inclined to smile at the presumptuousness of the place in selecting such a name. But when they are told that it is called after Peter Rouzer, a former prominent citizen of the town, they nod

their heads in approval. From the year 1864 until the Post Office was established in 1872, this village was known as Pikesville. The old Benchoff Hotel is still standing and is occupied as a residence by some of the Benchoff family.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

While tarrying at Rouzerville, let us direct your mind to the operations of the so-called Underground Railroad just before Civil War times. This was a period of suppressed excitement among the people living along the border, due to certain practices resulting from the passage of the famous Omnibus Bill. The Underground Railroad was the name given to the route which fugitive slaves took when fleeing from bondage. It was so called because the runaway slaves were hidden in cellars or in other secret places or possibly because the route of the road was out of sight. Along these routes they were assisted by well meaning persons known as abolitionists who were in sympathy with these wretched people in their efforts to obtain freedom.

Houses along the routes came to be known as stations, those who directly assisted the escaping fugitives were known as conductors or captains, and those who made contributions of money, clothing, etc., were stockholders in the enterprise. Pennsylvanians, especially those of German and Swiss descent, were naturally opposed to slavery because they were in the habit of doing their own work.

FIRST STATION AT SHOCKEY'S

Rouzerville figured largely at this time because it lay at the foot of South Mountain along the route of this exodus to the north. The first station north of Mason and Dixon Line was at Shockey's near Rouzerville. The slaves then went by way of Quincy and stopped at the home of the late Hiram E. Wertz, father of D. M. Wertz. Hiram E. Wertz undertook this work and became a captain when but a lad in his teens. He harbored the negroes in the cellar of his father's house and piloted many of them to the next station at Africa, now a colored settlement near Caledonia Furnace. It is significant that this furnace was owned by Thaddeus Stevens, the great champion of the slaves, who directed in his will that his body be buried in a graveyard, in which there was to be no discrimination on account of color.

This route, vague though it was, somehow or other became known to the slaves and there seemed to be a sort of grapevine telegraph in operation connecting the several stations so that the fleeing slaves were not without assistance as soon as they reached northern soil. They were usually concealed during the daytime in barns and cellars. When night came they were sent on their way to the next friendly stopping place. This was con-

tinued until the slaves reached Canada. There they were in British Dominion, from which they could not be taken.

SOUL DRIVERS ACTIVE

A lucrative business naturally developed among a lot of men known as Slave Catchers, sometimes called "Soul Drivers," who lay in wait for these unfortunate beings in order to get the reward that was offered for their capture. These men were not held in high esteem by their abolition neighbors, although their business of catching slaves was lawful. On the other hand, those persons whose sympathies prompted them to aid and harbor slaves on their way to freedom were actually the law-breakers—just one more example that a law is difficult to enforce when it does not meet with popular favor.

The Underground Railroad, formed one of the chief grievances of the South against the North and was a contributing factor toward bringing about the war between the states.

In justice to the Abolitionists it should be explained that the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed an Act in 1847 against kidnapping slaves which made it a criminal offense for any one claiming a runaway slave to capture him by the use of violence. This resulted in Pennsylvania becoming a haven for slaves who had escaped from their masters in the southern states. But as the Pennsylvania law ran counter to the Fugitive Slave Law our citizens who harbored slaves were liable to be accused of violating the provisions of the Federal Government. The Pennsylvania law was never repealed and this is an instance where the contention for States' Rights seems to have been on the other foot.

There is another place called Africa in Franklin county, which was also a station along the Underground Railroad. This Africa is on the opposite side of the valley not far from James Buchanan's birthplace. It is not singular that these two colored settlements are so located, one of them near property owned by Thaddeus Stevens, the man who did everything in his power to break up slavery; while the other settlement was close to the boyhood home of James Buchanan, a man who reached the highest position in the gift of our nation and who was accused by many of permitting his lofty position to further the institution of slavery? The one an ardent whig, the other a loyal Democrat, in their later years lived neighbors in the city of Lancaster and both died in the same year—1868.

STORY OF A SLAVE'S CAPTURE

The taking of runaway slaves was of almost daily occurrence and it may not be amiss to describe the capture of a

black man as told by the late Dr. George B. Russell in his book "Four Score or More." Doctor Russell was just a boy when the incident occurred and lived with his parents at the Africa which is located near the other end of our Monterey Road. It reads as follows:

"Runaway negro slaves congregated near the Gap in a little hamlet known as New Africa at the base of North Mountain. An old mulatto in the pay of the slave catchers from Hagerstown, and Mercersburg, gave notice to the "soul drivers" of any new-comers; and then soon the poor refugees were captured and remanded across the Mason and Dixon line.

"On a warm Sunday morning, a number of negroes were gathered on the long porch at the front of the house. The old chap, Andy Vaney, was among them whetting a razor and noisily pretending to try it on the cheeks of those about him. Finally he turned to one young fellow, a stranger, and said: 'Joe, le' me staht a bea'd on your han'—at which they all joined in a hearty laugh.

"Just then two strange men inside the window looking out at the affair of seeming fun, quickly rushed out the front door. The betrayer had taken spittle on his finger and rubbed it on the back of Joe's hand and next pretended to shave it off. While this arrested the crowd's attention, suddenly as a flash the two strange men grabbed Joe, sprung the handcuffs on him and were openly showing dirks and pistols to prevent any attempt at rescue. Quickly placing him behind one of these men, hastily mounted on horseback, the poor fellow was bound to the saddle girth; thus fettered and manacled, he made an effort to steady himself in his seat on the horses bare back. This was taken as an attempt to escape from the captors. Suddenly the slave catcher struck and plunged his dirk knife into the back of the captive's hand. Then, without any care of the bleeding wound, they rode off with the man they now called 'Bill' the unsuspecting young fellow who had sought freedom among his colored friends; but who had been so cruelly betrayed by one of his own race pretending to be a friend. That horrifying incident, witnessed in my early boyhood, remains in memory as a dark deed of cruelty, done for paltry money reward. Such heartless acts leave deep marks scarred on the soul's first tenderness, and show man's inhumanity to man."

THE LOGAN FAMILY OF RINGGOLD

In connection with the traffic in slaves, the Logan family cannot help but come to mind. There were four brothers, John, Hugh, Daniel and Alexander. Living at Ringgold along the Mason and Dixon Line, they had many opportunities to retrieve runaway slaves. The most prominent of the Logan brothers was

Dan, who was thoroughly hated and disliked by his abolitionist neighbors, especially the Shockeys and the Wertzes. The former's home, well known as a station of the Underground Railroad, was less than two miles distant from Logan's home and doubtless these people kept close watch on each other. It is significant that the Logans and the Shockeys both lived close to the Mason and Dixon Line, that famous line of demarkation which was supposed to divide the free states from the slave states. The aims of these two families were diametrically opposite—the one trying to free the slaves, the other trying to keep them in bondage—the one engaged in an unlawful business, the other in an unpopular business.

The Logans were people of good family and in his home Dan Logan was a good husband and a kind father. But he was a terror to the colored race and his name was used as a bogie by threatening parents. It was said of him that he stole colored children and sold them in the south. This charge was never proved. He was seen, however, having colored men roped together walking alongside his horse, and a woman astride behind him, on his way south. The catching of slaves was his business, it was lawful and he pursued it without fear of any one.

Moving to Quincy just previous to the war, he came prominently into history when he and his brother Hugh, with several others, captured John E. Cook one of the John Brown insurrectionists and delivered him to the jail in Chambersburg.

A PRACTICAL JOKE

Some of our older people will remember Jacob Hoover whose home was a few rods south of our Monterey Road and just west of Red Run. He lived in the old stone house in front of which is a stone barn. Both house and barn are still standing. As usual a fine spring is near the house. It is worth noting, as we go along, that all the old farm houses south of the Monterey Road are built close to fine never-failing springs.

Jacob Hoover had a jovial disposition and was not averse to little pleasantries now and then, of a nature typical of the times. It is related that on one occasion while on his way to Waynesboro, he stopped at the tollgate and in an off-hand manner remarked to the gate-keeper—incidentally tollgates were clearing houses for news in those days—that he had got a bunch of "blacks" and had them penned up in his stable. This was a fine morsel of news and without any further impetus on Hoover's part, it quickly spread throughout the neighborhood.

Several men engaged in retrieving slaves, hearing the story, betook themselves to the home of Hoover and demanded that the blacks, as they were called, be turned over to them.

after considerable parleying and some excitement he reluctantly threw open the doors of his barn and all that was to be seen was a litter of little black pigs. The joke was on the slave catchers.

Mention should be made that this Jacob Hoover and his wife, nee Nancy Harbaugh, were the parents of seventeen children—another large family along the Monterey road. The Hoover family was not quite as large as the Dowlan family previously mentioned. In one respect the Hoovers were better able to take care of their children than the Dowlans, for the reason that they had a much larger home in which to house them. On account of the cost of living, it would be impossible, without help, to rear such large families today. Before the Civil War the average daily wage of a workman on a farm was forty to fifty cents. These men would not have more than two or three cents a day to spend on their children. Hoover and Dowlan were doing more than rearing a family; they were conducting an institution.

These men were confronted with a problem in economics that would tax a financial genius in any age. How it was done is simply unexplainable.

Jacob Hoover has many descendants living in and around Waynesboro. Henry H. Shockey is a grandson and resides just a short distance south of the old homestead. John A. Johnson of Rouzerville, is a nephew of Jacob Hoover, and Doctor Henry Harbaugh who will now be told told of was a brother-in-law.

THE POET-PREACHER

While going along our road we should not forget that south of Rouzerville, about half a mile, Dr. Henry Harbaugh passed his boyhood days. He was born in 1817 in a large stone house on the farm now belonging to the sons of John A. Johnson. He was one of the eminent theologians in the early history of the Reformed church in the United States and became an earnest advocate of what is known as the Mercersburg Theology.

This great churchman was also a writer of hymns which are masterpieces of composition. One of them, "Jesus, I live to Thee," is sung every morning at Mercersburg Academy. It has the distinction of having been translated into more than twenty-five foreign languages. This hymn may well be called the Christian's Creed. It is written in monosyllables and a word of meaning is compressed into four short stanzas.

Our poet-preacher wrote many other poems of merit and his dialect verse was very popular, "Dass Alt Schulhaus an der

Krick" is a classic in Pennsylvania German and is still republished and reread with delight.

Here is the first verse of this poem translated into English:

Today it is just twenty year
Since I began to roam;
Now, safely back, I stand once more
Before the quaint old schoolhouse door,
Close by my father's home.

Much of the tenderness and pathos of the original is lost in the English translation. The little stream is still there but all that remains of the old schoolhouse which Dr. Harbaugh so dearly loved and so tenderly described, is no more than a pile of stones. The original Pennsylvania German of these same stanzas reads as follows:

Heit is 's 'xactly zwansig Johr,
Dass ich bin owwe naus;
Nau bin ich widder levvig z'rick
Un schteh am Schulhaus an d'r Krick,
Juscht neekscht an's Dady's Haus.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE RIDGE

Oh! this road to Monterey has so many interesting features that one must not drive rapidly or some of them will be passed by. Before going farther, let us pause a few moments and lift up our eyes unto these everlasting hills. We are now looking at a short section of a continuous mountain wall that reaches from Maine to Georgia, broken only by rivers and streams that here and there force their way through.

A short distance up the mountainside is Pen-Mar, one of the widest known mountain recreation parks in the East. It lies in Maryland and Pennsylvania and takes its name from the first syllables of these two states. Quite a large summer colony is there and thousands of pleasure-seekers visit it every season to breathe in the pure air and enjoy the exquisite scenery.

Glancing farther up the mountain one can see High Rock which juts boldly out from the mountain side. From this vantage ground a wonderful view presents itself. Indeed it is doubtful if there is a similar area in this country with the scenic charm of the beautiful Cumberland Valley as seen from High Rock. On the top of the ridge is Mount Quirauk and from its steel tower on a clear day one can look into twenty-two counties and four states. It is possible to view four states at only one point in the United States. Mount Quirauk was so named about forty years ago by General John M. Hood, then president of the Western Maryland Railroad Company. It is said to be an Indian word and signifies "Key Rock."

Our High Rock was formerly called Mount Misery. Some

one may ask when it was first called High Rock. It can be traced back as far as 1845 for there is an interesting letter extant written in that year by Dr. Henry Harbaugh, author of the celebrated hymn. One paragraph in this letter is interesting because it furnishes a description of High Rock written eighty years ago by a man who always loved the South Mountain and who in his thoughts and affection never wandered very far away from his old home. From other sources it is learned that High Rock, long before Pen-Mar was established, was the objective of excursions and picnic parties. In those days it was considered quite a feat to reach the coveted goal as the route of approach was not so well defined as it is today.

This is the paragraph referred to in Dr. Harbaugh's letter:

"Dr. Traill Green is going to visit my home with me, and we intend to go up to High Rock. It is on the mountain about four miles from my home. It is one of the most splendid views I ever beheld. It towers high, and from it is to be seen a level valley forty miles long and twenty-five broad, extending from the South Mountain to the Alleghenies in width and nearly from the Susquehanna to the Potomac rivers in length. All this valley can be seen from the rockhouses, fields, woods and stream—all lie in silent grandeur before the spectator."

If it were not that we might be accused of straying from our subject, we would like to tell you of a cave or den on this side of the mountain a short distance south of the Montefey Road; of how in early days it was frequented by a notorious gang of counterfeiters who were engaged in imitating Continental currency; of how government officers were afraid to attack the gang in their cave, but going to the house of the leader, they removed his family and then set fire to his house, hoping thereby to induce him to come out of his hiding place to protect his property. Doubtless from the side of the mountain he saw with stoic calmness how the fire was turning his home to ashes, but he was not to be captured by such a ruse. Later they did succeed in getting him and he was lodged in the York jail. Two theories have been advanced as to why the prisoner was taken to York rather than to Carlisle, the county seat. One is that the York prison was stronger than the Carlisle prison, and afforded less chance for escape. Another is that the Continental Congress, then in session in York,—it was about 1776 or 1777—would have better opportunity to question through committees the men arrested in connection with counterfeiting.

HENRY L. FISHER—POET

No doubt it will surprise many people to learn that another author, besides Dr. Henry Harbaugh, came from this vicinity.

His name is Henry L. Fisher and he was born here about a hundred years ago. He spent his early life in this vicinity which was not then known as a town. In later years he moved to York and was a lawyer by profession, but he wrote considerably on the side and was the author of several books of poems, one of which is entitled, "Old Times, or Pennsylvania Rural Life."

The book is interesting for it contains poems on such homely subjects as The Singing School, The Spinning Wheel, Cider Making, Apple Butter Boiling, Barring Out the School-master, Coon Hunting, Blind Man's Buff, and many others.

The author makes no pretense to ward literary excellence. His poems are just good hand-made rhymes and he rambles along apparently without hesitation in a semi-humorous way. The book is illustrated with quaint wood cuts in order to give an idea of old times.

Henry L. Fisher is remembered as delivering the historical address in 1884 at Chambersburg, on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the organization of Franklin County. At that time he appeared to be a man about sixty years of age.

GOING UP THE MOUNTAIN

While going up the mountain one should occasionally turn around, unless at the wheel, so as to behold the wonderful charm of the fertile Cumberland Valley. It is a scene of domestic peace and happiness unsurpassed by few places and it is admired by visitors from all parts of the world.

"God! how I love the mountains—
The solemn mystery—
The rocks and cliffs and fountains,
And every sort of tree."

Half way up the mountain side after rounding a curve in the road, Buena Vista Inn suddenly comes in sight. It is what is left of an old-fashioned place which for many years was a popular wagon stand and summer hotel. It came into possession of Valentine B. Gilbert in 1867. The location of this property is such that it commands a delightful prospect across the Cumberland Valley to the extent of thirty miles together with a view of mountain ranges as far as the eye can reach.

In the olden times Buena Vista Inn was a delightful abode and was regarded as one of the most attractive summer resorts in the state. In those days it boasted of several mineral springs and it was provided with an abundance of the purest mountain water supplying both the hotel and bath houses. Sixty years ago few hotels were supplied with bath houses. At that time there was a park across the turnpike from the hotel which was laid out in shaded paths winding over hill and dale leading to

numerous springs containing iron, magnesia and sulphur, but its greatest attraction at that time was a strong spring, unfailing in its character, which has a fall of 150 feet in less than that many yards.

Old Buena Vista Inn was patronized by the best people from far and near. The present Buena Vista Inn is much smaller than the old hotel and it is overshadowed by the new Buena Vista Springs Hotel, located farther up on the ridge of the mountain which has a capacity of four or five hundred guests and also has a commanding view of the valley. The original signboard still hangs in front of the old hotel.

A DELIGHTFUL MOUNTAIN SPRING

About a mile farther up the mountain let us turn left on a well marked path and go down grade about four hundred yards. This will bring us to what has long been known as Bubbling Spring—a fine place for a family or small picnic. Strange to say this spring is not known to many local people, but the family living along the road at the entrance say it is visited frequently by tourists. It is the site of a hotel of former days—older than Buena Vista or Monterey—and was owned and operated by one Jacob Wright, whose son afterward conducted the Stone Tavern in Hagerstown.

With the exception of straggling foundation walls the place has lapsed almost into its primitive wildness and one would never guess that here almost one hundred and fifty years ago was located a hostelry with the usual stir and activity seen and heard around such places in those days.

This spring was fittingly called "Bubbling Spring," because no matter when you see it, you notice little bubbles constantly rising to its surface. Standing in this shaded nook and gazing into the clear waters of this spring, one's mind cannot help but go back to the time when the white man first laid eyes upon it and saw it bubbling as it does now. Nor does any one know how many generations of red men had previously watched its bubbling as we are watching it today.

It is perfectly natural therefore, that while here we should reflect on the permanence of some things and the evanescence of others. Man comes along, sees this spring bubble, bubble, bubble, pauses for a moment and passes on. His children, following him, also see this spring bubble, bubble, bubble and they too go their way. Realizing that for years, yes centuries, this spring has been constantly bubbling, while on the other hand, so many plans go awry with us humans, that we are wont to murmur with Macbeth's three witches.

"Double, double, toil and trouble
Fire, burn, cauldron—bubble."

However, we cannot tarry. This is a delightful nook but it is no place to become despondent over what might happen. Accordingly we will go back to our road and proceed on our way up the mountain.

DEVIL'S RACE COURSE

About half way between Buena Vista Inn and the top of the mountain let us take time to view a natural curiosity that is probably not visited by very many of our people. Again turning to the left, this time on a grass covered road we will go a short distance to what has long been known as Devil's Race Course. This is a rock formation said by geologists to be a well-defined moraine of the glacial period. It is a jumble of loose rocks covering several acres and gives one a good impression of what the moraine of a glacier looks like.

While at this point it should be observed that we are now on the terrain which geologists, who have visited this section, tell us was the first land that appeared in prehistoric times from beneath the wide expanse of waters in our Western Hemisphere. This statement is not the product of an imaginative mind, for Pennsylvania is declared by geologists to be the keystone in the geological history of the American Continent as it is also the keystone in the political history of the United States. Why should it not be possible then that our Monterey Road runs on the rim of the new world? If geologists are correct in what they say it is certainly a wonderful distinction to think that we may now be standing on the oldest spot of land in the Americas.

THE FIRST LAND HERE

Let us go back for a moment to the dawn of the world and visualize, if we can, a lonely little island just peeping above the surface of the sea and receiving for the first time the warming rays of the sun. It is an opportunity to let our imagination carry us into the dim maze of the past so that everything else that has been said about the Monterey Road becomes trivial and unimportant. Let us tell you that when traveling this road to Monterey one is apt to arise in his plane of fancy and soar above the common and ordinary things of life. But we must keep close to the ground for it is possible that our imagination may become so vivid that it will crowd Truth off our roadway.

GEOLOGISTS' VIEWS OF MONTEREY SECTION

We are in earnest, however, when we say that we are in the vicinity of the oldest portion of land in the Western

Continent. The statement is based on information furnished by experts who have visited this region. The Monterey section has been much studied and much written about both geologically and mineralogically. It is considered interesting from the geologists' standpoint and has long been a mecca for annual excursions from Johns Hopkins University.

Besides references to the Monterey section in the several geological reports of Pennsylvania, numerous papers have been written on the subject. Among these are "Cambrian Rock of Pennsylvania and Maryland" by Charles D. Walcott, read before the Philosophical Society of Washington, October 29, 1892; "Volcanic Rocks of South Mountain in Pennsylvania and Maryland," by George H. Williams, read before the National Academy of Sciences, November 2, 1892; a thesis by Dr. Florence Bascom for Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Bascom, who is now head of the geology department at Bryn Mawr College, has mapped in great detail that portion of South Mountain known as the Monterey section.

These papers all assume that our South Mountain is of volcanic origin. Quoting from Mr. Williams' paper, which is rather technical, one learns that "the age of the South Mountain volcanics and their relations to the sandstone which is identified as the lower Cambrian Fauna, are points of great interest." He further says "the hypothesis of the Pennsylvania geologists that the greenstones and felsites lie above the sandstone is evidently incorrect. It may however be regarded as an open question whether the volcanic rocks represent a much older horizon, which has already eroded, before the sandstone was deposited, or whether they were, in part at least, contemporaneous of sandstone as inclusions in the lavas, as well as in the accumulations of pyroclastic material; the observations of Kieth, Geiger and Walcott, that the sandstone lies flat or in synclinals, and the sections made by Florence Bascom across Monterey Peak, Pine Mountain, Jack's Mountain and Haycock near Monterey, all indicate that the sandstone is altogether above the volcanic rocks and that it has been sporadically left be erosion on the east side of the mountain in Pennsylvania.

"The contacts of the sandstone above the porphyry on the Old Tapeworm Railroad southwest of Maria Furnace, and above the greenstone in the Jack's Mountain railroad tunnel are both admirable exposures but both seem to be thrust-planes and are not contacts of original deposition."

From these extracts about the only thing one can gather is that geologists, as well as other people do not always agree in their findings; but one thing is certain, that if this is not the oldest terrain in the Western Hemisphere, geologists all seem to agree that the land hereabout is very old indeed. When terms like Algonkian, Cambrian, Huronian, Archean and Paleozoic are

used in describing the Monterey region, one knows at once that reference is made to the oldest geological strata of our earth, since these terms are always to be found at the bottom of geological charts.

GOLD, SILVER, COPPER, OIL, GAS

While we are speaking geologically it may not be out of place to direct attention to the fact that we are in the neighborhood of copper producing ore. This is evidenced by the greenstone lying around on the surface of the ground. Copper was first mined here by a company financed with British capital in 1812 but after removing considerable ore the project was abandoned.

While mining for copper, traces of gold and silver were discovered and the records of the State Geological Department show this to be one of the few places in the state of Pennsylvania, where these metals can be found. In a paper written about twenty-five years ago, Col. H. C. Deming a geologist of some note had this to say about mining prospects in our South Mountain district: "Some day when sufficient capital has been enlisted to penetrate our Algonikan mountains to the depths they go in similar rocks in Michigan and Montana, there may be a revelation as grand as when the Comstock Lode was found at the great fault of the western Archean, also identical with our own South Mountain." There was a tradition among the Indians that lead was to be found in these mountains, but its whereabouts was never disclosed to the white settlers.

An early historian commenting on the surmise of the existence of gold and silver in these mountains says that "hitherto the most successful mode of obtaining gold has been by that peculiar mixture of lime and red shale so well known and skillfully practiced among the German farmers."

Col. Deming seems to have looked over this district for evidences of oil also and it may be of interest to know what his opinion is. He says: "Having located more than sixty oil gas wells, without one miss, I announce most emphatically that both oil and gas will some day be found in Franklin county. But it will be found at greater depth than in most oil regions because the rocks here are older. As a compensation however, the deeper the deposit the stronger the probability of a permanent supply."

Our capitalists should keep these predictions in mind with the idea of some day doing prospecting on their own account.

THE AXEMAN BARD

Let us now leave to others the search for the riches which are supposed to be far beneath the surface of our road and turn

to a man, who by training and temperament, cares little for such things.

It should be no surprise to us who dwell in these parts to learn that another South Mountain poet, besides Harbaugh and Fisher, is indigenous to this soil. The wonder is that these mountains and valleys and streams have not developed the muse in more of our mountain dwellers. The name of our poet this time is George W. Kettoman and he lives near the top of the mountain a short distance south of our Monterey Road, near Mason and Dixon Line.

Kettoman is called "The Axeman Bard" for he is said to have received his inspiration while chopping down trees and chopping up wood. Reared in the midst of the friendly forest his companions are—for he is still living—the birds and trees and flowers of the mountain-side. The sighing winds and the rustling leaves whisper to him the most delightful thoughts of poesy and by his gift of expression he translates these into a language so that we, who are not poetic, can better understand.

Untaught of books George W. Kettoman is a gifted genius. Always abiding in the mountain he is a true child of nature. The song of birds, the murmuring of brooks, the hum of insects—the weird music of the wind echoing around the mountain crest—the landscapic splendor of the valley below—all these are the rich fuel upon which the fires of his genius have fed.

Our poet has written much, especially in his younger days. One of his principal works is "The Lady of Windeslee," published about thirty-five years ago. Two of his poems especially apropos to this sketch are "The Bell at Monterey" and "The Antietam Side."

One may guess what his boyhood aspirations were by the following verse taken from his rather lengthy poem entitled "The Requiem" written many years since:

"Oh that I were an heir to fame,
In glorious thoughts and deeds abounding,
That future bards might send my name
Forever down the ages sounding."

These are the words of one crying in the wilderness of literature for a wider range of vision. Kettoman might have become a Pennsylvania Burns, but he missed his chance to draw out and develop the germ of genius residing in his soul. One's sympathies go out to this man who, from his very youth, daily shouldered his axe and went into the woods to earn his living.

Many a man has been bound down by environment and circumstances and like our poet he is unable to break the chains that so firmly grip him. What a miscarriage of fate it was that advantages, accorded so many others, were withheld from Kettoman so that he was obliged to remain all his life a hewer of wood by day and a writer of poems by night. Withal that

has been said there is much pleasure to be had in the reading of his poems and what especially interests us are their many local allusions.

MONTEREY, FORMERLY NICHOLSON'S GAP

We are now at Monterey and a fine place it is today and a fine place it was a hundred years ago. Situated in a depression or gap in the mountain it was known on the first road records as Nicholson's Gap and was one of the best known places in the South Mountain region. It was the point of convergence of paths and roads and formed a natural gateway from the country lying east and south of the mountain to the Cumberland Valley.

Monterey has been the objective of several engineering enterprises of more than local importance during the past one hundred and fifty years. First Mason and Dixon passed through this gap in 1764 with their boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland. Fifty years later, about 1816, engineers projected the turnpike over the mountain which was to form a connecting link between Waynesboro and Baltimore. Twenty years more elapsed when, in 1836, engineers again appeared on the scene. This time they came with the ambitious project of Thaddeus Stevens which, incidentally would have brought a railroad into our little city, of which more will be said later.

After another lapse of nearly half a century, or about the year 1879, engineers once more broke ground in the Monterey section. Their incentive for action on this occasion came from without the state when the Western Maryland made use of the pass to bring its line into Pennsylvania and to our town of Waynesboro. Thus after many years, as good fortune would have it, Waynesboro secured two railroad outlets. The Mount Alto Railroad and the Western Maryland reached the town about the same time.

MONTEREY SPRINGS HOTEL

The first hotel or wagon stand was built at Monterey by Lewis Ripple, in 1810. It was burned to the ground in 1816. Another hotel was immediately erected on the same spot and in 1843 it was sold to Samuel Buhrman, father of the late Charles H. Buhrman. In 1849 this building was also destroyed by fire. These two buildings had been located in the southeast corner of the present golf ground opposite the structure which was erected in 1850, seventy-five years ago. Misfortune overtook this property a third time, for in 1901 it was again visited by fire and partially destroyed.

Fifty years ago this house was a favorite summer resort. It

had accommodations for 200 guests and its rates were \$2.50 a day which was considered a high price in those times. This hostelry was widely advertised and, as noted from its publicity at the time, it was patronized by those who desired to throw off the cares of life for a season. Health seekers also came to this hotel not only because of its elevation but also because of the numerous springs to be found here. Some of these were free from contamination of any kind but there were said to be three mineral springs on the much frequented property. One of them was strongly impregnated with sulphur, one with magnesia and one with iron. Buena Vista Inn advertised three kinds of mineral springs also. Where these springs are now no one seems to know. Possibly they have gone dry because much of the forest has been cut away.

BATTLEFIELD OUTPOST

Monterey was one of the outposts of the Battlefield at Gettysburg and from it were sent important dispatches both at the beginning and at the close of that great battle. As evidence of the importance in which Monterey is held in its relation to the battlefield one should visit the National Cemetery at Gettysburg and view the large and imposing monument dedicated to the cause of Peace. The Soldiers' National Monument is one of the most beautiful works of art upon the continent. The superstructure is sixty feet high and consists of a massive granite pedestal twenty-five feet square at the base, crowned by a colossal statue representing the Genius of Liberty. Standing upon a three-quarter globe, she raises with her right hand the victor's wreath of laurel, while with her left hand she gathers up the folds of our national flag, under which the victory has been won. Upon one of the panels is the concluding part of Lincoln's address upon the occasion of the dedication of this cemetery. President Lincoln stood on the site, of this monument when delivering his celebrated speech.

THE OLD TAPE WORM RAILROAD

While at Monterey it may be of interest to learn that a railroad sometimes called the "Tape Worm Line" was chartered in 1835 or about the same time the Cumberland Valley Railroad, its supposed rival, was organized. The road was laid out to pass close by Monterey. It was chartered as the Gettysburg and Harrisburg Railway and its purpose was to connect these two places. The road was sponsored by Thaddeus Stevens, who was then a resident of Gettysburg and a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature from Adams county. He was the principal owner of Caledonia Furnace and it was said by his enemies that he wanted a railroad to reach his furnace in Franklin county.

Thaddeus Stevens was also accused of using his influence to secure a charter for the road with very liberal terms, permitting it to be built, as noted in the act of incorporation, "Wherever it was advisable and convenient." It was laid out in a round-about course so that the mileage was actually double what it would have been had a direct course been taken. The road was humorously nicknamed "The Tape Worm Line" because it was so crooked and wriggled its way around and because of its inordinate greed for the consumption of public funds. The road was well named for it is certainly difficult to justify a route from Gettysburg to Harrisburg around by Monterey.

This was the day of internal improvements throughout the country and it was easy to secure money for the schemes of doubtful utility. In accordance with this trend of extravagance the State of Pennsylvania made a large appropriation and work on the road began on a big scale. After spending over \$700,000 the appropriations were exhausted, the work was stopped, and never a rail was laid. Among the heavy losers in this enterprise was Andrew G. Nevin, father of Mrs. Lottie E. Detrich of this place. Mr. Nevin was a sub-contractor and his firm of Nevin and Merlott lost over \$14,000 on account of work done, but not paid for.

The collapse of the "Tape Worm" occurred during the panic of 1837 or about the time of the failure of the Second United States Bank. It was the culmination of a period of extravagance in private as well as public expenditure of money throughout our country and many projects of a similar nature were halted in their progress. Some of them were later carried to completion but interest in the Tape Worm Railroad entirely lapsed and was never revived.

The "Tape Worm" project is an instance of the consequences that usually result from state participation in financing and managing public utilities and should be a warning today to advocates of government ownership. There can still be seen along the route of the "Tape Worm" many examples of fine workmanship in stone bridge building. The Western Maryland Railroad now uses part of its old right of way. The grading of this road reached but a short distance beyond the Monterey road.

What interested Waynesboro people was the fact that in 1836 a special Act of the Legislature had been passed which made Waynesboro a point on this road. How it was to reach Waynesboro from Monterey is difficult to imagine, unless it would do more "wriggling." The Legislature however refused further state aid and favored its so-called rival the Cumberland Valley Railroad. So the hopes of Waynesboro people to become a railroad town went a-glimmering and they had to wait almost fifty years longer before the iron horse finally came into the town.

THE PRINCESS AND HER CHILDREN

While at Monterey it may be interesting to hear a touching story relating to this region, that is not generally known, which had its inception in a tragedy. To begin with, one must go beyond the Rio Grande for the principal character in the tale. It is a long distance from our Monterey to Mexico, it will be said, but so it is that a beautiful Spanish woman, Madam Iturbide, the wife of a claimant to the Mexican throne passed this way in the fall of 1824 just a little over 100 years ago. Mexico having become a republic in 1821, her husband General Don Augustin Iturbide still believing there was an opportunity to re-establish the monarchy, landed on Mexican soil and failing to secure the following he had expected, he was captured and executed July 19, 1824.

Madam Iturbide and her two children escaped across the Rio Grande and began a long and painful journey through Texas and Louisiana to the Mississippi River. She succeeded in going up the Mississippi and the Ohio rivers till she reached Wheeling where she traveled overland by the National Pike to Hagerstown, crossed over to Waynesboro and up our road to Monterey, her destination being Philadelphia.

Here she and her children together with a priest and about a dozen colorful attendants arranged to stay over night, but being so well pleased with the place and the treatment received, the party decided to remain several weeks. She was a beautiful woman and endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact. The Empress spent much time in roaming over the mountains in the neighborhood of Zero, which was the name of the postoffice at that time. Many were the stories told by residents of the little civilities she exchanged with them, although neither understood the language of the other. Sometimes she was heard to murmur the name "Monterey" and let it be understood that she loved this country because it was so much like her own dear Monterey. At one time it is said she came to the ridge-overlooking Waynesboro and exclaimed "Buena Vista," meaning in our language "Beautiful view."

NOW IT IS "BUENA VISTA"

The roadhouse here at that time was called McGuire's Place and being of a practical turn of mind the proprietor took the name the princess had given it and christened it Buena Vista, a title it retains to this day. The daughters of the owner of the Zero Hotel some years later persuaded their father to name their place Monterey Inn in honor of the princess' visit and so it has been known ever since. These two hotel proprietors displayed a degree of shrewdness by capitalizing in this

way the visit of the Spanish princess. This story explains what has always seemed strange to many people how it comes that there are two hotels on our mountain with Spanish names.

A theory in regard to the several Spanish names in our midst has been advanced and should probably be mentioned here. The argument in support of the theory is that these two mountain resorts, having reached the height of their prosperity during the Forties and Fifties it was natural that the owners should seek popular names by which their hotels should be known. On account of the Mexican War, Spanish names at that time were more or less in the mouths of everybody, so doubtless they were led to select Buena Vista and Monterey as suitable names for their judgment. Even though it be true that the names of these popular places on our mountain can be laid to the Mexican War, rather than to the visit of the Spanish princess, still the story that she passed this way and stopped several weeks at Monterey is no tradition. It is well authenticated by corroborative evidence. The story is founded on facts. Madam Iturbide eventually reached Philadelphia, but to show how well pleased she was with these mountains, she afterward sent her children to the Catholic schools in Emmitsburg.

Madam Iturbide spent the remainder of her life in Philadelphia and was buried in the little graveyard next to the church of St. John on Thirteenth street between Chestnut and Market close to Hotel Adelphia. The gate to this graveyard is always open and one can enter at any time and read the inscription on tomb number nine under which her body reposes.

THE OLD ROAD TO MONTEREY

Our road to Monterey was laid out by order of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county in 1768, Franklin county being then part of Cumberland county. The petitions of the citizens asking for the road stated that "they have no prospect for a standing market for the produce of their county, only at Baltimore." The road was first a "Bridle road" used by packhorses, later it was widened out so that it could be traversed by wagons. It followed closely the route of the present State road from McConnellsburg by way of Mercersburg, Greencastle Waynesboro over the mountain to what was then called the "Temporary Line," as the Mason and Dixon Line was just being surveyed. The reason that Waynesboro and the other towns are not named in the petition is because they were not then in existence.

It will be seen that by means of this roadway the people in the southern part of our county did most of their buying and selling in Baltimore. The road closely parallels Mason and Dixon Line through our county. It is known as Pennsylvania

Avenue in Baltimore. During the controversy between the Penns and Lords Baltimore there was quite a long period when the people living along this road were not sure whether they owed allegiance to Pennsylvania or to Maryland. In the beginning it was one of the main thoroughfares and is today, from Baltimore to Pittsburgh, connecting with the present Lincoln Highway close to McConnellsburg. In the early records it was designated the Georgetown Road, later it was generally known as the Baltimore and Pittsburg pike.

The road as originally laid out did not follow the direction of our present road from Waynesboro to Monterey. From the best information obtainable it followed an irregular course several hundred feet south of this road. Its course at the east end of Waynesboro was where the late Charles B. Clayton's barn now stands and from this point its general direction is eastward. It will be noticed that most of the farm houses between Waynesboro and the mountain are located some distance south of the present road, so it is probable that the old road ran close by them. Not many years since, depressions in the fields, showing the course of this road could still be seen, but owing to frequent cultivation these depressions are not noticeable now.

The Georgetown road after reaching the mountain ran to the left of what is now the Pen-Mar road. Evidences of this old road can still be seen at a number of places in the mountain. There are now paths where the road used to be and it is possible even at this late day to locate its course. The Georgetown road though abandoned many years ago still lives on the records. Occasionally the name "Georgetown Road" is written in deeds as the boundary line of farms and mountain lots. It was through Nicholson's Gap or Nicholass' Gap that this road reached the other side of the mountain. Nicholson's Gap was the name given to the natural depression in the mountain and apparently extended from Monterey to Cascades.

Later another road was laid out taking off at the point where the present state road bends to the left in Rouzerville. It ran along the top of the ridge instead of along side of the mountain as at present.

The road evidently followed the Old Indian Trail over the summit of the mountain, for it is well known that Indians in going from one place to another, usually went by way of the high points as they would be hindered less in their progress by trees and undergrowth than they would be by the thick growth in the low places; also when traveling on the rims of hills and mountains they would have a good view of the surrounding country and thus be better able to protect themselves from attack by man or beast.

Our pioneers, recognizing the wisdom of the Red Man as pathfinders often used their trails. Doubtless if we only

knew it, we would find that many of our present day roads follow old Indian trails. At the time the turnpike was built it followed practically a straight course and the old road was abandoned.

Few persons at this day know that a hundred years ago the road from the foot of the mountain to Monterey was covered with more traffic than that portion of the road from Waynesboro to the mountain. The reason for this was that the main route from the southern and southwestern parts of our country reached Philadelphia and the east by passing over this route. It led from Hagerstown by way of Leitersburg, Ringgold, Monterey and over Jack's Mountain to Gettysburg.

In Hagerstown this stretch of highway was called the Gettysburg Road. By the people living in this neighborhood it was known as the Old Hagerstown Road. A stage coach traversed this road daily between these two places and doubtless, if we only knew, many prominent persons traveled this way. It connected two great thoroughfares—the Baltimore and Wheeling pike with the Philadelphia and Pittsburg pike.

THE TURNPIKE ROAD ORGANIZED

In 1816 the Waynesburg, Greencastle & Mercersburg Turnpike Co. was organized with a capital stock of \$125,000, principally by people living along the line. Note that our town then was called Waynesburg; in 1831 its name was changed to Waynesboro by act of the Legislature. As previously stated this was during a period when there was much activity in the building of turnpikes and canals and State aid was granted for many of these projects. Many persons then residents of this community were active in promoting and building the road. The act of incorporation recited that fifty persons subscribed for eight hundred shares of this stock amounting to \$40,000 and the State of Pennsylvania subscribed for 500 shares at fifty dollars a share amounting to \$25,000.

Few of these toll roads paid any dividends and the State, apparently becoming disgusted with its investment, on November 29, 1843, offered 260 shares of this stock for sale and by 1850 succeeded in closing out the whole of its interest in our turnpike, receiving at the rate of one dollar to one dollar and a half a share. Thus we see that State aid for roads, as we have it today is not a new idea, as such assistance was granted to the builders of public roads more than a hundred years ago.

The specifications of roads built in those days are interesting to us in this era of road construction. They provided that "a firm and even surface be secured as near as the material will admit and in no place shall the surface rise or fall more than an angle of four degrees with a horizontal line."

CONTROVERSY OVER ROUTE

What may be of interest at this time was the controversy concerning the route our new turnpike—now our Monterey Road—should take. It seems that as soon as the turnpike company was organized a committee of three was appointed to lay out the course of the road. General James Burns, son of the cannon-maker, was one of the members of this committee. When the route over the mountain came to be considered there was divided opinion as to whether it should be built on the north side or on the south side of Red Run.

It will be remembered that the old county road when it reached Rouzerville, instead of veering to the left, continued practically in a straight course up the mountain, but when the committee arrived upon the ground they were obliged to find an easier grade. This was made necessary in order to conform to the specifications required by the State of Pennsylvania. It appears that General Burns insisted, with the accustomed vigor, that the pike be built along the mountain side on the north side of Red Run. His principal argument for holding to this opinion was that it is the sunny side of the mountain and the road on that account, could be in much better condition during the winter months.

However, General Burns, being in the minority, was outvoted and it was decided to build the road over the course as we know it today. But in the light of the icy condition of the road, one cannot help but think that General Burns, the representative on this committee from Waynesboro, had the right idea. It will be noticed that the road from Monterey eastward does go along the other side of the valley.

A circumstance connected with the building of this turnpike is worth relating here. At that time there was no surplus labor among our people for road and canal building and accordingly much difficulty was experienced in securing workmen. This condition of affairs stimulated foreign immigration and, after casting about for workmen, a lot of Irishmen fresh from the old country were engaged to work on this road. It is said that the gang of Irishmen secured for this work were particularly quarrelsome, so much so, that their bosses or overseers were not able to control them.

HOW PRIEST CURBED THEM

On one occasion these Irish workmen, having imbibed more whiskey than usual, and having become very disorderly, the contractor in charge appealed to a priest to come and help him to keep them within bounds. The priest, who seemed to be of the redblooded type, procured a horse and a horse-wip and when

the riot was at its height he was seen to come riding down the pike at full speed, swinging his whip right and left among the rioters. This demonstration seemed to have the desired effect for the Irishmen with one accord calmed down, returned to their work and from that time on were more peaceful and orderly.

While telling about the Irishmen on Monterey Pike there comes to mind the story of another large gang of the same nationality who, about twenty years later, worked on the Tape Worm Railroad near Monterey. These Irishmen also were an unruly set and during a brawl among themselves one of their number was killed. The man accused of the crime was taken to Chambersburg, convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged. The duty of carrying this sentence into effect devolved upon our same General Burns, who became sheriff of Franklin county in 1835.

Whether General Burns was opposed to capital punishment or whether he had become greatly attached to the prisoner is not known, but whatever the reason, he became very much worried as the time approached for the execution. The prisoner, however, becoming ill, died a natural death. The gallows was thus cheated of its victim and General Burns was saved from the unpleasant duty of hanging a man.

LEADING SPIRIT HERE

Incidentally it is worth noting that General James Burns was in his day a prominent man in this community and for many years was a leading spirit in all movements of a public nature in Waynesboro. He with George Bashore was a commissioner appointed to conduct the first election in Waynesboro, under its second charter. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church for fifty years and when the second Union Church in Waynesboro was erected he was treasurer of the building committee, two of which were appointed from each denomination, two Lutherans, two Reformed and two Presbyterians.

General James Burns received his military training in the War of 1812. He distinguished himself in a number of severe engagements including the Battle of Lundy Lane and returned from the conflict with the title of captain. He received his title "General" from his long connection with the militia of the town and county.

General Burns, in his earlier years, conducted a cabinet-making shop and doubtless some of the rare antiques to be found in this neighborhood were made in his establishment. During the latter part of his life he boarded with his daughter, Mrs. W. S. Amberson, where the Legion Home now stands and he roomed next door, east, with his other daughter, Mrs. Jane

McGaughey. One of our citizens who, as a boy, frequented his home, states that General Burns was a genial and friendly old gentleman and well remembers that he was in the habit of going to bed early, always saying to those around him when retiring to his room, "good night, everybody."

General James Burns lived to a ripe old age, dying in 1875 in his 90th year. His body was laid to rest in Burns Hill cemetery, the first person to be buried there. Located east of town along our Monterey Road the cemetery may be considered a memorial to him. And is it not a coincidence that the little old cottage, hard by the cemetery, may at the same time be considered a memorial to its builder, John Bourns, father of General Burns?

SIX TURNPIKES IN COUNTY

Digressing at this point it may be of interest to learn that six turnpikes were operated in Franklin county, namely: the Waynesburg, Greencastle and Mercersburg Turnpike, which was the longest of these and extended from the state line near Emmitsburg in Maryland to the intersection of the Chambersburg and Bedford Turnpike Road near the east end of McConnellsburg, a distance of 42 miles. This is our Monterey Road. The others were: Chambersburg to the Fulton county line, 19 miles; Chambersburg to the Adams county line, 9 miles; Chambersburg to the Cumberland county line, 11 miles; Greencastle to the Maryland state line, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and Waynesboro to the state line, $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles. There are no turnpikes in Franklin county now, all having recently been taken over by the State and converted into State roads.

In 1903 the control of our turnpike was taken over by the Chambersburg, Greencastle and Waynesboro Street Railway Co. and was operated in connection with that railway system. In 1917 it was purchased by the State of Pennsylvania and is now known as a Secondary State Road, No. 51 in the Pennsylvania system of highways. Several years ago the Franklin County Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at one of its meetings, passed a resolution recommending that this road be known as the Buchanan Highway, in honor of James Buchanan, fifteenth President of the United States, who was born along the route of this road at the foot of North Mountain.

NOW "SUMMER CAPITOL"

Any story of the road to Monterey can hardly be considered finished without referring to the delightful settlement that has been built up in this region. By enthusiasts it has sometimes been called the Summer Capitol of the United States, for the

reason that it is much frequented by the diplomatic set from Washington and on account of the large number of foreign ambassadors and ministers who have established their summer homes here. This point, at which Mason and Dixon Line crosses South Mountain, has been a mecca for seekers of health and recreation for almost a hundred years.

The old tavern keepers on the mountain were ideal hosts in those days and the wayfaring traveler as well as the guest who came for a longer or shorter period was made to feel that he was "one of the family" which meant all the phrase implies. While it is true that the places of today are more modern in their appointments it is doubtful whether they were as conducive to happiness as the roadhouses of long ago.

Before leaving our road we must not forget to mention David Miller, who for many years kept the Clermont Hotel which is close to the Monterey Road just over the brow of the hill eastward. The people who patronized his house called it "home" and well they could, for it was truly a second home to his numerous friends from Baltimore and Washington.

BETWEEN THE STATES

David Miller conducted his tavern at Monterey during the "War Between the States." One day he would entertain a man from the south; the next day there would be a man from the north. Many of these men were in service on one side or the other and they were wont to frequent his place for the purpose of gleaning information of a military character that would be of value to their respective sides. David Miller's house being on the north side of the "Line," he was true to the soil, although literally he was located "between the states."

David Miller was certainly esteemed by the great number of visitors who flocked to his house fifty or more years ago. As evidence of their esteem they did for him what can be stated with certainty has never been done for any hotel proprietor before or since: it is that after his death, the residents of the mountain together with those who were accustomed to stay with him, erected a stone monument to his memory. There is nothing unusual in a monument so erected, but instead of placing it in the cemetery where his body rests, they did the unusual thing of erecting it on the lawn of his hotel property and there it can be seen to this day and there this unique memorial will probably remain for years to come, as a tribute from friends to their beloved hotel host.

ANOTHER LONE TOMBSTONE

Another solitary tombstone on the mountain, standing a

short distance south of Monterey, deserves attention. It is located close to the right of way of the Western Maryland Railroad on property belonging to George D. Buddecke. The inscription on this stone, although nearly effaced by the action of the weather can still be deciphered.

It reads as follows: "In Memory of Patrick Money who was born March 26, 1748, and departed this life Dec. 28, 1814, aged 66 years, 9 months and 2 days."

Little is known about this man, who evidently was an Irishman, except that he was an early settler on the mountain and that he owned a large tract of land in the neighborhood of Blue Ridge Summit. The simple inscription on this lone gravestone is all that is known about Patrick Money.

It seems strange that some information concerning this man should not have filtered down through the years; on the other hand let a man be dead a hundred years and whether buried in a cemetery with others or buried in a lonely field, the likelihood is that he, like Patrick Money, will be absolutely forgotten. Who, among us living today, will be remembered a hundred years hence? He must be an exceptional man indeed to receive more than a passing glance by those who may then pass his gravestone. We are known only by our day and generation and forgotten by those who come after us. Probably it is best that this is the common fate, otherwise our lives would be so cluttered up with obligations and memories of the past that, like the Chinese, we would not be able to do much in the present. So let Patrick Money rest in peace.

TOPOGRAPHY OF THE ROAD

One-half of the length of our road goes through farming country and the other half through the mountain. By observant persons it will be noticed that the road passes through two kinds of soil meeting at Red Run bridge. The land to the west is known as limestone land and to the east as sandstone land. The latter was known by the early settler as "pine lands." It is composed of sand mixed with clay and water-worn pebbles which they considered of great fertility and certainty of production. This land is sought out by fruit growers of the present day as the best soil for their needs.

As a matter of information it should be stated here that a strip of sandstone land extends the whole length of our county from one to two miles in width lying east of the limestone along the base of the South Mountain. The place where the limestone and the sandstone strata meet, known as faults or rifts, is considered very interesting by geologists, for it is at such places they are most likely to find iron or other ores.

While going up the mountain the peak observed on the

right above Buena Vista Inn is known as Mount Dunlap and its top is 1700 feet above sea level. On the left side of the road there are three peaks. The first is Pine Mountain about 1350 feet high; the next is Buzzard's Roost opposite the old tollgate, 1400 feet high, and then Monterey Peak directly opposite Monterey Hotel, is 1600 feet high. Between Pine Mountain and Buzzards, Roost above Beartown another range known as Green Ridge can be seen in the distance.

The valley to the left of the road is called Hanging Valley. Through this valley courses Red Run which rises close to Highfield and crosses the road near Monterey. Farther down the mountain Red Run is fed by Mackey's Run from which Buena Vista Hotel and surrounding cottages obtain their supply of water.

ROAD DIVIDES TOWNSHIP

Our Monterey Road divides Washington Township into practically two equal parts. Its direction at the point where it leaves Waynesboro is south fifty-four degrees and fifteen minutes east. At the point where the road reaches the mountain it bears somewhat toward the north. The distance from the square in Waynesboro, where the old pump used to stand, to the top of the mountain at Monterey, is a little more than six miles. In Waynesboro at the square the road is 721 feet above sea level; at Monterey the elevation is more than 600 feet higher.

The Monterey Road is gently undulating from Waynesboro to Rouzerville and from Rouzerville to Monterey it consists of an easy mountain grade. The right of way is sixty feet, eighteen feet of which is finished roadbed. The Chambersburg, Greencastle and Waynesboro Street Railway Company parallels the roadway on the south side. In Rouzerville the railway line leaves the road turning to the right toward Pen-Mar.

When, as a turnpike, this road was taken over by the State Highway Department of Pennsylvania, it had three toll gates; one at the eastern edge of town, one at Rouzerville and one about a mile on this side of Monterey. In early days there was a toll gate at Rouzerville and none at the eastern edge of Waynesboro. The first toll gate was located just east of Antietam bridge where a road turns off to the north. It was later moved onto the little hill in front of the hospital building. After remaining there a number of years it was again moved and placed at the intersection of Roadside avenue and East Main street. This last move was made in order to collect toll on traffic to and from the Roadside road. The toll charge for single teams was one cent each way from Roadside avenue into Waynesboro. The charge for single teams on through traffic was five cents at each of the three gates.

OUR DISAPPEARING STREAMS

It is difficult for us at this day to realize that one hundred and fifty years ago our road to Monterey was flanked on both sides by dense forests with here and there a little log hut set in the midst of a few acres of cleared land. Early historians repeatedly declared that there was a great deal of swampy land in Pennsylvania when the white man first laid eyes on it. This must have been true of the neighborhood surrounding Waynesboro. The land was certainly moist for at every hollow a little stream crossed our road. Only two of them now survive—Antietam Creek and Red Run.

One of the oldest inhabitants recently stated that when a boy it was told him that where Clayton avenue meets Main street a considerable stream crossed the road and boys were wont to go there and catch minnows for bait. Whether this be true or not it is noticed that in the spring of the year the water still oozes through the pavement at that point as if the little stream is loathe to give up its ancient right to cross our road. There are people still living who remember when cows stood in the water that gathered in the Square where the Waynesboro Trust Company building now stands. And not so many years ago there was a little stone house standing on the property owned by Ira N. Hoover, West Main street, called the Spring House, so evidently water was there also.

The trees on our mountain along the Monterey Road are second growth. The first growth, removed some fifty to seventy-five years ago, was used mostly to make charcoal for the furnaces and timber for building purposes. The second growth is now coming in for railroad ties and for telephone and telegraph poles.

Charles H. Walter has been engaged in taking wood off these mountains for more than sixty years and he is one of the few men living who cut and hauled the first growth for charcoal and then after many years cut and hauled the second growth from the same tracts for poles, ties and firewood.

FROM BRIDLE PATH TO STATE HIGHWAY

Our road in the beginning was not the ribbon of asphalt it is today. First it was marked by a winding path over hills and hollows. Then two wagon ruts marked its course and in low places logs were laid crosswise in the road to prevent the wheels and horses from sinking in the mud. From their semblance to the old fashioned corduroy worn by our fathers they were called corduroy roads.

The period that I am describing was not so long ago—only a hundred and fifty years—and is covered by three genera-

tions of men. But fifty years later—that is a hundred years ago—many changes had taken place. Our road had become a turnpike and was then a thoroughfare connecting two large cities, Baltimore and Pittsburgh. It should be remembered this was the shortest route to the seaboard for a large section of country and it is believed that the road to Monterey was more crowded a hundred years ago than it is today; not because there was more traffic then but because there was slower moving traffic. We should not forget that this turnpike road in those days was relatively of as much importance in its relation to Waynesboro as the Western Maryland Railroad is today.

In the years that have gone there were varied scenes and lively times on our road to Monterey. There were heard the sound of horses' hoofs, the clatter of iron-bound wheels, the jingle of bells. The teamsters were ever ready to crack their whips and crack their jokes. Nearly every other house was a tavern and with merry jests and horseplay, the travelers made the welkin ring. They learned to take care of themselves in those days and the man who couldn't give and take, stayed off the road.

During the long winter evenings the teamsters would gather around the old-fashioned ten-plate stove in the center of the bar room, roasting and eating oysters, drinking whiskey and cider, while words of wit and wisdom flew thick and fast. Strange to say there was little if any drunkenness. They carried their mattresses with them and about nine o'clock they lay down upon them and the place was soon quiet. The next morning they were up at four o'clock and by daybreak went merrily on their way.

What a background of history we have on our road to Monterey! A hundred and fifty active years in the swiftest generations in all the history of the world! This period spans the gap between log cabins and skyscrapers, between pony express riders and twentieth century trains, between packhorses and airplanes.

The rumble of the Conestogas is heard no more and the hearts of the merry drivers are stilled. Gone from our road are the bouncing, bumping days of the old stage coaches, carrying passengers and mail at the languid pace of six miles an hour. In their stead are the enclosed motorbusses rolling over the smooth macadam road at a speed five or six times as fast. Nothing will ever waken the road to such life again. The few old stone houses are the only objects along the road that link the present with the past.

THE PANORAMA OF THE PAST

The phantoms of other days are continually looming up

before us on the road to Monterey. In our imagination the panorama of bygone days pass before our very eyes. The races of men go by.

Naked Indians skulked from tree to tree along the very trails that mark the course of our highway. They were followed by the white men who rode their horses along the narrow paths. These pioneers hewed and cleared and builded and eventually crowded the Red men off the trail. Emigrants from foreign countries in wagons and on foot wearily trod this road in quest of a home in the wilderness where lands were cheap and where they might start life anew. Here the Scotch-Irish and the German rode side by side and settled their differences by argument if possible or by force if need be. Their sons and daughters loved each other and because the progenitors of a virile race which is traveling this self-same road today.

The blackman from the southland then came crouching along our road with his face set to the north star. When suddenly! the tramp of feet, the glitter of arms and the pageant of war rolled along our road in majestic stride. One day it was the gray and one day the blue. One day the stars and stripes floated merrily along to the sound of fife and drum, the next day the stars and bars were proudly held aloft; it was the coming and the going of armed men, and lo! our people were between the upper and the lower milestone in a great conflict.

NOTED PEOPLE TRAVELED OUR ROAD

The query naturally comes to mind, who was the most prominent personage that ever traveled our road to Monterey? Was it Robert E. Lee, the great soldier, on his gray horse, who rode superbly by; or was it Madam Iturbide, the beautiful Spanish princess, the widow of an emperor, with her retinue of servants; or was it the great Commoner, William Jennings Bryan, three times the choice of a great party for the presidency of these United States; or was it Thaddeus Stevens, "The Father of the Public School System in Pennsylvania;" or was it Thomas A. Scott who afterward became head of the greatest railroad system in the world; or was it the poet-preacher, Henry Harbaugh, the writer of a hymn that is sung around the world; or was it perchance "Mad Anthony Wayne" the hero of Stony Point and Mommouth, after whom our town and one of our hotels is named?

An now, what is our place in this moving picture of life? Here we are traveling between two groups of wayfarers, rambling along the road to Monterey—those who have gone before us and those who will come after us. Comparisons are not pleasant but whether we will it or not, some future historian

will surely make an appraisal of us and our doings here. In any event we will soon become the men of other days and a new people will travel our Monterey Road. They will doubtless moralize and speculate as we do now and how will we fare in comparison with our brothers of the past and our brothers of the future?

PLEASURES ALONG MONTEREY ROAD

Perhaps the most enchanting view of the Cumberland Valley is from High Rock. Standing on this rock looking westward, the surface far below, appears level as a floor. Fence rows crisscross the landscape like embroidery. Patches of grain and trees and lowlier vegetation bedeck the ground. Everywhere the view is spread out like tapestry in green and brown and gold.

Antietam Creek and Red Run can be seen meandering across the valley in graceful curves and loops through the inviting meadows. These two streams add an artist's touch to the landscape by breaking up the geometric rows of fences. A tangle of hazel bushes, water willows, pawpaws, grapevines and wild ivy fringe their course and partly hide the waters from view. Tall sycamores and stately elms grow along the banks and lean their strong trunks over the little creeks in kindly shelter. Sometimes they completely arch the streams. Even the white clouds above linger in silent admiration and, like we, reluctantly move on.

One's first glimpse of this wonderful country is like the lifting of a curtain from a beautiful picture. The scene is broken by the unconscious art of man. Colors are those of nature. Brushes are the sunshine and the rain.

Impressive as is the view of the valley from the mountain top, no less is the view of the mountain as seen from Waynesboro. The South Mountain to the east forms a wall of blue and frames our valley into a picture of huge dimensions. The scene is a source of endless delight and is a rest for tired eyes and a tonic for over-strained nerves.

Whether viewed from the mountain or from the valley, the scenery along the Monterey Road seems to exist for no other purpose than to give pleasure and delight to us who live here all the time, as well as to tempt the artists and lovers of out-doors to come and spend not only days but weeks and months in our midst.

But the eye is not the only sense to which appeal is made on our way to Monterey. Stop a moment if you please, while the day is young, and listen to the sounds that greet the ear: over there the flute-like call of the bobwhite may be heard echoing from field to field; the robin and the bluebird fill the nearby

orchard with their songs of glee; on yon tall oak the brown thrasher ripples and warbles for hours at a time, and just ahead the playful woodpecker is tapping and bo-peeping from behind some pole or tree.

As evening comes one may not become lonely. Katydid's beguile the time with their constant clicking in the leaves; a solitary owl hooting through the warm darkness causes children to look and wonder. Nearing the mountain there can be heard, far into the night, the mournful cry of the whip-poor-will; so also can be heard the deep basso of the big bullfrog, guarding his little dark pond, as he sends forth his bold but friendly challenge to all comers.

One need never tire on the road to Monterey for while the background is ever the same, the scenery shifts all the while and there are surprises and thrills at every turn in the road.

If anyone thinks this praise is exaggerated let him drive along the road when all the joy and rapture of awakening spring bursts the bands of ice and snow; or in full harvest-tide when the abundance of our land is expressed in deep golden grain ready to be garnered into huge wide-mouthed barns waiting for their precious trust; or when the thrifty husbandman goes to his orchards to proudly gather the fruits of his labors and to reverently give thanks to the Author of the seasons; or when all vegetation is stripped of its ornaments—when the bare trees are etched against the somber sky, and when the kindly hand of nature covers our countryside with a blanket of white.

The beauty of our landscape can not be over-emphasized; from the time when the flushed redbud bursts into bloom, to the time when the ripened nuts drop into their soft leafy bed; from the first tender leaves and buds in the spring to the last brave blossoms that appear in the fall there is one continuous round of pleasure—and so, throughout the circle of the year, always something to please, something to admire, something at which to marvel—a rural paradise is the country along our Road to Monterey.

Four Superlative Roads

May 31, 1928

If there is one subject receiving more attention at this time than any other it is the subject of roads. Whenever two or more persons come together it is a safe guess that before they part, they will have discussed road problems in some phase or other.

Travel on our roads within the past ten or fifteen years expresses more than anything else the rapid changes which are taking place in our habits and modes of living. Roads are not the result of our civilization, they are one of the causes of it. Without roads we might still be savages groping around in the forests with no outlook beyond the range of our vision; suspicious, and rightly so, of every man and beast coming within hailing distance.

Trails or paths, in a vague way, first led to watering places or to hunting grounds and later to the bounds of some other man or tribe. The outlook of man then widened and it has continued to widen; barter and trade began and it has continued to increase, but not until trails and roads had reached from place to place. This development and growth however did not precede the roads, it followed them.

There is no doubt but that roads are one of the greatest cultural factors on the face of the earth. As soon as a good road has been built through a district where evidence of neglect and disorder is apparent, the inhabitants quickly improve their surroundings and make them a delight to the eye. These improvements are particularly noticeable in backward communities for it is not long after a good road penetrates such places, until it is plainly to be seen that it is the desire of the inhabitants to live like other people. This rural section, in which we live, is becoming more and more inviting every day because of four superlative roads.

Good roads as a means of contact create better understanding between communities and in a larger sense between peoples and nations themselves. And is it not a fact that the day, we are all looking for, has been hastened and is now being hastened by road development and easy communication in one way or another?

THE FOUR HIGHWAYS

This paper relates to four roads which are peculiarly related to this neighborhood and which have had much to do with its development.

All will agree that these highways, when I name them, deserve the use of adjectives in the superlative degree. They are all national in character, yet they are local so far as they relate to this community. In a nation-wide road contest for popularity, there is no doubt but that two, or possibly three, out of four of these roads, would receive the greatest support. On the other hand it is a remarkable fact that all four of these superlative roads serve our particular locality.

These roads are the Lincoln Highway, the National Highway, the Susquehanna Trail and the Shenandoah Trail. Two of them run east and west and two run north and south, and what is more, each east and west road crosses both north and south roads, and each north and south road crosses both east and west roads. This reads like a problem in geometry. A glance at the map however solves the problem and shows where and how these roads cross.

The points at which these roads bisect each other are Chambersburg, where the Lincoln Highway crosses the Shenandoah Trail; Gettysburg, where the Susquehanna Trail crosses the Lincoln Highway; Frederick, where the National Highway crosses the Susquehanna Trail, and Hagerstown where the Shenandoah Trail crosses the National Highway.

Again it will be seen by the map that these four roads, crossing as they do, form a four-sided figure with an average distance of twenty-five miles on each side and Waynesboro, if you please is near the center of this geometric figure. The quadrangular area formed by these intersections comprise parts of four counties, namely—Franklin, Adams, Washington and Frederick and in the consideration of these four superior roads it will be found that these four counties are also superior in comparison with other counties in the United States. In fact there is no other place where four such prominent roads can be found grouped as these four roads are grouped, and in an area so rich in natural attractions and so full of historic interest.

THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

In telling about these roads it is fitting to give first place to Lincoln Highway, named for our great president. It is the premier road of America. The Lincoln Highway is sometimes called the Main Street of the Nation and in some places it is the heaviest traveled and most congested highway in the country. It is 3300 miles long and reaches from ocean to ocean. Times

Square, New York and Oakland Park, San Francisco are its terminals. Many large cities are on its route. It traverses thirteen states and is the longest stretch of improved highway in the world. More than thirty million dollars have already been expended in its construction. And please note that the Lincoln Highway between Chambersburg and Gettysburg forms one side of our quadrangle.

THE NATIONAL HIGHWAY

The National Road is the only road ever sponsored by the National government. The act establishing it was passed in 1806 during Jefferson's administration and it has the distinction of having the signature of two presidents on its charter, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, who was then Secretary of State.

Part of the route of this road was laid out by Washington himself when a young surveyor. It was ordained to be sixty feet wide. It extends from Baltimore on the seaboard to St. Louis on the Father of Waters, a distance of almost a thousand miles and it is said to be the longest continuous stretch of macadam in the United States.

The National Road was the subject of much discussion in early Congresses. It was built with public funds to encourage communication between the east and the west, for it was feared that a separated nation might be organized out of the western territory. This highway cost the Federal government almost \$7,000,000—a large sum in those days. The several states took it over in 1831 and 1832, and toll gates were then set up every few miles along its course.

The Old National Road has been from the beginning a unique American institution. To no other thoroughfare in the United States can the name "National" be correctly applied. No other road equalled this road in political importance. It was a bone of contention that for a time caused bitter divisions between the main political parties of its day as to the expenditure of public money for internal improvements. But the road truly united the east and the west and it served to harmonize and strengthen, if not actually to save, the Union.

When this road was being built, the Mississippi River was the extreme western boundary of the United States and all the country beyond that river was a French possession. And be it remembered the National Highway between Frederick and Hagerstown forms the second side of our quadrangle.

THE SUSQUEHANNA TRAIL

The Susquehanna Trail is named after the Susquehanna

River along whose east bank it clings almost one hundred miles, thence it crosses to the other side of the river on the bridge at Clark's Ferry—one of the finest bridges in the State of Pennsylvania.

The Susquehanna Trail is a stretch of well-made roadway 450 miles long connecting two important places in America—Washington, the capitol of the nation and Niagara Falls, one of the natural wonders of the world. These two points are visited by more sightseers, from our own country as well as from other countries, than any other two places in the United States. This interesting highway starts in New York State and crosses Pennsylvania into Maryland. It passes through Harrisburg, the capitol of the state, and through Gettysburg, one of the angles of our rectangle, and a mecca for tourists from everywhere.

The Susquehanna Trail passes through Frederick county which George Washington pronounced "one of the richest valleys in the country." This road is acknowledged to be one of the most picturesque highways in the country and for variety of scenery and beauty of prospect it is unsurpassed in the eastern part of the United States. This superior road, the Susquehanna Trail between Gettysburg and Frederick, forms the third side of our quadrangle.

THE SHENANDOAH TRAIL

The Shenandoah Trail comes up through the two Virginias, crosses the Potomac river over a bridge at Williamsport into Maryland and thence through the Cumberland Valley in Pennsylvania. This road then crosses the Susquehanna river to Harrisburg, the capital of the State.

Shenandoah is an Indian name and in Indian language signifies "Daughter of the Stars." It is an old road and was first called the Great Road and later in Virginia it was called the Valley Pike by which name it was known by nearly every motorist in our country.

The name Shenandoah north of Mason and Dixon Line seems like an invasion from Virginia into Pennsylvania territory, as this road has been known as Shenandoah in Maryland and Pennsylvania only within the past few years. A group of people have lately been naming it "Mollie Pitcher Highway" from the Mason and Dixon Line northward. The Shenandoah Trail between Chambersburg and Hagerstown completes our quadrangular figure.

TOWNS ELEVEN MILES APART

The question is often asked why is it that the towns along this road are all eleven miles apart except Mechanicsburg which

is but eight miles from Harrisburg. There are two answers, both of which are interesting and both seem conclusive.

It appears that this was the old post road through the Cumberland Valley and as the drivers changed horses every eleven miles naturally settlements grew up at these terminals. A credit of three miles was granted for crossing the Susquehanna river which fact accounts for Mechanicsburg being but eight miles from Harrisburg.

The other explanation is, that these towns are located where they are, because of the fine springs at each one of these places. As is well known the Cumberland Valley was first settled by Scotch-Irish and they made it a point to build their homes alongside a spring. The second building erected by them was usually a distillery placed over or beside the spring, as pure clear water was needed in order to make a good grade of spirits.

It would then be natural for settlements to grow up around these springs. As chance would have it these springs are also just eleven miles apart. One can accept which ever theory suits his fancy as both reasons seem plausible.

OUR NATIONAL CAPITALS

Any one acquainted with all the historical incidents which have happened along these roads would have a fair knowledge of American history, for much of the story of our nation clusters along these four noted highways.

The capital of our colonies during the Revolutionary period was at Philadelphia along the Lincoln Highway. When the British occupied the city, Continental Congress moved out along this road to Lancaster and when it seemed wise to go farther into the interior it went to York, also on the Lincoln Highway, and took up its work in the little court house there. Had Continental Congress been compelled to move again it might have come to Chambersburg still on the Lincoln Highway.

After Washington had been elected president of the United States our government was established in New York City at the terminus of the Lincoln Highway. Then it was removed to Philadelphia where it remained ten years, again on the Lincoln Highway. The next and final removal was in 1801 to its present location along the Potomac river on the Susquehanna Trail.

Before the present site of Washington was selected for the capital of our country there was a contest going on in Congress whether the capital should be located along the Susquehanna river at Columbia in Pennsylvania on the Lincoln Highway, or along the Potomac river at Williamsport in Maryland, on the Shenandoah Trail. Columbia lost by one vote, then Williams-

port lost to the site farther down the Potomac river—the present location of Washington and at the terminus of the Susquehanna Trail. Thus it can be seen that no matter what influence might have been brought to bear there was no fear that the capital of our country would be located at any other place than along one or the other of these four superb highways.

It is interesting to note by way of digression that the capital of the United States was first established on the Hudson river, then for ten years it was on the Delaware river. The question then was debated in Congress whether it should be situated on the Susquehanna or on the Potomac river. The location of our capital was truly a contest of rivers and the Potomac finally captured the prize. But it was more than that, it was a contest between the North and the South for Mason and Dixon Line, which bisects our section, was beginning to take its place in United States history. It was also a contest between two states—Pennsylvania and Maryland.

TRAVELERS ON THESE HIGHWAYS

Our immortals traveled these highways. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were on all of them. Every president of the United States was on one or the other of these roads. This may not be said of any other group of roads in the United States.

Driving west along the National Highway one can see on the right hand side, the site of Fort Necessity, where Washington fought his first battle and where he was later forced to capitulate to a superior French force with the honors of war. This was the only surrender recorded in the career of the Father of his Country.

In 1755 Washington accompanied General Braddock in his ill-fated expedition on the National Highway to Fort Duquesne. Several years later he went with General Forbes over the Lincoln Highway and they took the fort without difficulty.

Barbara Fritche waved her flag at General "Stonewall" Jackson in Frederick on the National Highway and Whittier wrote her into fame.

Francis Scott Key penned the Star Spangled Banner while in Baltimore at the terminus of the National Highway and his remains rest in a cemetery in Frederick along the Susquehanna Trail.

Sheridan rode his great stallion twenty miles down the Shenandoah Trail. Perhaps those hoofs saved a nation.

General John McCausland came up the same trail and laid Chambersburg in ashes.

Lee with his great army came north on the Shenandoah Trail; at Chambersburg he took the Lincoln Highway to Gettys-

burg where he met Meade who had come up the Susquehanna Trail and a great battle was fought. Lee left the field and crossed the Potomac at Williamsport on the Shenandoah Trail. Meade returned by the Susquehanna Trail to Frederick. There he took the National Highway and started on slow pursuit of his enemy.

Doubtless the free use of superlatives has been noted in this description. The reason is that strong words are necessary to tell about these four roads of the country—the longest, the oldest, the most scenic and the most historic.

All these roads except the Lincoln Highway cross Mason and Dixon Line. They were built during the days of the stage coach and the Conestoga wagon and busy thoroughfares they were. A hundred years ago a happy care free people transported themselves over these roads, some on foot, some on horseback, some in coaches. The lumbering Conestogas at that time carried the commerce of a nation. The pony express going at the rapid pace of ten miles an hour was gazed at in wonder by the people of the countryside. The numerous inns and taverns along these roads were scenes of good natured banter and horseplay which will never again be seen or heard.

WANE OF TURNPIKE TRAVEL

Canals were built along our river banks and the heavy traffic was diverted from our highways. Next came the iron horse and, so far as through travel was concerned, these roads were practically abandoned. The numerous country taverns along the routes were then converted into farm houses or disappeared on account of the ravages of time. Within the memory of those now living, the automobile has revived the activities of other days; hotels and inns have sprung up on all sides and our roads have again become great highways of travel and transportation and are congested as of old.

However we may soon be at the end of another transportation era and possibly some of us will live to see travel across country without the use of roads in which event our macadam and concrete highways may again be overgrown with grass.

COUNTRY ALONG OUR HIGHWAYS

The discussion of highways necessarily implies the study of the district traversed by the highways and so it is, that in an account of these four superlative roads one's attention is at once directed to the district traversed by them. As heretofore mentioned this area comprises four countries—Franklin, Adams,

Washington and Frederick—two are in Pennsylvania and two in Maryland. Two of them are north of Mason and Dixon Line and two are south of that parallel. Here is a compact area of 2500 square miles with close to 250,000 population. In ancestry and in habits of living the citizenship of these four counties have always been practically the same and although they are not a geographical unit, they may well be considered a historical unit.

This small geographical area—your neighborhood and mine—is as interesting and as outstanding as the roads themselves. We live here from year to year pursuing in our even way the daily task. We are often too close—both in time and place—to appraise properly the objects we see and consequently we do not value them as highly as we ought.

From whatever angle it is viewed, we have in our four counties, an outstanding section of our country. It is interesting geographically and historically; it is interesting both from an agricultural and an industrial standpoint; it is interesting scenically and above all it is most interesting because of its citizenship, past and present. We have a wonderful birthright here and may well contemplate it with feelings of pride and adoration.

One cannot help but be impressed with the fact that these four counties are strategically located. There must be some reason for this. Look first at the latitude of their situation. Has it ever occurred to you that the latitude in which we live—that is the belt around the world between the 39th and 40th parallels—has written more history than any other like portion of the earth's surface? We are living within the bounds of that belt.

Within our own day, the Puritan and the Cavalier—one from the north, the other from the south—met in deadly conflict at Antietam on the soil of Washington county. The struggle resulted in a draw but it was one of the bloodiest battles of that war. The next year these same armies met again in a supreme contest in Adams county exactly on the Fortieth Parallel at Gettysburg. This time the invader turned back and it was there and then decreed that our land should remain a united country.

History and geography both prove this is strategic territory. Did not our two colonies—Maryland and Pennsylvania—contend for seventy-five years over their common boundary line? The claims of Maryland, mind you, reached up to the Fortieth Parallel. But somehow in 1765 the Quakers and the surveyors fixed the boundary line at 39 degrees 43 minutes and 26.3 seconds north latitude and our state took title to a strip of land about nineteen miles wide the whole length of its domain. Had Pennsylvania not won in this controversy, Cham-

bersburg and Gettysburg might now be in the State of Maryland.

Now as to the longitude of the situation. Our four counties, as is well known, are traversed by mountain ranges extending north and south for more than a thousand miles. The valleys between them had been the passage ways of Indians for generations. The immigrants then came and filled the costal plain up to the first range of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The bolder and more adventurous scaled these mountains, entered the valleys and settled our four counties. They were sturdy folk and bore the brunt of the onslaught of the Indians. History is full of examples that sturdy folk develop in regions where mountain and plain meet.

During the French and Indian War these very valleys were the outpost of that contest and hundreds of non-combatants in our four counties were either massacred or carried away into captivity by the Indians who were aided and encouraged in this nefarious work by the French. If that war had terminated otherwise this paper would probably have been written in French and we might be conversing with each other in that language.

FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

Students of the United States history do not as a rule comprehend how events in the early history of our country were tied up with happenings in Europe. But more than this we, who live here, do not sufficiently realize what an important part, this comparatively small area in the Blue Ridge Mountains, has borne to large world movements.

What is known to us as the French and Indian War was the struggle between France and England for ascendancy on the North American continent. It was a singular phenomenon that a great question of national expansion between the Courts of London and Paris should be decided in the forests of America. Such however is the fact and the territory along our Lincoln and National Highways was destined to be the arena where the contention for this great prize was to take place. Because men of authority occupying high places in the capitols of Europe were scheming to break treaties and compacts between nations, their savage allies in America were murdering women and children in the Cumberland Valley.

The French and Indian War in North America was just the reflection of the Seven Years' War which involved the continents of Europe, Asia and Africa in a great world struggle. It has been said, and truly so, that the firing of a gun in the woods of America brought on a conflict which drenched Europe in blood.

The hostile shot, be it remembered, was fired by a man

marching with a small body of troops along what is now the National Highway. And what is more, history declares that that shot, heard around the world, was fired by George Washington himself when but twenty-two years of age.

Surely here was a man marked out by destiny for an immortal career. As a result of that shot there occurred a sequence of events which changed the map of the world, brought about the American Revolution and constituted us, as we were by right destined to be, a free and independent people. Was it a sense of fitness, or was it Divine direction that prompted Washington to fire the shot that eventually secured the independence of the American colonies?

DURING REVOLUTIONARY WAR

After this war our pioneers lived for a time in comparative peace and quiet. The spirit of our hills permeated their souls. They disliked restraint and they loved liberty. So when the call to revolution came these men shouldered their flint-locks and started for the field of action. Here in our four counties expert marksmen were organized into companies and went out to fight for freedom. These soldiers of the Revolution were early in the ramparts of Boston and were afterward to be found in every battle of the Revolutionary War.

INDIAN STRUGGLES

The struggles for supremacy were not confined alone to the white man. It is said the Indians, even before the coming of the whites, fought up and down these fertile valleys and over these favorite hunting grounds.

Tradition has it that on one occasion—the time is fixed at 1736—the Indians met in mortal combat on the Shenandoah Trail along the Conococheague Creek, near Williamsport, Maryland and the mighty tribe known as the Catawbias were exterminated by the Delawares or Six Nations. After the battle, when it was learned a Catawba warrior had escaped, one of the victors took solemn oath that he would slay him or be slain in the attempt. He followed his adversary and after a running duel of more than 100 miles through the forests of Pennsylvania the Catawba Indian becoming tired for loss of sleep, was taken off his guard and his scalp was brought back to the tribe as a trophy and a token that the haughty Catawbias were no more.

THE CIVIL WAR

Let us explain how largely this immediate section figured in the beginning and in the conduct of our great Civil War. We

will try to show first how Franklin county, as no other county in the United States was related to the inception to that struggle, and second—how these four counties as no other section of like area was related to the conduct of that war.

As is well known James Buchanan occupied the presidential chair from 1857 to 1861. It should be remembered in his favor that no other president of the United States, up to that time, faced a more difficult situation than was presented to our Franklin county son.

While many factors complicated the situation, it is pretty generally conceded that the Dred Scott Decision had more to do with solidifying sentiment in the North and in the South and widening the breach that had already appeared between the two sections. It should be said here that this was not a unanimous decision and that it was written by Chief Justice Robert Brooke Taney himself. This celebrated decision, made public only three days after Buchanan's inauguration as president, more than anything else embarrassed the conduct of his administration.

A FRANKLIN COUNTY SON

The fact that James Buchanan had been born and reared along the Mason and Dixon Line, should account in part at least for his apparent neutral attitude when he came to face his great responsibility. Whether any blame should attach to President Buchanan or not, it is a well-known fact that many people in the North expressed themselves openly, as he undoubtedly felt in his heart, that if a state desired to withdraw from the Union it had a right to do so. The Constitution was silent on that subject. The rank and file of the people deplored war, but the ruling powers on both sides decreed that the question should be settled by resort to arms.

Had President Buchanan come from farther north, there is a likelihood that he might have been more pronounced in his views and would have taken a firmer stand against secession, in which case it is possible that war could for the time have been averted. But who is there to say that the postponement of that inevitable conflict would have been for the best interests of our country?

The point is that the cause of our Civil War, the greatest strain ever put on constitutional government has been laid by history at the feet of this man, the product of the soil of Franklin county. And all that we are trying to show is that the spirit of this section as expressed in the life of one of its illustrious citizens had much to do with precipitating the conflict at that time.

Is it not a singular fact that these two men, President

James Buchanan and Chief Justice Robert Brooke Taney, holding at the time the two highest positions in the gift of our nation, by the action of one and the inaction of the other, were more than any other persons, responsible for bringing on the war between the States? The one was born in Pennsylvania, just a few miles north of Mason and Dixon Line, the other was born in the adjoining State of Maryland and his ancestors had previously lived just a few miles south of that parallel.

Another coincidence worth mentioning, although it may have no singificance, is that both James Buchanan and Robert Brooke Taney received their collegiate training at Dickinson College located at Carlisle in our Cumberland Valley along the Shenandoah Trail.

So much for the inception of the War, and how it was related to our county of Franklin. Now let us pass on to the actual conduct of that war in so far as it relates to this section. As is well known to every one the decision of that war was also made within our midst.

INVASION OF FRANKLIN COUNTY

When Robert E. Lee and his armies appeared on the southern banks of the Potomac river he was likely considering in his own mind whether the north should not also experience some of the burdens and hardships of war. Two times he came to his Rubicon and twice he crossed the river and came over into our land. Whether impelled to cross the river by public opinion, or by the force of his genius or by some higher power, no one seems to know, but whatever the motive, he decided to try out the fortunes of his cause on nothern soil.

No sooner had the Army of Virginia reached the Potomac river than rumors false and true flew as on the wings of a bird. Excitement was tense, couriers in gray and blue raced back and fourth over our four superlative roads. However when the invasion became an actual fact most of the inhabitants settled down to their accustomed vocations as if nothing unusual was going on. The few persons who met the commanding general while he was in Chambersburg could not bring themselves to realize that this kindly gallant man was anything less than a friend and they could hardly understand that the army he had brought with him was a powerful engine of war and destruction such as had never before been assembled on this continent.

LEE'S CONFERENCE IN CHAMBERSBURG

There are men still living who remember seeing General Lee and his smart looking staff of officers when they paused

for a few moments in the Public Square of Chambersburg where Lincoln Highway and Shenandoah Trail cross. At this time it would be interesting to know what was said in that short conference, but that conversation has never been disclosed. The problem that presented itself to him at that time was even more momentous than the day before when he was confronted with the problem whether he should cross the river or not. Whatever advice his aides had to offer it can safely be said that the final decision rested with the commanding general himself.

And so when General Lee pulled the left rein of his trusty "Traveler" the wondering bystanders knew at once that he had determined not to go any deeper into the enemy's country. It is of course idle to speculate what might have happened had General Lee, while on the Public Square, decided to continue his course straight through Chambersburg on the Shenandoah Trail toward the capitol of our State: or whether while camping in his little tent in Shetter's Woods, he had decided to intrench himself on the hills of Franklin county. In either case they were question of great moment, and remember please, they were made while he was in Franklin county. The consequences of his decision may have determined the subsequent course of the war and possibly on it hinged the fate of our Republic itself.

GENERAL LEE IN SHETTER'S WOODS

It is said that when Robert E. Lee and his army camped in Shetter's woods along the Lincoln Highway at the edge of Chambersburg that he and his staff made a survey of the immediate neighborhood with the view of taking his stand here and let the decision of a battle be made in Franklin county. It is understood that some members of his staff, among whom was General Longstreet favored a defensive attitude and urged that the enemy be not afforded the opportunity to decide where the next fight was to take place. Longstreet's plan was to proceed at once to fortify the hills surrounding the town. Had his viewpoint prevailed the great struggle which followed might have gone down in history as the Battle of Chambersburg.

In the light of what happened afterward it appears that it might have been a wiser plan for Lee to have established himself on the hills around Chambersburg, let the enemy take the initiative and in case of defeat there would have been no mountains to cross in order to reach his base at Williamsport on the Potomac river.

However much one may speculate about the problems that confronted General Lee it seems to be a foregone conclusion that events were so shaping themselves that this thing had to be fought out somewhere in the district traversed by our four roads. So within the area, with which we are all so familiar, the great

general himself planned to come and make a stand for his beloved Confederacy.

On the other hand General Meade, who had just been given command of the Army of the Potomac, was hurrying up the Emmitsburg Pike, now the Susquehanna Trail, to meet his distinguished adversary. And accordingly at Gettysburg in Adams county the missing clause was written into our Constitution with the red blood of thousands of our boys from both sides of Mason and Dixon Line. Although the war was to continue almost two years longer the monument marking the High Water Mark of the Rebellion stands at Gettysburg where the Lincoln Highway and the Susquehanna Trail cross each other.

It should be remembered that Robert E. Lee, other than George Washington, is the most distinguished American that ever passed through Chambersburg, and as four days out of the nine spent by him north of Mason and Dixon Line, were in his headquarters at the edge of town, there is certainly good reason why that historic spot should be marked. So if some one is still living, who can definitely locate this point, there is no doubt but that the proper governmental authorities, if apprised of the fact, would erect a tablet along the Lincoln Highway at this point.

THE VICTORIES OF PEACE

But the victories of peace, no less than those of war were enacted in these counties and along these roads. The National Highway and the Lincoln Highway, three generations ago were filled with throngs of men, women and children, riding or walking over hills and across valleys, fording or ferrying streams and rivers; intent on making homes for themselves and their children, thus carving out a score of commonwealths in our domain of states. These two highways were the main thoroughfares for this unending concourse through Penn's Woods and the plains beyond.

FOUR COUNTIES AND FOUR ROADS

What is the explanation that the four most important highways in our country should criss cross these four historic counties? The reason is not hard to find, for wherever there are inviting positions there will be trails or roads to reach these positions. If this were a desert land or if these hills and mountains surrounding us were bleak and uninteresting, nothing would ever have happened here.

Since our four counties comprising this area are strategically located, at once we are justified in looking for roads of importance leading to them and we are not disappointed.

These roads just had to come this way. It is like locating the direction of a line when two points are given, there was no other place for them to go. Is it not logical then that these four outstanding counties should be served by four superlative roads?

Favored indeed are these four counties; blessed with unsurpassed natural features, with great fertility of soil, with a citizenship equal to that of any other place on our continent and what is more they have a strategic location exceeded by that of a few other places in our country.

It was not chance or accident that so much national history centered in around our Blue Ridge Region. We who live here hardly realize the wonderful legacy we have received from our forefathers; our comfortable homes, our fertile farms, our large industries, our churches, our schools and our superb roads. They are ours not alone because our pioneer ancestors fought for them, but also because they followed the arts of peace just as diligently as they pursued the science of war.

From the time when the first white man came into our valley, down through the times of the Indian, Revolutionary and Civil Wars, this neighborhood of ours was the focal point to which men who were seeking liberty and trying to obtain freedom unconsciously turned their gaze. Does it seem like exaggeration to say that these four counties are so outstanding and that here, rather than elsewhere, is to be found the cross-roads of American history? And is it too much to assert that within this limited area along these highways have walked and rode the rank and file of men who embodied within their hearts the motives and aspirations which have made our country what it is today? Are we boasting too much when we say that on this portion of our country's surface is exemplified the spirit of America as it is exemplified nowhere else? We will wait on the judgment of history for the answer.

In these parts of Maryland and Pennsylvania on account of our antecedents, we are naturally modest—we can afford to be,—but we should not be remiss in acquainting the world and, what is even more necessary, telling our children of the significant happenings which have occurred in this corner of the United States. The patriots did not all live in New England or Virginia. We here in Pennsylvania and Maryland have reason to extol our forefathers for the part they had in establishing and upbuilding our nation.

STRATEGIC TERRITORY

Yes, my friends, this is strategic territory. The aborigines knew it for they fought to the death along its streams. The Quakers and Catholics knew it, for they compromised their boundary line here. The French knew it, for they and their

allies, the Indians, advanced to these very valleys in their last stand for supremacy on the North American Continent.

Benjamin Franklin knew it, for he went to Frederick to help plan the campaign that made this an English speaking country. John Brown knew it, when he came here to plan his insurrection among the black men. Robert E. Lee knew it, for he made two superhuman efforts for his cause on our very soil, one in Washington county at Antietam and the other a year later in Adams county at Gettysburg.

Within several hours drive from this quadrangle area, one may visit more historic shrines than in any other district of like size in America. This statement may be disputed by such places as Boston, Philadelphia and Williamsburg in Virginia, but it is believed a careful survey of these four localities would result in favor of the claim of our Blue Ridge Region. Erase from the map the counties of Franklin and Adams in Pennsylvania and Frederick and Washington in Maryland and the history of the United States would have to be rewritten.

The history of this neighborhood, wonderful as it is, is not more so than its scenic charm which is just as outstanding. If we do not appreciate our advantages and appropriate them for our own use we are losing much of interest in life and we are failing to make the most of our opportunities. A wonderful privilege we have in our splendid location.

TELL OUR HISTORY

In this part of Maryland and Pennsylvania we may be too modest or we are too remiss in telling the world of the historic background and the scenic charm of our land. Possibly we ought to become better acquainted with it ourselves. Every one should know the history of his local community. We cannot say here what Napoleon said to his soldiers in the Egyptian campaign as they stood before the Pyramids "Soldiers! forty centuries look down upon you from these pyramids"—our forefathers have traveled these four roads and lived in these four counties only a little more than two hundred years.

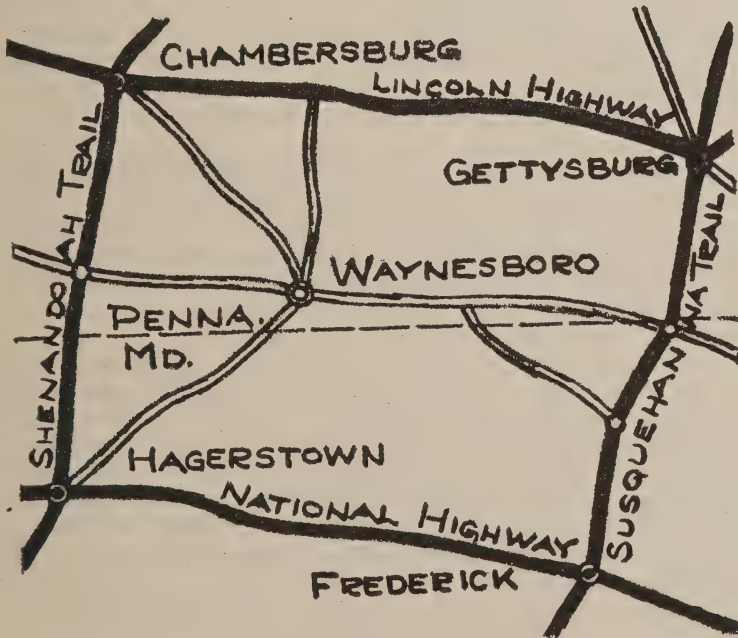
TAKE THE QUADRANGLE TOUR

May I suggest that you take this quadrangle tour some time. It starts at your very door and it leads through 100 miles of interesting countryside and 200 years of history. The route is rich in memories of all that has happened within this period. The excellent highways over which one rolls, bring American achievement and development down to the year 1930.

Take your children with you. Let them enjoy the un-

surpassed scenery and have them study the history of our country first hand. This tour might with accuracy be called the "Most Historic Quadrangle Tour in the United States."

The four towns at each angle are historic towns—Chambersburg, Gettysburg, Frederick and Hagerstown. The roads connecting them are interesting and there is not a dull moment on the trip. Two of the roads have Indian names, and two have English names. Those running east and west are called highways and those running north and south are named trails. You will cross Mason and Dixon Line twice. Half the time you will be in Pennsylvania and half the time in Maryland, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you had traveled over four superlative roads and had taken one of the most historic tours in the United States.



A Forgotten Franklin County Family

October 30, 1930

It is remarkable how many characters worthy of note have come to light along the Monterey Road between Waynesboro and the mountain. One of these, John Coughran—variously spelled Chochrane, Cochrane and Cochran—deserves more than a passing notice. He deserves mention, not so much for what he himself did, but for the reason that a large number of his descendants distinguished themselves, in one way or another, in the life of our state and nation.

John Coughran was an early settler and a neighbor of pioneer John Wallace, founder of Waynesboro, and it appears from the records that the Coughran and the Wallace families were connected by marriage. He came here about 1750. At that time this neighborhood was considered on the outskirts of civilization. His land adjoined Wallace's land on the south and comprises the farm now owned by Leslie S. Rinehart, whose great-grandfather Lewis Rinehart, in 1826, more than one hundred years ago, purchased it from the Coughran heirs.

The farm buildings on this property are along the road to Roadside and are just out of sight from the Monterey Road owing to a slight rise in the ground intervening. As with other pioneers, it was the water supply that determined the spot where John Coughran should build his future home. One of the unusual features of this place is that it is possessed of two fine springs, one in the barn yard and the other close to the house. They drain into Antietam Creek.

There is a burial ground on this farm remembered only by the older people as Cochran's graveyard, but for many years it has been forgotten and neglected. It is located between the barn and the public road. Sixteen bodies are said to have been buried there, but only three markers remain to show where the graves are, and of these, the inscription is partly legible on but one; it reads as follows: "Here lies the body of Eleanor Coughran who departed this life the 28th day of February, A. D. 1791, aged 74 years.

Whom — — — silent — — — abide,
With son and grandson by her side,
Let none molest their bones or clay,
Till they arise in eternal day."

This stone was broken from its base more than seventy years ago, and was lately found along a fence row some distance from the burial plot.

The location of three of the graves can be determined by the stubs of the markers which still remain in the ground. Two of them appear to have been shaped from ordinary stone found in the neighborhood. The broken stone still shows carving, especially on the reverse side, which would do credit to present day workmen; but within a few years Time will do its work so far as the legibility of the inscription is concerned.

The name Eleanor Coughran, together with the names of the son and grandson, inscribed on this stone, was evidently intended for the wife, son and grandson of John Coughran. With a few facts at hand this cannot definitely be proven, but it is possible there will yet be found an old deed which will help to clear up this question. Old residents, whose memory goes back seventy years or more, say that this is the only stone found on the burial plot that was specially carved. All the others were just ordinary markers. Does this fact not lend color to the assumption that this particular stone marked the resting place of John Coughran's wife and that her name was Eleanor?

The inscription on the stone records that she was 74 years of age when she died in the year 1791. This would make her about thirty years old in 1750 when John Coughran, her husband, settled here. In addition to this, it is learned that Eleanor was a family name found among their descendants down to the fourth generation.

This broken stone and these three graves are today not noticeable to the casual passer-by. They are one of the few evidences that the Coughran's ever lived here, and unless some action is taken to preserve this spot it will not be many years until it is entirely obliterated. Farmers lose reverence for old graveyards and by degrees they keep reducing them with their plows. It is thought that part of the barn which looks very old was erected by the elder Coughran. The brick house, also an old building, was built by Rinehart.

The late, Daniel D. Rinehart, who lived on this farm with his son, states that the late Dr. John Francis Bourns of Philadelphia, grandson of the cannon-maker, while visiting in these parts about thirty years ago, related that when a boy he heard his father say it was the custom of old John Coughran to sit under a large walnut tree which stood beside the little graveyard, and while sitting there, he was frequently seen engaged in reading his Bible. John Coughran was often heard to say that when he died his desire was that his body be laid to rest under this tree. Doubtless he wanted the old tree that sheltered him from the sun's rays, while contemplating the serious things of life, to continue to over-shadow his mortal remains after passing to the life beyond. Under this spreading tree, so the story goes, he was laid to rest. The old walnut tree has long

disappeared and with the broken markers and the grassy mounds leveled low, one is impressed with the changes that are constantly going on around us. Nature is jealous of her secrets and it is doubtful whether spade and shovel will ever reveal any thing we do not now know about John Coughran.

The original grant of land consisted of 273 acres and 20 perches called "Coughran's Choice," was given by the Penns to John Coughran for the sum of 11 pounds and 7 shillings. In Pennsylvania currency this was \$30.26, or about eleven cents an acre. In 1826 when the Cochran heirs sold the tract to Lewis Rinehart, the deed called for 219 acres and 156 perches, and they received for it \$5,930.84, or close to \$27.00 an acre.

The price of this land at different times indicates a wonderful record of increase in value which cannot even be approached in these latter days, and some of our present captains of industry may well sit up and take notice. Persons fond of figuring may calculate for themselves the percentage this farm increased in value within a period covered by two generations of men. But what makes the Coughran home interesting, is not the wonderful increase in its value, as doubtless such increases were duplicated many times in early days, but the fact that this John Coughran, its owner, became the forebear of many prominent Pennsylvanians.

The only written evidence that John Coughran lived here is an old deed which bears his signature. In a fairly bold hand his name was put on this deed with a quill pen by the old man himself. There it is a message from the past and in our fancy we can see him with trembling hand affixing his signature to a document which disposed of some of his material possessions.

His son, John Coughran, and his friend, Robert Crooks, were named executors. The witnesses to the will were James Crooks and John Coughran, another John, but not his son. The first clause of his will is what one would expect from such a pious and religious man as John Coughran, and reads as follows:—

"Assigning my soul into the hand of Him who gave it and my body to the dust from whence it was taken, to be decently buried at the discretion of my executors and as for my worldly substance I appoint and ordain that it be disposed of in the manner following," etc.

To his beloved wife he gave one-third of his belongings but to be hers only during the time she remained his widow. The balance of his property is divided equally among his children except that he gave to his son John his windmill and his handscrew. One wonders at this day what sort of an instrument or machine this handscrew was which he took pains to mention particularly in his last will and testament.

The document which Lewis Rinehart received from John Cochrane's heirs one hundred years ago discloses the fact that there were many trees on the property or rather that most of it was still forest land although it had been occupied by the Cochranes as a farm more than seventy-five years. Of the thirteen corners to the property only one is indicated on the plot by a post, all the others are marked by trees, and the interesting thing is the number of species which marked these corners. There were five white oaks, three hickories, and one each of Spanish oak, locust, white pine and chestnut. All are common trees today except the Spanish oak which may now have a different name. The chestnut is fast disappearing and may soon be a stranger in here also.

A notable feature of these deeds is the clause that one-fifth of the income derived from the mining of gold and silver is reserved to the State. This right has never been released and doubtless is still in force. Another feature of this deed is that it contains a clause reserving six percent for roads. That reservation however was common in those days.

The examination of old deeds hereabouts shows the preponderance of Scotch-Irish over German or Swiss family names in the early history of Washington Township. One comes across such names as John Moorehead, James Coyles, Daniel Royer, Martin Ringer, Patrick Mooney, Henry Nicely, David Snell, Robert Buchanan, Adam Lenhart, Andrew McElroy, Thomas McCulloh, James Parks, John McClenehan. Few of these names are represented here at this time, and as they are all strangers to us, so we will undoubtedly be strangers to those who come after us, and possibly some historian of the future will grope diligently around among the tombstones of our cemeteries endeavoring to identify our graves with some position in life which we now hold.

The Cochrans were devout Covenanters, the strictest and strictest sect among Presbyterians, and true to the characteristics of the Scotch-Irish settlers they were interested in their government; for instance when the bill came before our Legislature on December 11, 1818, providing for the incorporation of Waynesburg; the privilege was granted to John Cochran, member of the Legislature, to sit as chairman on the committee at the time the bill, known as "Bill Number Twelve" was under consideration. Evidently this John Cochran was a relative of the first John Coughran and was interested in the incorporation of Waynesboro.

And then again in 1831, after the second incorporation of our town, when the first election was held for the purpose of selecting a Burgess and Town Council; the time for holding the election was the first Monday of March 1831, and the place for holding it was fixed "at the house now occupied by John

Cochran. The place designated in the election notice was the stone tavern now known as the White Swan Inn. John Cochran was either a son or a grandson of the pioneer Cochran.

The Cochrans were numerous throughout Pennsylvania and there were no fewer than eight early land owners in Franklin County bearing that name. Like many other settlers in this valley they belonged to that restless Scotch-Irish race and were continually moving toward the frontiers. Today it is doubtful whether there is any member of the Cochran family to be found in this county.

One reason it is difficult to trace their genealogy is because nearly all had both a John and a William in their families. There is one contact, however, with John Cochran which is definite and certain and that is the frequent visits to his home of Rev. John Cuthbertson, an itinerant preacher, who traveled through Southern Pennsylvania and Northern Maryland for some forty years extending from 1751 to 1790. Doctor Cuthbertson's diary reveals the fact that he was a regular visitant at the Cochran home going there at least several times each year. That he made Cochran's home one of his stopping places confirms the supposition that John Cochran was regarded as a pious and outstanding man in the county.

Doctor Cuthbertson always rode horseback from place to place and in his diary which was diligently kept by him, it is learned that the route of his itinerary through this section reached from Marsh Creek in Adams County to John Cochran's home along the Antietam a distance of ten miles, thence to John McClenehans on the Conococheague Creek, a distance of eight miles. The next place visited was usually Joseph Junkin's home in Cumberland County, a distance of thirty miles from McClenehan's home.

It was his custom to stay a day and a night at each place and while there he would hold communion services. If any member of the congregation had died since the time of the Doctor's previous visit he would be quietly buried and funeral services would not be held until his next visit.

It may appear a waste of words to devote so much space to the Cochrans. This is done, however, in order to obtain the background of a family which, in the light of what we now know, acquired great prominence in affairs of church and state. John Cochran is one of those characters who shine by reflected light and neither he nor his neighbors could have dreamed that he would be a subject for study two hundred years after he was born.

If it were not for the little cemetery and several old deeds there would be little evidence that John Cochran ever lived here. Even his distinguished grandson was once heard to say, "Of my family I know but little. Heraldry has not blazoned its

name. Edmonson's book contains it not." His lineage was of that stalwart, godly, and heroic race, the puritans or Covenanters of Scotland; the men and women who braved persecution, notwithstanding the curses of the Charles' and the Claymores.

In a memorandum left by Dr. George Junkin it is learned that Jonh Cochran, emigrated from the North of Ireland, although of Scotch descent, and came to what is now Waynesboro, Franklin County, Pennsylvania. His wife, a Baird, came over single, and they married soon after.

He further says, "I remember seeing my grandfather Cochran but once, quaint in his attire, and walking with a staff." "My father often spoke of him as a man of exemplary piety. As an example of his religious habits, he said that in harvest time, he always had family worship before daylight, singing, reading, and prayer, when the family and all hands must be present. Then a lunch with a little whiskey was partaken of, always preceded by invocation of the divine blessing, then to work awhile before breakfast."

Another instance of the strictness of these old Covenanters was related by one who had lived in the Cochran family. It is said the entire household of the Coughrans often walked over the South Mountains on Sunday morning to Marsh Creek for worship. Marsh Creek is in what is now Adams County and distant at least ten miles from here. In those days services on the Sabbath lasted several hours and during these expeditions they doubtless had to start early in the morning and could not return to their home until late in the evening. So strict was Father Coughran in the observance of the Sabbath that his children were not permitted to pluck huckleberries from the laden bushes as they passed. We may smile at this now but is it not possible that we have swung too far the other way in our manner of Sabbath observance?

But stern as John Coughran was, the education of his children was part of his religion. He lived here too early to send his children to the little old school house over on the hillside, as it had not yet been erected by John Bourns. In those days it was customary for the people living in a contiguous neighborhood to hire a schoolmaster who would keep school in one of the homes, to which the children from other homes would walk or ride horseback every day. This was probably one of the ways by which Coughran children acquired their education.

If one were engaged in writing a work of fiction there is no occasion to look further than the times of the Franklin County pioneers for a setting and the Coughran family for characters with which to adorn its pages. Some of the incidents are so suprisingly interesting and the coincidents are so simil-

arly surprising that the truth in a number of cases is stranger than fiction.

In this connection it may not be uninteresting to mention that another relative of John Coughran, but not a lineal descendant, was Margaret Cochran Corbin, heroine of Fort Washington. She was also a member of the Coughran family who were prominent settlers in Franklin County and like Mollie Pitcher of Carlisle she served her husband's cannon after he had fallen. The Supreme Council of Pennsylvania recognized Margaret Cochran Corbin's act of bravery and pensioned her for life besides awarding her one suit of clothes or its value in money. Her memory has recently been honored by the D. A. R. in the dedication of a monument and memorial tablet along the Hudson river.

It is one of the interesting facts of frontier history that the daily peril from the Indians and other hardships incident to pioneer life formed a strong bond of unity among families and between neighbors. The pioneers of early days had a sincere good will for each other as they realized the need of mutual assistance. These conditions among the frontiersmen formed the closest attachments and some one has truly said that when people live far apart they are nearer neighbors, socially speaking, than when they live in closely settled communities.

While visiting in each other's families they stayed for meals and often remained over nights. It was also the custom in those early times for young people to visit and spend weeks in each other's homes. Walking and horseback riding were the only means by which people could go from one place to another and when they made a visit they hardly thought it worth while to stay a short time as we are accustomed to do in these days. Modern means of transportation have changed these old customs.

It is not surprising therefore when one of John Coughran's daughters, Eleanor by name, expressed a desire to pursue her studies a little further, than home facilities afforded, that he sent her to live with the family of George Brown, another Covenanter, near Browns Mills. Here she was enabled to receive instructions from Enoch Brown, schoolmaster at Guitner's School house, three miles northwest of the present site of Greencastle. What occurred there illustrates the great risks and dangers incident to pioneer life.

It was during the summer of 1764 that Eleanor Coughran and her little friend, Sarah Brown, daughter of George Brown attended this school at Guitner's and it was on July 26th of that year when Enoch Brown and ten children were brutally killed by Indian savages. This brutal assault is known as the Enoch Brown Massacre and is described by Parkman, the his-

torian, as on "outrage unmatched in its fiend-like atrocity in all the annals of history."

Strange to relate, Eleanor Coughran's life was saved on that eventful day, as well as that of her little friend, Sarah Brown, because they were kept at home to mind the younger children while the older members of the household were engaged in pulling flax. Incidentally this work of pulling flax calls to mind the wonderful progress which has been made in our valley during the past 150 years and the great changes which have taken place in the manner of doing things within the same period. It is doubtful whether one person in a hundred would today know what to do if a bunch of flax were placed before him and he were asked to perform the work of pulling it.

One of Eleanor Coughran's sons relates this incident as it was told to him: "From my mother I have often heard the following tale of her preservation from a dreadful death. When she was about seven or eight years old in 1767 or 1768, she was one day kept home from school (with another girl, a little older than she, who was there going to school) to take care of the smaller children, whilst the adults of the family, assisted by neighbors, joined in the "flax pulling." That day a party of Indians came upon the school, and murdered the master, and either killed or carried into captivity all the pupils except one. That one was named Archie Little, and he reported the sad catastrophe. The master was first knocked down, with the tomahawk, then the children, including Little, who was the largest boy in the school. He fell under the blow and was scalped, as all the rest were. But he recovered, kept still and heard the Indians driving the hatchet into the skulls of such as showed any signs of life, whilst, by lying quiet as if dead, he escaped a second blow, and lived to tell the sad tale." In this account it will be noticed that Archie Little is given as the name of the little boy whose life was saved, while we know from other accounts that his name was Archie McCullough.

One cannot help but think that the two little girls were providentially absent and the reason becomes apparent in the light of what is further to be told concerning Eleanor Cochran. Indeed there were a number of absent children that fatal day and for some unaccountable reason the attendance was much smaller July 26, 1764 than usual. So evidently there were other children whose lives were saved, possibly by as trivial a circumstance as that which saved the life of Eleanor Coughran.

Digressing for a moment, let us briefly tell that Sarah Brown grew up and married Captain Benjamin Chambers, son of Colonel Chambers, founder of Chambersburg, and if we may not be accused of straying too far afield, let us note that another little girl—Mary Ramsey, also remained at home and

did not attend Enoch Brown's school that day because she had a presentiment that something dreadful was going to happen. She became the wife of Archibald Irwin of "Irwinton Mills" on the West Branch of the Conococheague near Mercersburg. Their daughters, Jane and Elizabeth, married sons of General William Henry Harrison, ninth president of the United States. Jane Irwin Harrison was mistress of the White House during his brief administration in 1841 as her mother-in-law was too ill to accompany her husband to Washington.

In 1889 Benjamin Harrison, the eldest son of Elizabeth Irwin Harrison, became President of the United States.

The Irwins, be it said, lived at "Irwinton Mills" about one-half a mile south of our Monterey Road as it extends across our valley. Two fortunate girls were these young women who lived along the Conococheague Creek. So it will be seen that Benjamin Harrison, twenty-third president of the United States, was a grand-nephew of Mary Ramsey, the little girl whose life also was miraculously spared that fateful day in July, one hundred and sixty-four years ago. It is remarkable how many contacts with the world at large can be found among former Franklin County families.

Ambitious to honor our road still further, permit me to add that over against the mountainside a few rods north of our same road was born James Buchanan, fifteenth president of the United States. Harriet Lane, another lady of the White House was also born along this road. She was the niece of President Buchanan and graced the position during his occupation of the White House.

But, however much one is tempted to do so, there is a limit to wandering from the subject and we must return to the story at hand. Those of us who live here may well be proud of the men and women of our county who have become prominent in the national and religious life of our country. A mere list of the people born in Franklin County comprises names of men who have filled practically every position in the gift of the nation and state from the president down. It is doubtful whether there is another section in the United States which presents such an array of names.

It has been noticed by historians and investigators that talents and ability do not usually manifest themselves until reaching the third generation from the pioneers. This statement is confirmed in the case of the Cochran family, as well as in the case of other families that have arisen to prominence in our country.

Coming back to the old Coughran home it is found that the past is a blank so far as his family is concerned with the exception of two daughters, Eleanor just mentioned and her sister, Mary. The little burial ground in Rinehart's barnyard

is silent in respect to all of John Coughran's relatives, except possibly his wife, Eleanor. It is possible that other markers covered with soil may sometime be unearthed which will enlighten us. However we are confronted with the fact that many changes take place in 150 years and that Time is a great leveler of the past, and reluctantly gives up the records of other days.

As before mentioned there were said to be sixteen burials in this little plot and evidently most of them, as it was known as the Coughran graveyard, were of the Coughran families. Families as a rule, were large in those days, and if we only knew more about John Coughran's descendants we would more than likely find that others than the two daughters, Eleanor and Mary, became the forbears of distinguished characters.

It is learned that Mary married William Findley, a captain of the Revolution and removed with him to Westmoreland County. Captain Findley entered politics and was elected to Congress from his district. He must have been a man of some parts for he was re-elected so often that he came to be recognized as the "Father of the House," a title unofficially granted to few men and was held by one other distinguished Pennsylvanian, Samuel Randall of Philadelphia. If one had the time to investigate doubtless other descendants of Mary Cochran also developed a strain of more than ordinary people.

The other daughter of John Coughran, Eleanor, the one who so miraculously escaped being killed at the hands of the Indians deserves more than a passing notice for she was the ancestor of a family of distinguished people which would be difficult to match anywhere. Be it remembered that Eleanor Coughran was born and spent her childhood days in the old Cochran home near Waynesboro on the Roadside road, about a quarter of a mile south of our present Monterey Road.

What possibilities can be bound up in the life of one little girl? Naturally enough a school girl with the education afforded Eleanor Coughran married well and so it was that she became the wife of Captain Joseph Junkin in 1779. He was a hero in the Revolutionary War whose right arm was shattered by a musket ball at the battle of Brandywine.

It was said as early as 1875 that amongst their descendants there were fifteen ministers and sixteen ruling elders—in all thirty-one Presbyters. About ten years later,—doubtless by that time their great grandchildren had reached maturity—the statement was made by Doctor Cyrus Cort in a historical address that in all about thirty of the sons, sons-in-law, and other descendants were in the ministry and a still larger number were ruling elders. According to this statement more than sixty of their descendants became Prsebyters.

That was forty years ago and now there would be de-

scendants grown to maturity in the fifth generation. With such a background, how many ministers and elders, to this date, think you, have descended from this union of Eleanor Coughran and Joseph Junkin? If the strain and family traits continue, this list of sixty ministers and elders could easily reach into the hundreds. It would be interesting to have this record.

Theirs is a record almost equal to that of the famous Jonathan Edwards family which furnishes students of eugenics with their greatest argument that heredity is by far the largest factor in determining the advancement or the detriment of the human race. We should be pardoned in holding to the theory that environment and especially environment of this valley has its advantages and is a large factor in developing our present citizenship and making it such a desirable place in which to live.

There are, of course, other examples of heredity in this neighborhood but sad to relate they are not all a credit to the community. One of them unfortunately shows what can happen when the tendency is downward instead of upward. The Coughran family, taken with this other family would furnish invaluable material to the investigator.

The most distinguished son of Joseph Junkin and Eleanor Coughran was Doctor George Junkin, a widely known preacher and educator. In 1832 he was elected first president of Lafayette College and became founder of that institution. In 1841 he was elected president of Miami University in Ohio, and in 1848, he was chosen president of Washington College, Va., now Washington and Lee University.

Being a pronounced Unionist, his experience in Virginia, when the Civil War broke out, was a sad episode in his life. He wrote, he spoke, he reasoned, he prayed against secession. His family had taken root in the South, for he had lived there thirteen years. There his wife and three other members of his family were buried and there he, in the Lexington Cemetery, had reserved a burial plot for himself. Two of his sons being pastors married into Southern families. Two of his daughters were married to men who had been instructors in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, and who afterwards became confederate officers.

One of these, Margaret, married Colonel J. T. L. Preston of Lexington. In the language of another, she is described as being "widely known by her thrilling touch of the poet's lyre, and as a graceful and effective writer. Her productions were of a sympathetic turn, bringing light to those that walk in darkness and gladness to those bowed down with grief."

The other daughter, Eleanor, named after her grandmother, became the wife of a renowned Confederate General (Stone-

wall). Jackson. Just a word here concerning this distinguished Confederate: It may not be generally known that Stonewall Jackson was a very religious man and that he entered the war on the side of the Confederacy with the fervor of a zealot. He was as pronounced in his allegiance to the South as Doctor Junkin, his distinguished father-in-law, was to the North. Both were strong characters and their parting was a sad incident in the lives of both.

General Jackson's doctrine in regard to States Rights was simple, comprehensive and plausible yet in Doctor Junkin's mind it was fallacious and disastrous. The substance of his creed was concisely stated by General Jackson in the following language:

"As a Christian man, my first allegiance is due to my state, the State of Virginia; and every other state has a primal claim to the fealty of her citizens, and may justly control their allegiance. If Virginia adheres to the United States, I adhere; her determination must control mine. The question naturally arises—on which side of the Great controversy would Doctor Junkin have been aligned had he been born and educated in the South? We will let each one answer that question for himself.

One morning on arising Dr. Junkin found that during the night a Confederate flag had been hoisted over the buildings of Washington College. He immediately called the student body together and told them it must be removed by noon. At that hour he called them together again and finding there was no disposition among the students to take the flag down he dismissed them and called a meeting of the faculty. All the members of the faculty, at this meeting, treated him in a respectful manner, but without comment or discussion they adopted the following resolution:—"That the flag be permitted to remain on the building at the discretion of the faculty."

This was a time when events followed each other in quick succession, so the next day April 18, 1861 at a meeting of the trustees called by Dr. Junkin, he presented his resignation, as President of the college. After a few kind remarks by several members of the Board, Dr. Junkin's resignation was accepted. He shook hands with all the members, who, with himself, were overpowered with tender emotions. Thus was Dr. Junkin's career as a schoolman abruptly ended. He served as President of three noted colleges, an honor given to few men. No one can estimate the sacrifice made by Dr. Junkin in executing his decision to leave Lexington. But he left all in the 71st year of his age for love of his country, for her constitution, for her flag and returned to his native Pennsylvania. Of all the refugees from the South perhaps none was more distinguished.

Dr. Junkin said if he should remain in the South, absolute silence would be the price for his personal safety, which was too high a price for him to pay. The only alternative was flight, so he wasted no time in leaving Virginia. Immediately he sold all his possessions in Lexington and purchased a carriage in which he, his daughter and a niece, together with a few personal belongings, came North going through Staunton and Winchester by way of the Valley Pike, now known as the Shenandoah Trail. He crossed the Potomac at Williamsport after dark on May 9, 1861. When he reached Mason and Dixon Line between Hagerstown and Greencastle a peculiar thing took place. At this point the occupants all got out of their carriage, unhitched the horse and pushed the carriage across the Line and led the horses across the Line. They hitched the horses to the carriage again and went on their journey. There was certainly some reason for this strange proceeding on the part of Doctor Junkin, but my informant does not appear to know its significance.

The next day he stopped a few days in Chambersburg at the home of his friend, Colonel T. B. Kennedy. While in the Cumberland Valley he spent a day along Antietam Creek at the old home of his mother who had long since been dead. While Doctor Junkins visited in Col. Kennedy's home he was called upon by the Hon. George Chambers. Naturally their conversation turned to old times and Doctor Junkin related the story of the miraculous escape of his mother and another little girl at the time of the Enoch Brown massacre. When he was through with this strange tale, Mr. Chambers turned to him and said, "That other little girl was Sallie Brown and she was my mother." They were two surprised men and in their now found relationship each felt a degree of tenderness and sympathy for the other, which is difficult to describe.

Dr. Francis A. March in an address in 1888 said that George Junkin was a great man, a man of genius, a remarkable man, a man highly gifted intellectually and of intense energy of character.

Dr. Junkin was the first man to advocate the establishment of normal schools in the country and he may be considered the Father of the normal school system in the United States.

In 1884 Dr. George Junkin was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church which met in Louisville, Kentucky. Two of his brothers, Dr. David X. Junkin and Colonel Benjamin Junkin, were members of this Assembly, as also was a nephew. These were the days when the Presbyterian Church was vexed as it seems to be today, with two systems of theology—called the New and the Old—corresponding with the controversy between the Modernists and the Fundamentalists. In these debates Dr. Junkin arrayed

himself on the side of conservatism and his arguments as presented to the General Assembly have been pronounced by the most scholarly minds as the best-ordered that had ever been constructed on the points involved.

Dr. Junkin was a conservative abolitionist, and long before Abraham Lincoln was heard of beyond his immediate neighborhood, he publicly recommended and advocated the plan of emancipation by paying for the slaves, a plan which Mr. Lincoln proposed after he came to the Presidency.

Such is a brief account of the man whose mother was born 175 years ago on the Rinehart farm east of Waynesboro; and now it will doubtless be interesting to know more about this remarkable woman and her family. The date of her birth cannot be found, but from church records it is learned that she was baptized April 30, 1761.

Eleanor Cochran and Joseph Junkin were united in marriage by the Rev. Alexander Dobbin D. D., May 24 1779. The issue of this marriage were fourteen children; Elizabeth, Eleanor, Joseph who died young, John and Joseph, George, William who died in childhood, Mary and Agnes, twins, Benjamin, one unnamed, who died in infancy, William Findley, Matthew Oliver, and David. All were born in the Cumberland Valley, except the last named, who was born at Hope Mills, in Mercer County. Eleven of them attained adult life, married, and reared families, except the oldest daughter, Elizabeth, who, with her first child, died shortly after its birth. It will be noticed that there were two children named Joseph and two named William in their family. The reason for this is that two children bearing these names died in infancy and the same names were given to children born afterwards. This is not usual in our day, although it seems to have been more or less common in olden times.

It is worthy of mention here that Agnes, one of the twins, on March 12, 1812, was married to Rev. Galloway by the Rev. Buchanan; and on the following June 6th, Mary the other twin, was married to the Rev. Buchanan by the Rev. Galloway. Doubtless they proceeded on the principle that "one good turn deserves another." These sisters bore so close a resemblance to each other, that even their children sometimes failed to distinguish them. They also were women of marked intelligence and decided Christian characters.

Another interesting fact worth noting is the name of her son, Dr. David X. Junkin. It seems he was the youngest child and the tenth son, so the letter X was inserted as his middle name.

If it were not for some notes made by George Junkin we would know little about his mother, Eleanor Cochran. It is said by his youngest brother that he often spoke of her mater-

nal training and pious influence which deeply grateful and reverential feeling.

Dr. Junkin in his reminiscences says, "The Rev. Dr. Alexander Dobbin, of Adams County, ministered at Marsh Creek, where he conducted a grammar school, at which many eminent men were trained. He also served a congregation on the Antietam Creek where my mother was born." Dr. Junkin further says, "I have no recollection as to the first religious instructions I received and the early influence of family worship. But from my mother's teaching's of those younger than myself, which do not come within the scope of my memory. I infer what she had done for me was beyond the range of memory. This ought to be the case with all family training. It was careful, constant, kind, though firm, and it was Christian," and he continues, "Blessed is that family that is so trained. It cannot be that it should fail to rear a Godly seed. There stands the Covenant promise 'I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee.' It cannot fail, for God is faithful.

"My mother's religion, was characterized by unusual fervor of devotion and practical earnestness. She excelled her husband in earnest and conscientious efforts to apply the principles in every day duties. She was indeed a woman of eminent godliness. She taught her children to do everything upon religious principle. She trained them in practical religion. In every community in which she resided she was remarkable as a successful peace-maker and earned the beauty attached to that character.

"Her system was quiet but effective and reminds one of the formula prescribed by Christ in Matthew 19:15 as to the means of reclaiming erring church members. Her plan is worth describing here as told by one of her sons:

"If my mother knew of alienation and strife between neighbors or church members, especially if females, she would seek interviews with them separately. She would converse with one of the hostile parties about the other, aiming with skill and tact to elicit some favorable expression concerning the absent. This she would repeat to the other, keeping to herself any unkind thing that might have been said. This would bring out some kind expression in turn, which she would take occasion to repeat, thus gradually slaying the enmity. And when, by this process, she had prepared the way, she would contrive an interview, often at her own tea-table, where the reconciliation would be perfected." A few persons like Eleanor Coughran would be a wonderful asset in any community.

Here is a copy of a letter written by Joseph Junkin her husband to his son, George, while attending Jefferson College at Cannonsburg in the western part of the State. It reveals

the character of the man whom Eleanor Cochran married and it is a model letter from a father to his son in college:

"My Son,

I received your letter, and was glad to learn that you are well,—We at home are all well You, I hope, will pay all due respect to your morals, your health, and your college studies, and make use of all opportunities to have your mind stored with useful ideas. If there is any book here which you would wish to have, mention it in your next letter, and perhaps I can send it. I think Buchanan's Syntax would be of use to you, but you can ask your instructors. I send by Mr. Johnson the money you require. I much approve of your plan of keeping a particular account of all your outlayings, and be careful of your money. Shun bad company, do not get too soon intimate with any person, try all you can to keep both tables of the law, viz., your duty to God and to man,

I remain your affectionate father,

Joseph Junkin"

Joseph Junkin, husband of Eleanor Cochran, was an accurate practical land surveyor, and as such his education was undoubtedly above the average for his day. His ancestry as well as that of the Cochrans were Puritans and the limitations of this term to the early settlers of New England is an unauthorized restriction. We who live in Pennsylvania should be acquainted with this fact.

The Junkins undoubtedly came from one of the rural districts of the old country. They sought the frontier, as did many others where lands were to be had for the taking up with small fees for records and surveying. They made homes for themselves with the axe and the mattock which they were often compelled to defend against a savage foe with their rifles. Their struggle was for bread, for education and for religion and it taxed all their powers, and by taxing, developed them.

Such, in a religious point of view, were the Junkins and the Cochrans. Of Covenanter stock they became members of the Reformed Presbyterian Church and later connected themselves with the Associate Reformed Church of North America. With the influence of such parentage it is not difficult to account for the religious character and intellectual strength of their children even to the third and fourth generations.

Their children were accustomed to attribute much of what they were and what they were enabled to do, to early home influences and especially to a mother's love and faithfulness. What will now be said illustrates conclusively the character of the children reared by Joseph and Eleanor Junkin. Although eleven of their children reached manhood, it is asserted that there never was a profane or ungodly word heard from any one of them. Much of this was believed to have been due to a

mother's training, to her prayers and her efforts in educating their conscience.

Trusting it will not be unseemly to tell of the last hour on earth of Eleanor Cochran the principal character of this sketch, I will do so in the words of her son, George Junkin:

"When I was told (this was in 1812) the sad tidings that my mother had fallen and broken her spinal column, and would probably die"—Then describing in intimate detail the immediate cause of her illness—Dr. Junkin feelingly continues:

"The family was standing around the bed as the last moments drew on; and after speech failed, she turned her eyes upon those on the right, and upon those on the left, looking each deliberately in the face, as if to look farewell, until she came to father, and on him she gazed to the last."

We should possibly stop here but one cannot refrain from taking another look at these men and women of former days. What shall be said of this John Coughran who lived along the Antietam Creek just off our Monterey Road? What future possibilities were bound up and enshrined in that sturdy and sterling Scotch pioneer? John Coughran must have been a character in whom there could have been no shadow of guile. Had there been any deceit or cunning in his nature he could not possibly have been the forefather of such men as Dr. George Junkin, Col. Benjamin Junkin and Dr. David X. Junkin, as well as scores of other men and women who attained high positions in different walks of life.

All that is mortal of John Coughran and his immediate family now rests under the greensward in Rinehart's barnyard. They have been forgotten of men. Wind and rain and weather have worn their names from the gravestones even as Time has wiped them from the minds and hearts of those who continue to live here.

The Cochrans and the Junkins are part of the great past coming down to us through the years, and exceptional must have been that man or that woman, whose achievements are remembered by more than one generation of men. We have just strewn flowers over the graves of those who perish in battle. It is easy to forget these men when the guns are silent.

Take the case of John Coughran, whose grave cannot now be identified. He has been forgotten more than a hundred years. Now we are engaged in making a feeble attempt to resurrect his name which shines by borrowed light shed by his distinguished descendants.

We little think when we observe the accomplishments of some men that the background for their attainments run through several generations of ancestors. With the scraps gathered here and there one can begin to glean that John

Coughran was the kind of a progenitor for such a man as the illustrious George Junkin.

But the greater part of this record pertains to a remarkable woman born near Waynesboro. It is evident that she was not the only woman who deserves more than a passing notice. The early girls of our country were not educated in schools and colleges such as we know them today, but in grace and culture they compare favorably with the young women of this day, and the young officers who came out of the Revolution found in them accomplished wives and helpmeets.

It is not surprising therefore that Eleanor Coughran and Sarah Brown and Mary Ramsay and the Irwin sisters and scores of other girls were sought for wives by the best young manhood that came here from other parts of our states and nation. We of the present day little appreciate that the early stock of pioneers whether Scotch-Irish, English Quakers or Swiss and German Peasants were the pick and choice of the old country.

These people came from the various countries in Europe and they all came for the purpose of living up to their religious convictions without let or hindrance. For this reason they naturally assimilated much sooner with each other than if they had emigrated here with other objects in view.

When this valley comes to be studied by the future historian, as it surely will be, a wealth of material will be brought to light that may surprise the world. This is the way of history. It takes years—even generations—in order to get the proper perspective of a family or a community in relation to its neighbors and to its countrymen, and even to those living in the uttermost parts of the earth.

“Up and Down Antietam Creek”

Dec. 23, 1930

COURSE OF THE STREAM

The general direction of the Antietam creek in its course through portions of two states is southward and may be briefly described as follows: issuing from the western slopes of the South Mountain highlands about 1500 feet above sea level, it is fed by hundreds of little streams oozing out of the ground in the shade of the mountains and by hundreds more bursting into the sunlight through crevices of rocks at the foot of nearly every little hill in the valley. The two main streams unite a few rods north of Mason and Dixon Line to form a larger stream which gracefully curves through the countryside until its waters are lost in the Potomac river.

In a direct line the Antietam from source to mouth traverses a distance of about fifty miles but following the course of the stream itself it is possibly sixty miles, the curves and loops of the creek accounting for the difference. It is a mountain stream for at least ten miles, and from the point where it comes out of the ground it drops down nearly a thousand feet before its waters begin their journey through the valley. The stream passes many points of interest, some scenic, others historic, some are local in character, while others are possessed of general interest. It is our pleasure to speak its praises.

A modest and unobtrusive stream it has not been sufficiently appreciated by the country at large nor even by the people who live within its watershed. The valley through which it runs is blessed with a background of historic achievement, of attractive scenery and of virile citizenship, all of which combine to make it a pleasant place in which to cast one's lot and those who dwell here are glad to call it their home.

The two largest affluents of the Antietam in Pennsylvania are Red Run of the East Branch which is further augmented by the romantic Falls or Cascade Creek; and the stream coming down from Five Forks, a tributary of the West Branch. Though this latter stream in times past was quite important enough to turn the wheels of four or five grist mills, but strange to say, it has never been dignified by geographers with a name.

ANTIETAM'S SEVERAL NAMES

There has been some confusion about the names of the two branches of Antietam creek. In earlier times the branch rising in Adams county and flowing down through the Old Forge District was known as the Big Antietam and the branch rising several miles above Mont Alto was called Little Antietam. There was good reason to designate them in this way for the East Branch is a much larger stream in so far as quantity of water coming down through the mountains is concerned. It is observed, however, that where they meet, at the "Iron Bridge" south of Waynesboro, their flow is about equal in volume.

The map makers of the U. S. Quadrangle Survey have chosen to name them the East and West Branches of the Little Antietam Creek. These titles now seem to be well established for the State Highway Department of Pennsylvania, taking its cue from the Federal maps, has also designated them as the East Branch Little Antietam Creek and the West Branch Little Antietam Creek.

The Indians themselves called the stream Anticturn or at least the name sounded to the settlers as if spelled in that way. It was sometimes written Anteatem and then again Ant-Eatum, but neither of these spellings had the significance which they seem to imply. The orthography was finally corrupted or changed into the present euphonious word Antietam, by which name it has been known ever since. The name Antietam in the Indian language is supposed to mean "Crooked Brook" and any one who attempts to follow its meandering course from source to mouth will at once agree that the aborigines gave it the right name.

When the first settlers came to this valley they called Antietam the Old Indian Creek. Why it was thus called no one seems to know unless for the reason that it was more frequented by the Indians than any other. Evidently this was the case for the Indians themselves informed the first settlers that the various tribes for generations back had fought along this stream for possession of the wonderful valley through which it coursed. There are few people now living in the United States, but who are acquainted with the name Antietam and it will undoubtedly be repeated time and time again by students of history for generations to come.

DIVISIONS OF ANTIETAM VALLEY

There is something very interesting in the name of the political divisions through which Antietam creek passes. First it rises in Adams County named for John Adams, second presi-

dent of the United States; then it runs into Quincy Township, named for his son John Quincy Adams, sixth president of the United States. After this the stream passes through Washington Township, named for George Washington, first president of the United States.

But the Antietam is not through with early United States history for as soon as it crosses Mason and Dixon Line over into Maryland it flows through Washington county also named for President George Washington. Thus it is seen that here, in close proximity, are four political districts named for three chief executives of the United States. This is certainly an unusual distinction for such a small area and possibly cannot be matched anywhere else. But this is not all for if one goes to the place where the Antietam empties into the Potomac and looks across the river he will see Jefferson County in West Virginia named for Thomas Jefferson, third president of our country. Here then, almost in sight of each other, are four political divisions named for the first, second, third and sixth presidents of the United States.

John Quincy Adams was never in Quincy Township. His father John Adams may have seen Adams County for he was a member of Continental Congress when it sat in the town of York which is not many miles from the Adams County line. George Washington never saw Washington Township but it is known that he visited Washington County in Maryland several times.

Jefferson visited the county in West Virginia named for him and when there, undoubtedly he looked across the Potomac and saw the Antietam where it empties into the river. While reclining on a large flat rock on a hill above Harpers Ferry, it is said that he gave vent to his enthraenment and exclaimed that the view spread out before him was the most picturesque spot in the United States.

It is scarcely realized that the countryside in Washington and Quincy townships, through which our Antietam flows had a larger population a hundred years ago than it has today. But so it is for the tendency of the age has been to abandon the small industries along our streams and highways and concentrate the efforts of man in larger units of production. The result of this is that the little groups living around the mills and factories and furnaces have moved closer to the places where work may be found and thus our cities and larger towns have grown at the expense of these wayside and creek-side settlements. All this transformation has taken place it is feared, at the expense of the so-called simple life which prevailed in those days, and what is more to the point at the expense of the sum total of the happiness of the race itself.

ANTIETAM'S BRANCHES

Washington and Quincy townships are more liberally supplied with streams than any other portion of this well watered valley. They flow through the narrow gorges in the mountains or come out of the ground at many places in the lowlands. Issuing from near the top of the South Mountain Antietam creek begins its life as a small mountain torrent, but gradually it becomes a sober stream and ever since the advent of the White Man it has been turning the wheels of numerous mills and factories along its course.

Besides being an interesting stream historically and a valuable stream industrially, it is most attractive otherwise and one never tires wandering along its tortuous way, whether following its course in the mountain or in the valley. It murmurs its way down the gap cascading and rippling along while here and there it enters a quite shady pool in which may lurk perchance a speckled trout or two. Most of these members of the finny tribe are too cunning for the sportsman so they remain shy and safe in their shady retreat waiting to lure his brother who may come along another day.

The mountain section drained by the two branches of the Antietam appeal to the hunter as much or even more than they do to the fisherman. Most game is protected from extermination by adequate laws and it is only during two or three months in fall and winter that hunters are in evidence. Deer hunting is the sport supreme and during the two weeks of open season the mountains are filled with hunters—so much so—that to persons not accustomed to it, it seems like dangerous sport. The Antietam is densely lined on both sides with trees and vines and under growth, so that it is with difficulty one can follow its course. The mountain ridges on both sides of the narrow gap through which the Antietam flows are covered with second growth timber. The original growth was practically all cleared away by woodmen from fifty to one hundred years ago for charcoal purposes. In other words it was "coaled over."

Before it crosses Mason and Dixon Line the Antietam creek and its branches drain nearly the whole of Washington township, the greater part of Quincy township, a little corner of Antrim and Guilford townships in Franklin county and a portion of Hamilton-Ban township in Adams county. Scores of little streams hurrying down the slopes bring their share to make Antietam the considerable stream it is. The smaller branches are unnamed. A few of the larger ones are Trucker's run, pronounced "Trookers," Vineyard run, Biesecker's run, Rattlesnake run, Red Run, the Five Forks and the Nunnery branches. In truth it can be said that for ten or twelve miles our stream goes through a mountain region of great interest and for the re-

mainder of the distance it traverses settlements of surpassing fertility. From Cold Spring to the Potomac it flows without ceasing and in its course through the mountains its descent is rapid for there is a constant succession of rapids and falling torrents.

Not only is Antietam creek an interesting stream in itself, but many of its branches have individual charm that should not lightly be passed by. One of these bears the homely name of Cow run and deserves mention because on its banks stood the little log school house in which Dr. Henry Harbaugh, the noted Mercersburg divine, attended during the early years of his life. The spot must have made a deep impression on the boy's mind for, long afterward when he was engaged in weighty matters of church, he turned aside long enough in his busy life to write in two languages that exquisite little poem, "The Schoolhouse at the Creek." It is a classic in Pennsylvania literature. Only a few foundation stones remain to mark the spot where the little house stood but the rivulet continues to ripple its way over the stones as it did when the little boy Henry played along its banks one hundred years ago.

Marsh Run, one of Antietam's largest affluents has both political and historical significance. Its source is a little spring in Quincy township, thence it flows southward forming the boundary line between Washington and Antrim townships. The stream then crosses Mason and Dixon Line continuing leisurely through Maryland until it meets the parent stream several miles north of Hagerstown. It drains a rich agricultural section in one of the earliest settled portions of the Cumberland Valley. This stream, but ten or twelve miles in length figured largely in Colonial history. At its source in Quincy township is an old fort still well preserved called Fort Stauffer and near its mouth in Maryland is another old fort-house built by Thomas Cresap, the renowned Indian fighter and one of the most troublesome characters in the Pennsylvania-Maryland boundary dispute. This property was afterward acquired by Henry Bouquet, the hero of the battle at Bushey Run. Later it was owned by Major William Hart and was the birthplace of Lucretia Hart, who became the wife of Henry Clay.

Red run, another important branch of the Antietam rises near the top of South Mountain close to the Maryland line. Before it reaches the valley it is fed by two springs said to have medicinal value, one of magnesia and the other of sulphur. The waters at the source of the branches of Red run analyze at a high degree of purity and is carried in pipes to Buena Vista Spring hotel. This water on account of its reputation for excellence has, at various times, been barreled and bottled and shipped to Baltimore and other places for table use. The purity of the water in the springs of this neighborhood seems to have been

known to the Indians for it is said that after the white settlers came here they noticed that the Indians frequently visited a spring just south of Buchanan highway and a few rods east from Red run. This particular spring, the Indians said, contained sweet water and the older settlers tell of a likeness of an Indian painted on boards set up at this spring. It was long known as Indian Spring and children kept at a respectable distance for in those days Indian stories were more of a topic of conversation than they are today and the word Indian was used as a bogie in many households.

Taking the cue from the Indians one, Abraham Shockey, erected a distillery near this spring. The product was recognized far and wide as a superior grade of whiskey and it is thought that this excellence was due to the purity of the spring water used in its manufacture. Red run drains the celebrated Blue Ridge region and there are many fine and costly summer homes within the limits of its watershed. General Robert E. Lee and his army twice crossed Red run on their march southward after the Battle of Gettysburg.

The Five Forks branch flows six or seven miles through rich meadow land and joins the Antietam about one mile north of Waynesboro. The district through which it passes is practically level ground but withal there seems to be enough fall to afford dams at short intervals, throughout its course, thus furnishing water power sufficient in former times to operate five grist or flour mills and several sawmills. As evidence of changed conditions only one of these mills is now in use.

There seems to be some disagreement as to whether the branch or the main stream delivers the greater volume of water at the point where they come together. If as some claim the branch should prove to be the larger stream it may with good reason be considered the West Branch of the Antietam. So, for the time being, or until some ambitious Five Forker raises a doubt, the source of the West Branch of Antietam creek will continue to be the Pearl of the Park, above Mont Alto.

After our main stream has passed several miles through Maryland there is added to its volume waters from a branch known as the Little Antietam. This name is given to that considerable branch which comes down through the gorge in the mountains above Edgemont. It bears the same name as the parent stream but as it is wholly within the state of Maryland there seems to be no way to correct this duplication of names. These are lusty creeks and in years past they turned many wheels of industry while seeking lower levels in their course through the valley.

ANTIETAM'S BRIDGES

From the earliest times the Antietam Valley has been recognized as one of the best watered regions in the state and con-

sequently there are numerous crossings over its streams. Without making an accurate count it is estimated there are as many as a thousand bridges of one sort or other strung across Antietam creek and its many branches. They consist of a variety of types from narrow footlogs up in the mountain to the modern Soldiers' Memorial Bridge at the western limits of Waynesboro. These bridges are built of wood, stone, steel or concrete and their replacement value will far exceed a million dollars. Some of the bridges of this valley are evidently at natural fords and consequently are located for utility's sake just where they ought to be. It is well known that the fords over the streams, as well as the many roads through the valley, were used first by deer, afterward by Indians and later by the white settlers themselves. This accounts in part for the winding roads and in the light of what we know now we might prefer some of them to be located differently. However, so many factors enter into the laying out of roadways that with all the assumed superior knowledge of such things by the white man it is a question whether he can improve on the location of our roads as we now have them.

Both in England and in Continental Europe are many stone bridges which for generations have withstood flood and storm, but in the United States there is no region so prolific in these works of the stone craftsman as there are in southern Pennsylvania and northern Maryland. The Antietam Valley is especially remarkable for the number and beauty of its old stone bridges. They seem indigenous to the soil of this neighborhood for they appear to have grown up out of the ground and when looking at these substantial structures which are almost perfect in their proportions, one forgets that man had anything to do with their construction.

So interesting are the surroundings that it does not require any stretch of the fancy to assume that the makers of stone bridges erected them at convenient points along the roadway without reference to the stream itself and then bent the channel gracefully out of its original course so it could approach the bridge with a curved sweep before its waters pass under the arch.

Trees and smaller growth are spaced along the creek at befitting intervals just as if a landscape artist had been at work. But such is not the case for nature came along and placed the trees and shrubs and flowers and beautified the landscape in its own accustomed way. Antietam's bridges and their surroundings are the delight of painters and doubtless nearly all of them have at some time or other been sketched or photographed by some budding artist.

The stone bridges along the Antietam are mostly the product of the painstaking German element in our population, who immigrated to this valley in increasing numbers during the early part of the last century. These bridges are pleasant to look

upon and are worthy of the interesting streams which they so so majestically span. They are built of strong stones with plain lines just as their counterparts in the Old Country were built.

The masonry is of the most substantial kind. The stones forming the face of the bridge walls are grey limestone, quarried along the slopes of the nearby hills. The beds and joints were fitted together and they were laid in mortar with neat joints for the grade of work. The sand for the mortar was taken from the banks of the stream itself where it had been accumulating for years and years. The foundations of these old bridges were set on the solid rock-bed of the streams and up to this time, during all the years of freezing and thawing, they show no signs of disintegration except the loosening of the mortar joints at some places which can easily be repaired with little expense. The arches are almost semi-circular and being so substantially constructed they will doubtless long remain as landmarks to be admired by succeeding generations. And these old bridges should be well looked after by the county commissioners for, as the years pass, they will be even more cherished as compared with the stiff and inartistic iron and concrete bridges which are now being erected.

Every one who has ever traveled south from Waynesboro over the State road knows of the exquisite scenery at the old stone bridge near Welty's mill. No artist could ever be persuaded to pass by that point without stopping. The most unimpressible person cannot help but note the beautiful sweep of the Antietam as it curves through the meadow on its way under the bridge. Along the Buchanan highway about one mile east of town is another of these old stone bridges. Just south of the bridge is a shady retreat, hardly visible to the casual passerby, but those who know it is there and have ventured in will not fail to visit the spot a second time.

About two miles farther upstream from this point near the Country golf club is another stone bridge and as one would expect there also is a landscape to be admired. If one has a minute to spare he should go to the north side of this bridge and note its beautiful and well constructed arch. And so it has become apparent that the Antietam creek is lined with beautiful scenery throughout its whole course and the only reason for mentioning these points, in preference to others, is because they are along roadways and can easily be seen as one drives by. There are just as many if not more attractive places along the West Branch and its tributaries and the lover of the outdoors has only to go out to one of these streams and he will be doubly repaid for the time spent wandering up and down their banks.

While traveling on the highway one does not often have a good opportunity to see the beauty and symmetry of those old bridges. It is necessary to leave one's car and go a few rods up or down stream in order to see to best advantage the well formed

arches and to note how the stones are bound together as close and tight as the day when they were placed there by the bridge builder himself.

The bridges over Antietam creek are built, some with one, some with two and some with three arches. Not all masons were qualified to build stone bridges, in those days, so the work was undertaken by men experienced in arch building. Silas Harry was a bridge builder and constructed bridges in both Franklin and Washington counties. John Weaver also built several bridges over Antietam creek. There are no covered bridges over the Antietam in Pennsylvania, but there are several south of the Line in Maryland. They are built of wood with strong timbers set on heavy stone abutments. While not particularly attractive, they are to be admired too for their quaintness.

You may never have thought of it before but now since your attention is directed to it, you will find that while driving over the roadways there is always a stone mill beside a stone bridge. They have been boon companions all these years and they have become neighbors as it were, in creating comfortable and homey landscapes.

For a hundred years or more the waters of the Antietam have passed under these bridges and for the same length of time the traffic of human activity has moved constantly over them. One's imagination can go far afield while viewing these old structures. These bridges were not here when Generals Braddock and Boquet and Washington started out to conquer the French and Indians and it is amusing to learn that General Braddock before beginning his march ordered that boats be provided and kept in readiness to convey his troops across the Antietam river, but when they came to the fords the boats were not needed for they found the waters shallow enough so that all the foot soldiers could wade across without much inconvenience. This is just one of the many evidences that General Braddock did not sufficiently inform himself of conditions in front of his army and accounts in part at least, for the disastrous ending of his spectacular campaign.

But our stone bridges were here when the great Confederate army marched through this valley and passed over them, both before and after the Battle of Gettysburg. The wonder is that they were not destroyed, for bridges then as now were an aid in the quick transportation of troops and supplies and in accordance with the rules of war were subject to destruction. And it does appear from the records that these bridges were to be destroyed. Perhaps the Confederates found that the efforts required to tear them down was not justified for the order to destroy them was afterward cancelled. It is a remarkable fact and not one sufficiently appreciated by the people living along the border

that after General Lee's army had marched up and down the highways in Antietam Valley there was little evidence that a hostile force had been in our midst. Fortunate was this valley that the Army of Virginia was not given to the wanton destruction of property and thanks to the humanity of General Robert E. Lee.

Our limestone bridges with their substantially built abutments and their imposing arches seem to stand as a rebuke to the joyous waters that pass under them as well as to the frivolous minded throngs that pass over them. How solemn and stern looking these old bridges are! They impress one with the serious side of life and seem constantly to say "Remember the time when we were crossed by men bent on slaying their fellow men. Remember Burnside's Bridge!"

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

About two miles south of Waynesboro along the County Road the two branches of Antietam creek meet and discharge about the same quantity of water into the common channel. In early years each branch turned the wheels of about the same number of mills and factories and developed a like amount of horsepower. It is observed that just a few feet above where the two branches join are two steel bridges, very close together, but standing almost at right angles to each other. Meeting on such terms of equality one fancies that the Commissioners of Franklin County, after erecting the bridge over the East Branch proceeded to erect a similar bridge over the West Branch in order that no preference be shown toward either stream. This resulted in the unusual condition of two bridges located within a few feet of each other, but spanning different streams. So the waters of the two Antietam creeks unite just after each has passed under a bridge. A like condition, but on a larger scale, exists at Harpers Ferry where bridges are sprung across the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers at their meeting points.

All who have seen the spot where the two branches of our stream unite will agree that it has a charm of scenery which is difficult to match by any of the other numerous attractive points along the Antietam. It seems as if the two branches conscious of their accomplishments thus far have here combined to produce a most pleasure-giving landscape and it is noticed that many motorists while passing over one or the other of these twin bridges frequently slow down to enjoy the scenery. And it is well, for if one speeds at this point while going south, he may be lured to destruction by the sharp turn in the road, just as the ancient sailors were lured to destruction by the Lorelei along the beautiful Rhine.

The only blemishes at the junction of these streams are

these two iron bridges which certainly detract from the charm of the place. Had the County Commissioners been moved a little more by the aesthetic in their souls they might have decided to build stone instead of steel bridges where the East and West Branch plight their troth and thus save and preserve this beauty spot for a long time to come.

It is not necessary to be schooled in the arts to appreciate what nature has done at this point toward creating beautiful scenery. The East Branch comes to the junction lined with elms, sycamores, willows and other trees, and so dense are they that its waters are almost concealed from view; while on the other side of the road the West Branch gracefully winds its way through a long stretch of meadowland; and they coyly meet as life partners in their journey to the sea.

Almost any day—winter or summer—fishermen may be seen sitting on Antietam's banks whiling the hours away. Evidently they come to enjoy the exquisite scenery for one seldom sees them go away with as much as a tiny sunfish. But they are surely repaid for the few hours passed here and who is there to say that a fisherman does not far more enjoy wandering up and down the Antietam creek than he does hooking a few small specimens of the finny tribe? It is a study to watch one of these thoughtful men who seemingly are so intent on the subject of their desires that they will not even turn their head to recognize an acquaintance if he should come near. Note how lightly he holds his rod and how patiently he watches for the appearance of the little circles which radiate from his line on the surface of the water. All at once his expression changes and immediately he becomes a man of action. At once we know a speckled trout has thought worth while to take a try at his well prepared bait; or it may just be a common ordinary catfish. Making off with the bait he determines to match his wit with the seeming stupid, but really alert man on the bank. There is a chance that the fish in the water may lose out in the contest, but the mathematics of the sport is about ninety to ten against the angler, in spite of the fact that the man has a weapon and the fish has none. You may join in the fisherman's pastime, if you care to, and simulate "Patience on a monument" and even though you may not be favored with a bite the quiet thrill of the experience will do you no harm and you may wish to return to the forks of the stream some other day, hoping as all do, for better luck.

After the two branches of Antietam creek unite, the larger stream, flowing between more widely separated banks, seems to be aware that it has become a stream of some consequence and quietly flows along with an air and dignity it had not assumed before. About a quarter of a mile below, Mason and Dixon Line crosses our creek. While nothing has ever happened to give this crossing any special significance, nevertheless it is an import-

ant point for it is where a historic line crosses a historic stream. This creek and that line are taught in the school books and what they signify should be known to every child in the United States above the eighth grade.

Having now followed our stream as far as the Mason and Dixon Line we should possibly be content to leave to others to tell about its course through the State of Maryland, but at this moment we cannot refrain from going a few rods farther down the stream to Rock Forge. Here we will come to the site of an old forge as its name implies and where in later years a machine shop of considerable importance was in operation, however nothing now remains to show that either of these industries were ever in existence. While at this point it is worth noting how the Antietam, cutting its way through the rocks, forms high cliffs on either side. The walls of this narrow gorge are 25 to 30 feet in height and it must have taken untold ages to wear down such a deep channel through the solid limestone formation.

A characteristic of the Antietam is that it is a sketchable stream at almost every point and it should become the camping ground of landscape painters who surely would appreciate the naturalness of its scenery. There is a happy blending of the cultivated and the uncultivated and this together with the moving life along its banks certainly gives it lasting charm.

The Antietam Valley in which we move and live from day to day is never without interest. The beautiful flowing stream, with its fallow fields hugging the banks, makes picturesque landscapes practically along its entire course. The soft bordering meadows are a delight to the eyes as well as pleasant to tread upon. The proximity of the mountains to the life of the valley is a happy combination of nature and art. Certainly there are other spots which are more imposing, but there are few places where the rhythm of rural life is in such a perfect setting.

The rounded tops of the hills slope gently down to the meadows through which the main stream and its branches flow leisurely along. Here and there is a solid stone bridge or a stone barn or a stone house. These substantial structures add character to the scenery and lend to the whole a degree of beauty and permanence that gladdens the eye and refreshes the heart of every lover of nature and admirer of the great outdoors.

One never tires wandering along the grassy banks of the Antietam as it winds its tortuous way beneath overhanging branches and swinging vines. Now it hurries as it hastily ripples over pebbles and stones; the next moment it lazily pursues its narrow way through sunshine and shadow. Here it almost turns back on itself with graceful curves and loops as it plays hide and seek amidst grape and alder and wild plum growing on its banks;

there it slips out of sight around a little hill to appear joyously again on the other side.

These are the kind of scenes that start the muse in almost any breast and the result is, a lot of mediocre poetry as well as prose has been written about our stream and one of the chief offenders of good taste is now contributing his share to what has gone before. In any event the people who write thus are well-meaning and should be forgiven for their assumption that they too are verse-makers and prose-writers. And it is just as well not to interpose any obstacle in the way of those who feel the urge to portray the charm of our marvelous stream, for it should be remembered that where there is poetry there happiness is also likely to abide, and so the odds seem to be in favor of letting the old man continue to write his thoughts about this marvelous creek.

Any one following the course of the Antietam through this land of plenty traverses a countryside largely marked off in rectangles by post-and-rail and old stone fences. These fences are skirted mostly with elder, sumac and wild cherry, and some places are gracefully overrun with Virginia creeper, grapevines and bittersweet. Some of the fields are green with alfalfa and clover, some are yellow with golden grain, and some are brown because of the fresh earth just turned up by the plowman. It is wonderful how man has come into this valley and smoothly combed his fields and how neatly he has bounded his habitations.

To add to the life of the scene there are cows and horses, sheep and pigs to be seen browsing in the fields. These peaceful animals go often in groups to the running waters to slack their thirst, forming a picture which is a pleasure to the mind of the practical man as well as a delight to the eye of the artist. Farm lands extend to the very foot of the South Mountain; in some cases they creep part way up the slope, and it is scarcely given to any other country to be endowed with lands watered as the Antietam Valley is watered, and Waynesboro, if you please, for the most part an industrial city, is afforded a perfect setting nestled snugly among orchard and grain clad hills.

Travelers passing through southern Pennsylvania and northern Maryland are at once impressed with the care which is given to the farm homesteads. The dwelling houses, barns and other out-buildings are generally in order, the gardens and yards surrounding them are kept in excellent trim, and the fields show evidence of thorough cultivation. Bountiful crops are grown in this section, for the soil is naturally productive, but it should be remembered that this valley has been under continuous cultivation almost two hundred years and credit should not be withheld from the practical farmers who, during this long period, by fertilization and systematic rotation of crops, have kept the soil from wearing out.

While all that has been said is just as true of the district south as it is of the district north of Mason and Dixon Line, still it is pretty generally acknowledged there is a slight difference between the two sections. This difference, somehow or other is difficult to explain, but nevertheless it is noticeable even to the most casual visitor. But if he should be asked to explain what this difference is, it is doubtful whether he could set it forth in words and it is a question whether any one could do so without making a careful study or survey of the adjoining neighborhoods. All of this goes to show that our little stream, crossing a historic boundary line, flows through an interesting section of the United States.

An observant traveler from the north in discussing this neighborhood is responsible for the statement that he can nearly always tell when crossing Mason and Dixon Line for he notices that while on the one hand the farmhouses in Maryland may as a whole be a little more stately than those in Pennsylvania, on the other hand he thinks the Marylanders do not seem to take as much pride as Pennsylvanians in keeping their premises presentable. No doubt some of this difference, if there be any, should be attributed to the influence of the Germans who, with their habits of neatness and thrift inherited from their ancestors, settled more largely in Pennsylvania than in Maryland. It should be noted too that these differences are only relative for, it can truthfully be said, there are many thrifty and methodical Marylanders, while it is equally true there are some shiftless and careless Pennsylvanians.

Perhaps this habitual tidiness displayed around northern homesteads in comparison with the apparent lack of it on southern premises is more noticeable when viewed by northern people and in the end it may depend upon whose eyes are scanning the landscape. At the same time this seeming discrimination is more than compensated by the picturesque worth of southern homes in general, for it is acknowledged there is in this respect a charm about them not possessed by the homes of their northern neighbors. Compared in this way it can be said that the odds are in favor of the district below the Line. And, persons with artistic sense will not so quickly pass by those places which are littered with loose ends and ragged edges as they will the trim kept premises. The former type has a peculiar fascination for the artist and he will not use for studies the well shaven lawns the neatly trimmed trees and shrubs and the well-painted houses and barns. The gifted painter is more apt to stop in front of some out-of-the-way place where the buildings and surroundings appear most unpromising to the untrained mind but after the likeness is put on canvas the most practical person begins to recognize the worth of the old home with its old-fashioned

garden and its lilacs and hollyhocks lined along the fences about the yard.

MASON AND DIXON LINE

If it is a fact that there is a marked difference between the North and South in their manners and in their habitations--as it is generally assumed there is--there must be some medial place where this' supposed difference begins to be manifest. And this point might as well be at or near the Mason and Dixon Line as anywhere else, for it is not only the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland but by common consent this line marks the northern limit of southern tendencies and the southern limit of northern tendencies. In fact it may be said this is the point where both the North and the South Begin.

The fact that Antietam creek crosses Mason and Dixon Line only a few miles from Waynesboro suggests a brief discussion of this almost mysterious line. It may with exactness be said that here a historic stream crosses a historic line. The two words Mason and Dixon form a couplet which has been oftener uttered in halls of legislation, in public press, in schools and colleges, and in common conversation than possibly any other two words in the English language.

It should be noted that previous to the time Mason and Dixon Line was established there was a temporary boundary line agreed upon by the two Colonies. In this vicinity the so-called Temporary Line was about one fourth mile north of the present line and crossed Antietam creek close to the point where the Western Maryland Railroad crosses the State Road on a bridge near the southern boundary of Waynesboro.

As evidence of the existence and the location of this temporary line it is noted that the owners of the Stoner farm located along Antietam creek south of town have in their possession two deeds granting title to one and the same tract of land. These deeds were executed by the heirs of William Penn and the heirs of Lord Baltimore. There are few tracts indeed which have two original grants for the same plot of land, and what is more, from such high authorities. The fact that such a thing could have happened explains in part the long-drawn-out boundary dispute between the Pennsylvania and the Maryland colonies. This controversy finally resulted in engaging two English mathematicians and astronomers to determine if possible the correct boundary line between them. When their work was finished they were honored and rightly so with the name of the line which they had projected.

Appearing on the scene in 1764 one of the stations, where these mathematicians and engineers set up their instruments, was at the foot of the mountains in the Antietam Valley about

three miles from Waynesboro and alongside one of the branches of Antietam creek. Some of their observations were made at night and they were called "star gazers" by the country people who stood by and watched with curious interest what was being done. These men invoked the aid of the stars in their undertaking, and on successive nights directed their instruments toward the planet Jupiter, noting with accuracy the exact moment of the transit of her moons. By means of these observations, together with complicated calculations, they were enabled to determine the proper direction of their line.

Mason and Dixon Line was accordingly called an astronomical boundary line, the first of its kind ever projected. So accurate were these men in their findings that a test survey, made more than a hundred years later with modern instruments under joint authority of the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania, proved the famous line to be with but slight variations, a true parallel of latitude.

It arouses one's interest and imagination when reflecting on this subject that here within a few miles of Waynesboro was a scene that artists might well be glad to depict. Here were to be seen those two renowned astronomers from England together with forty or fifty Colonial helpers. These hardy men, some of them from this immediate vicinity, with their axes and picks helped to blaze an avenue thirty feet wide and several hundred miles in length through a dense growth of trees and undergrowth. Indians may have been present also, for it is well known they had become extremely suspicious of the whole proceeding. It should be remembered that they were actually a third party in the controversy as they also claimed some rights in these parts which had not yet been fully signed away.

There appears to be an unsolved mystery in the Mason and Dixon Line which no one as yet has come forth with a satisfactory explanation. Marking the southern boundary of Pennsylvania and the northern boundary of Maryland this line was fixed for the sole purpose of settling a long contested boundary dispute. There was no thought then that it marked anything else and for nearly one hundred years it had no other significance than any one of the other numerous state boundary lines. However, when the slavery question loomed to the front in the councils of the nation the Line gradually took on a meaning which was not thought of in the beginning.

Somehow it came to be assumed that these two words signified the dividing line between two systems of government. Then it was learned that those who lived above the Line had a different conception of our union of states than those who lived below the Line and it required a bloody war lasting four long years to adjust their attitude toward each other. We who are living in the Antietam Valley take it for granted, and rightly

so, that we have been dwelling on more or less neutral or middle ground.

It may not betoken good taste to revive so-called Civil War memories but, it is to the point which some of our older people well remember, when that conflict was on there were families in Waynesboro who favoring the southern cause, were denominated "sympathizers" and were not held in high respect by their neighbors. In Smithsburg, just across the Line, the shoe was on the other foot, for in that town the few who espoused the Union side were by their neighbors also called "sympathizers" but for the opposite reason, and they too did not stand very well among their immediate neighbors. These two towns—Smithsburg and Waynesboro—only a few miles apart, but because one was situated south and the other north of Mason and Dixon Line, the sentiment in regard to the "War Between the States" was widely variant.

It has long been a boast of Waynesboroians that their town, being so close to the Line, is a natural meeting place between the North and the South and the mingling here of the two elements of our national life has created an admirable blend of citizenship. So it is both interesting and curious to learn how this historic Line had for many years marked differences between the two sections and now within the past decade or two it seems to be the focal point where both sides can meet and better learn to understand the other. The Line is just an artificial device fixed by surveyors who, after having received credentials from the proper authorities, set up their instruments of precision and confidently and accurately run this wonderful east and west parallel.

The pretense that envelops the status of the negro above and below the Mason and Dixon Line may with propriety be interjected here for it repeatedly comes up for discussion. It is pretty generally known that negroes are not granted equality of treatment in the North, but many persons like to pretend they are. On the other hand it is conceded that the segregation of the races is pretty generally observed south of the Line.

But what shall be said about the treatment of the black man living on or close to the Line which is neither north nor south? Here in the Antietam Valley the race question seems to be settled to the satisfaction of both sides and there is practically no color line in this belt. The races get along with each other without any amalgamation whatever. Each side recognizes that the other has rights and these rights are respected without raising any controversy. Hardly a day passes but that comparisons are made between the North and South in their treatment of the negro. But seldom is it noted in public press or any where else that there is a neutral belt along this Line in which such com-

parisons do not apply. This is the region or belt where the Antietam crosses Mason and Dixon Line.

And again the administration of affairs in the colonies bordering on Mason and Dixon Line was a blend of two systems. In the New England colonies the unit of government was as a rule the town, while in the southern colonies the unit was almost without exception the county, but in the middle colonies it was in some cases the town, in some cases the county and in other cases a combination of the two systems, plainly showing that this section in colonial times had already become the meeting place of two systems of government.

These English mathematicians apparently calculated better than they knew, for even nature itself seems to approve the Mason and Dixon Line as a point where other than human life comes together. The average temperature here during winter and summer is half way between the maximum in the broad expanse of our country. The winters along this Line are not so long or so cold as the New England winters and the summers are not so warm or so long as the southern summers. The Mason and Dixon Line being near the middle of the temperate zone, the climate in this vicinity certainly makes for comfortable living.

All fruits and grains and vegetables of the temperate zone are grown here with assurance of full crops. This cannot be said with the same degree of certainty in the latitude either a few degrees north or a few degrees south of Mason and Dixon Line. Actually this neighborhood appears to be the northern habitat of vegetable life common to the South as well as the southern habitat of vegetable life common to the North. For instance there are here specimens of holly, tree of heaven, silver maple, magnolia, persimmon and others which can rarely be found north of the fortieth degree of latitude. On the other hand there are a number of trees growing here which cannot be found in Virginia and other states south of this latitude.

It is noted by foresters that the upper reaches of Antietam valley and the South Mountains are natural meeting grounds for northern species which extend southward in the highlands and for southern species which come north in the lowlands. There are at least 150 woody plants native to this region. These are supplemented by about 75 other trees introduced here and planted at Mont Alto by the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters. This unique forest at the headwaters of the Antietam is a wonderland of trees and has become an arboretum of variety and a mecca for lovers of trees.

It has been asserted, by persons who are in position to know that we have here possibly a greater variety of native trees growing in a small area than anywhere else on the North American continent. The state officials who have been responsible for

locating our Pennsylvania State Forestry School, and later the Forest Research Department of Pennsylvania in the Antietam valley, doubtless were aware of this and consequently had good reasons for establishing these institutions in our midst.

It may be assumed that what is true of the vegetable life in this belt is just as true of the animal life for it has often been observed that the Cumberland Valley is the northern limit of certain species of birds seen generally in the southern states, and on the other hand it seems to be the southern range of birds seen in more northern latitudes. For instance within the past few years a pair of Southern Mocking birds—*mimus polyglottis*—have made their home in Waynesboro. The pleasant thing about them is they are not migrants, but seem to have become permanent residents by remaining here throughout the year and pouring forth their melodious notes even during the coldest days in winter. Another bird common in these parts during the warmer months, but is rarely to be seen very far north of this latitude, is the turkey buzzard. That denizen of the higher altitudes, the envy of aviators and which holds some of the secrets he would like to know, spends a few summer months with us and is a useful scavenger.

Further than this it is interesting to speculate how birds have flown this valley, possibly for centuries, on their route to the north in the springtime; going back over the same route as winter approaches and while passing in either direction these warblers of the air stop long enough to make glad our hearts with their joyous songs. Before the advent of the white man elk and deer and buffalo, in their semi-annual migrations, wore paths through the Cumberland and Shenandoah valleys and now it is curious to know that these same paths were followed by the Red Men in their going up and down these same valleys. As is the custom of some of our people today, they had the habit of spending their summers in the North and their winters in the South. The white people then came along and naturally chose the same trails which through the intervening years they have gradually widened and macadamized to accommodate present day traffic. And strange as it may seem the deer and buffalo first and the Indians afterward were our primitive road engineers and there is no doubt that many of our present day highways follow in part the paths made by these animals some of which are not now to be found here. And the route they chose can hardly be improved by the skilled roadmakers today.

While Mason and Dixon Line defines state boundaries and is known to all men, at the same time those who live in this neighborhood continually cross and recross this boundary without giving it a second thought. To the average visitor there is something unusual or vague about this historic line and they think there should be some tangible evidence of its existence.

Some of the most imaginative visitors actually expect to see a line stretched along its course and others even look for a stone fence extending miles due east and west from the Delaware river almost to the Ohio river.

The stones marking this famous boundary between Pennsylvania and Maryland are set a mile apart, yet it is doubtful whether, along its entire course of three hundred miles, because of the rolling country, there is a point between any two stones where one may see them at one and the same time. So, other than these stone monuments, Mason and Dixon Line is just as invisible as other state boundaries. But still there is something curious about this line. The surveyors not only fixed boundaries between states, but in the course of events it seems they plotted a division line marking the place which separated two groups of Americans who had different theories of government.

Geography has been kind to this valley. The district along Antietam creek is where the mean of American climatic conditions is to be found, where vegetation changes and where the mode of life changes. This valley of ours is a land of overlapping fauna and flora. Likewise it is a land of intermingling peoples—Scotch-Irish, Swiss, Germans and English. It is Eastern America in miniature. And so from whatever angle it is viewed the Antietam valley is truly the point of convergence of the currents of our national life, of our animal life and of our vegetable life.

UNDER-SURFACE WATER

Our knowledge of Antietam Valley is mainly confined to its surface and we know little about what is going on under the ground. Geologists in the employ of the Federal Government however have platted this section in detail and maps have been printed showing the nature of the rock and other material which is supposed to lie many feet below the surface at any given point.

It is not generally realized that there is a large supply of water hidden beneath the surface of the ground in this valley. An early geographer in describing it, stated that the best watered section in Franklin county is along the east side of South Mountain. It is well known that a hundred years or more ago the Antietam creek was fed by many more springs than it is today. This is due to the fact that much of the tree and other growth has been removed within that period, thus depriving the land of an absorbent which held the rain and snow water until it could filter into the ground. Almost every hollow place at that time was the source of a small stream and during the spring months water seeped out of the ground at the foot of nearly every little hill.

Beneath the land surface there are at all times larger

quantities of water by far than there are on the surface. It may seem like an extravagant statement, but it is asserted by geologists and taught in the schools that the average depth of water underlying the State of Pennsylvania is as much as a thousand feet. Were this water resting on the surface instead of under the surface our State would be completely submerged with the exception of a few lonely islands representing the summits of the highest mountains. Be that as it may there is no doubt but that the ground or soil under the surface absorbs and holds large quantities of water before it reaches the saturation point. It seems like a paradox to say, nevertheless it appears to be true, that although we—of the Antietam Valley living far inland—are actually dwelling on a vertiable sea of water.

The water from rains and snows percolates through the surface soil into the numerous crevices and pockets below and our springs are merely the overflow of this large body of underground water. Ever since the woodmen denuded our forests for charcoal, firewood and other purposes, much of this rain water has been carried away on the surface instead of being conserved underground. Trees and dense undergrowth in early days had much to do with maintaining a steady water supply during times when the rainfall was less than usual.

The volume of underground water maintains a varying level below the surface, depending principally on the quantity of rainfall during the year. When the streams become low or are dried up entirely it is then known that this under-surface water level is lower than usual and accounts at times for serious drouth conditions. It is difficult for any one not acquainted with this condition to realize that there is such a great quantity of water beneath every portion of the Antietam Valley. Much of this water, below the surface, as on the surface, is moving all the while and there are undoubtedly springs and streams at different levels, more numerous and extensive underground than all the main channels and branches that compose the Antietam Valley system on the surface.

There are certain individuals in nearly every neighborhood who actually pretend to determine the location of underground streams and they capitalize this pretended knowledge by collecting a fee in consideration of their pointing out the best place to sink or dig a well. Their only tool for this purpose is a forked hazel branch or a peach branch, the two ends of which they hold firmly in their hands. One of the first things the cunning operator wishes to know before starting to search for water, is the point where the owner desires to have his well. He will then take the forked stick, one branch in each, and walk carefully around, when in some mysterious sort of way the stick or branch appears to tremble and turn in his grasp, notwithstanding his apparent efforts to hold it firmly in his two

hands. When this happens the practiced operator will state with great certainty that water will be found directly below the point where he stands.

If the forked stick turns with great force the water smeller, as he is sometimes called, will tell the owner that the spring he has located is a very strong one. The owner of the property is then confidently informed that the point indicated is the place to dig his proposed well; and he usually finds that the well is to be located close to the house and near the exact point where he preferred it to be. The well diggers will then come and after sinking the shaft a reasonable depth it nearly always happens they have struck an underground stream and the bystanders are impressed with the mysterious knowledge and skill of the water-witch. The well-diggers will then proceed to wall the hole up with the result that the owner has a well with a plentiful supply of water, the excavators and masons have earned their wages, the water-witch demonstrated his skill and the spectators' curiosity is gratified.

The fact of the matter is that because there is so much underground water everywhere it would have been almost a miracle if water had not been found where indicated. The only uncertainty about the practice of locating underground springs is that in some places it is necessary to go deeper for water than at others. It was the general practice many years ago not to attempt to sink a well without engaging the services of a water-smeller. Strange to say there are many people living here now who rather than dig a hole at a venture, still ask for the man with his forked withe to indicate the point where they should seek for underground water. And there are still a few men to be found who will accommodate them by pretending to possess this occult gift.

A STREAM OF UTILITY

The economist in discussing Antietam creek has abundant material for speculation for it is a stream of utility as well as of beauty. While moving along in its channels it is constantly the servant of man. From the time it leaves Cold Springs until it reaches the Potomac it supplies of its patrimony and gives life to villages, to towns, and to one city. First it bountifully meets the needs of the Pennsylvania State Sanatorium, then this creek with its branches supplies water in turn to Mont Alto, Waynesboro, Rouzerville, Blue Ridge Summit, Smithsburg, Hagerstown and to other towns in Maryland.

In days past Antietam creek north of the Maryland boundary modestly pursued its course through the valley pausing long enough here and there in man-built dams in order to conserve the latent power of its many rapids and falls. With a hearty good

will it turned overshot and undershot wheels and thus furnishing power to grind flour and grist for man and beast or to saw lumber for his houses and barns. Today much of this energy is going to waste, as many of these old mills have been burned down, or in other ways have been destroyed. The mill dams have been washed away, the big water wheels have fallen into decay and the chiseled buhrstones are lying around half-buried in the debris. Consequently our winding stream has more leisure in its journey to the sea than it had in our grandfather's day.

Fifty years ago along its course north of Mason and Dixon Line the Antietam dispensed mechanical energy amounting to 500 or 600 horsepower; today it does not furnish half the quantity of power it did then. The waters of this stream were used over and over again, scores of times, grinding for the farmers, the grain grown on its very banks. The surplus, not needed here, was hauled over the mountains to Baltimore in big six-horse teams requiring a whole week to make the round trip.

Within the memory of men now living there were counted in operation at one time fourteen saw mills deriving their power from the East Branch of Antietam creek alone and there were probably just as many doing duty on the West Branch. These grist and saw mills were in addition, mind you, to the woolen mills, distilleries, tanneries, forges and other factories operating at that time. In those days at points where the Antietam creek crossed a roadway there were usually to be found busy little hives of industry and the life around them was that of neighborliness and good fellowship but which is not much in evidence now. There are still a few mills along the stream, but they are as a rule run by one man and are now lonesome places as compared with those fifty or seventy-five years ago.

From its source to its mouth the waters of the Antietam drop 1200 feet or more and it is estimated there is unused water power sufficient to operate all the factories and industries located in the afore-mentioned towns and still have hundreds of horsepower to spare for future expansion. The possibilities of this kind of power for our community is almost beyond computation. In its course down the mountain the most unobserving cannot help but note the great amount of unused power of our stream, however, as it glides slowly through the valley this power is not so much in evidence but it is there nevertheless. And so our stream does not idle its time away but it has been busy in its self-appointed task ever since the daughters of men gazed into its glassy surface and beheld that they were fair to look upon.

After leaving its mountain home the stream proceeds through fields and woods. Onward it goes toward the Southland, disappearing again and again beneath old stone arched bridges, and all the while keeping company with the neighboring

hills and valleys. Just before leaving the state of its birth its two branches join hands and together they merrily sing their way through Maryland. Finally the waters vanish into the Potomac beneath an aqueduct of the now unused Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

While on this subject let us be reminded that all the water reaching Antietam watershed comes by way of the clouds. Although not appreciated, except by those who are engineers, it is a fact that the rainfall within the limits of Waynesboro is more than enough to supply all the household and industrial requirements of the town. This may seem like an extravagant assertion, but when it is remembered that the area of Waynesboro is more than two square miles and the average annual rainfall for this section is over thirty-seven inches one can begin to realize, with a little figuring, how many millions of gallons would be available if such a scheme were practicable.

To the unthinking it may be difficult to comprehend how streams and rivers find their way around through mountains and valleys, always seeking lower levels, but at the same time never running against any obstruction to delay their progress. We may not grasp this apparent phenomenon readily because we are inclined to take the cause for the effect. The rivers and streams are the authors of the hills and valleys and were here first. So it should not seem strange when we take into account that the gorges and valleys and meadows are formed by the rivers and streams through which they flow. Ages however have been required to do this. For instance, if it be assumed that it takes one hundred years to change the contour of level of Antietam valley as much as one inch—which is certainly within the range of possibility—in 1000,000 years at the same rate of erosion there would be a difference of 1000 inches or more than eighty feet between the levels then and now.

The world has existed millions of years, so geologists say, and by the slow process of erosion alone, one can easily conceive how the rough and rugged tops of high mountains could be smoothed down and how the deep gorges and gullies between them could be filled up, thus transforming the landscape into the habitable area as we see it today. It might be added here that this wearing down process and this filling up process would not be the same everywhere for the reason that some rocks are softer than others, giving rise to the numerous hills and hollows which aid in making our landscape so charming.

Before the era of railroads there was an era of canal building and of making rivers and streams navigable. Strange to say the Antietam, small as its channel, did not escape this era of developing transportation by means of inland waters. It is recorded that a company was formed in the eighteen-thirties in Maryland and bids were asked from contractors to build locks at

various points along the stream. The specifications for these locks were that each should contain about four hundred perches of stone work. The subscribers were then notified that the first installment or one fifth of their subscription was due and payable, but it appears that little or no money was ever spent on the project and the scheme never got far beyond the document stage.

In this connection it will surprise nearly every one to know that a charter was obtained from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for a corporation called the Conococheague Navigation company with the view of making the Conococheague creek navigable from the Potomac as far as Chambersburg. In addition to this there was also during canal times a scheme afoot to connect with a canal the headwaters of the Antietam with the headwaters of the Conococheague. At this day this project looks like a wild dream. It would be interesting to know whether the promoters had gone far enough to have a survey made in order to locate the levels between the two streams so they might determine the most available course by means of which the two creeks could be connected with a canal. At that time the people were catching at every straw which gave any promise of an easier and a cheaper way to send their grain and other produce to the seaboard. We can see now that such a canal could not have served any useful purpose and that those people were fortunate if they did not spend much money on their scheme. But may we not be engaged today in enterprises that will look just as foolish to our successors twenty-five years hence?

Every stream has its tragedies and it goes without saying that the Antietam has had its share, some of them wilful and some accidental, but no good can come from digging them out of the past and renewing the untoward gossip of other days. Accordingly we will let them remain in the obscurity where they rightfully belong, but this much should be said that in no case can they justifiably be charged to the stream itself.

One thing should be said in favor of the stream—which can in truth be said of all streams—that whatever takes place on its banks or in its currents, in nowise does the stream express its feelings one way or the other. For this it deserves our gratitude as it is always a symbol of joy and gladness rather than that of grief and sadness. Whether we appreciate it or not, we are actually under greater obligations to our streams and to other manifestations of nature than most of us have any knowledge of. When our loved ones leave us and our outlook on the world is gloomy, were it not for the sparkle of the streams; the blue of the skies; the song of the birds, and the bloom of the flowers, we might remain in a despondent mood. It makes no difference what happens, they are steady and complaisant all the time. At

the moment of the tragedy, the birds may be singing their sweetest songs, the flowers may be showing their loveliest bloom, the clouds will be floating fleecily in the sky, and our streams will be flowing on without interruption to the sea. They are our friends, they divert our minds and lead us unwittingly from the burden of our thoughts. This is the main reason, we take it, that a walk out in the country along Antietam creek is a solace to any one who is tired of brain or sick of soul.

TWO PROMINENT FAMILIES

There were two families inseparably associated with Mont Alto Furnace and the Old Forge. These were the Hughes and the Wiestling families and to this day these names are frequently mentioned by persons living here who are too young to have known any of them personally. Both were outstanding families, the Hughes were particularly prominent in the affairs of Washington county, Maryland, and the Wiestlings were active in the affairs of Franklin county, Pennsylvania. The Hughes were founders of the plant which at one period constituted the largest industry in Franklin county. The Wiestlings had control of these same properties at the time when they were forced out of business by reason of the competition of furnaces in Western Pennsylvania with their superior iron making facilities.

The first Hughes of whom there is any mention was Barnabas Hughes. He emigrated to the United States from County Donegal in Ireland and settled in Lancaster county. Thence he went to Baltimore and after remaining in that city a short while he removed to Western Maryland in that part of Frederick county which is now included in the limits of Washington county.

The Hughes were a large family in themselves and through marriages they became connected with many prominent people in both Maryland and Pennsylvania. They were of English antecedents but when the Revolutionary War broke out they were all found on the side of the Colonists. They had friends, however, among the Loyalists and as evidence of this fact it is only necessary to say that John Hughes, son of immigrant Barnabas, was a captain in the Revolutionary Army. Although fighting on the side of the Revolutionists, it is interesting to note that Captain Hughes was a close friend of the ill-fated Andre, who was apprehended at Tarrytown, N. Y., convicted as a spy and ordered by General Washington to be executed. In his great trouble it was Captain Hughes to whom Andre turned for consolation and to whom he poured out the intimacies of his life. So Captain Hughes attended him during his last confinement and Andre entrusted him with letters and his picture with the request that they should be sent to his affianced in England. Captain

Hughes settled Andre's affairs in America and performed all his bequests with scrupulous fidelity. He sent a letter to Andre's intended bride relating to her in minutest detail all the particulars of the unfortunate circumstance. However, history sadly records that the young woman died before the arrival of his letter in England.

Visitors in Westminster Abbey are shown a tablet marking the grave of Andre. On this tablet is engraved the information that James Buchanan, a native of Franklin county, had Andre's remains removed from New York—where they had been buried forty-five years before—and deposited in this venerable cathedral with England's other illustrious dead. This is just a sidelight showing how Antietam valley, though remotely, is linked with one of the tragedies of the Revolution.

The Hughes family were engaged in the iron business in Maryland during the Revolutionary period for it is recorded that Daniel and Samuel Hughes manufactured cannon and small arms for the Continental Army at their forge at Antietam in 1777. Doubtless they were grandsons of the immigrant Barnabas Hughes, and the forge mentioned was the one known as the "Great Rock Forge." This is now known simply as "Rock Forge" and is located but a few rods south of Mason and Dixon Line on Antietam creek. It was described at the time as having "Two hammers, four fires, a substantial dam and a considerable head of water." Very little evidence now remains that here was located a busy manufacturing plant more than one hundred and fifty years ago.

Evidently Daniel and Samuel Hughes were known to members of Continental Congress for the Council of Safety on July 1, 1776 agreed to lend or advance them the sum of two thousand pounds sterling out of the public treasury in order that they "might prosecute their cannon-foundry with spirit and diligence." The Hughes were friends of Washington and when the new Maryland county was organized they succeeded in having it named Washington in honor of General George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Continental forces. It is also thought that the Hughes on account of their friendship for the great Continental Commander were instrumental in the naming of Washington township in Franklin county.

These were the same men Samuel and Daniel Hughes, who erected Mont Alto Furnace in 1807-8 and the two forges on East Branch of Antietam creek, one in 1810 and the other in 1811. A nail mill and a rolling mill were subsequently erected farther down the stream just a short distance north of the little village of Glen Furney.

Besides these plants—namely, Mont Alto Furnace on West Branch Antietam creek, the two forges on East Branch Antietam creek and Rock Forge near Maryland line—the Hughes owned

and operated Mount Aetna Furnace at the mountain near Cave-town and Antietam Furnace where the Antietam creek empties into the Potomac river.

They also owned a large tannery about a mile east of Smithsburg. Several large farms were also included in their holdings. In all they had many thousands of acres of uncut woodland and their investments of various kinds must have aggregated hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Hughes tract originally covered considerable land not only along the mountain side from Mount Alto down to the Potomac river, but their holdings extended into the valley in some places as far as the Antietam creek, both in Pennsylvania and in Maryland. In those days it was known as a princely estate and would be considered so now. It has no counterpart today, in either state, outside of corporate ownership.

After the death of the original owners, the Mont Alto properties came into possession of Holker Hughes, son of Samuel Hughes. He was a military man and was affectionately known by the workmen and the people in the valley as "the Major."

During Major Hughes management the product from the furnace was hauled from Mont Alto by six-horse teams to Chambersburg and shipped by rail from that point. The blooms from the forges and the plates and rods made at the rolling mill were taken in the same way to the canal at Williamsport, thence they were conveyed in canal boats down to tidewater. Occasionally trips were made to Baltimore, a distance of seventy-five miles, and the teams when returning brought back supplies which had been purchased in that city.

Major Hughes having several hundred workmen employed as furnace men, forge men, charcoal burners, wood choppers, wagoners, etc., working at widely separated points, it was impossible for him to give every phase of his business the personal attention it deserved, so he had in his employ for many years a man named Wilson who served in the capacity of manager. It was his duty to visit the various operations and see that everything went along smoothly and expeditiously.

Wilson was a valuable man for Major Hughes and had his fullest confidence. He was most efficient and thoroughgoing and was highly respected by all the workmen with whom he was always on the best of terms. He was a tall man—several inches over six feet—and always rode horseback from one place to another. But he had one failing in that he was unable to pass a bar without dismounting from his steed and dropping in for "liquid refreshments." The result of these visits was that he often became incapacitated for a day or two. However he was always well cared for by the hotel men until his health was restored and ready to proceed on his way. But notwithstanding this fault, he kept close track of the work and although off duty

for several days at a time, it is said that he was never reprimanded by the Major.

Major Hughes continued to operate the estate for many years in the paternal manner which most furance properties were conducted in those days. One of the important things that he did looking toward bettering the condition of the workmen and their families was the erection in 1854 of the Emanuel Episcopal Church on the furnace property at Mont Alto. This church having been unoccupied for many years, has lately been repaired and refurnished, and services are again conducted within its walls.

Such were the Hughes of Franklin county, Pennsylvania, and of Washington county, Maryland. They were large land owners in both states and most of it bordered on or lay close to our Antietam creek.

The conditions in a community which developed such characters as the Hughes are not present in our day. The opportunities for a man to succeed in building up an outstanding business are as great or even greater now than they were at the time of the Hughes. Today when a man makes a marked success of an enterprise, the men who work for him and help him to make his undertaking a success are likely to be as highly respected in the community as the employer is. Other factors, besides wealth, entered into the appraisal of a man's reputation.

In that day the iron masters and the few other men who managed to put themselves at the head of large business enterprises were accorded a special place in the life of the community and their workmen as well as other people looked on them with more or less awe and regarded them as superior sort of men.

It is related on one occasion that a new minister had come to the Episcopal church at Mont Alto and when the hour for opening the meeting had arrived he promptly arose in the pulpit to begin the service. He noticed however that there was some uneasiness among the members of the congregation. He afterward learned that such a thing as opening a church service before the owner of the furnace and his family had arrived and properly seated themselves was never known to have occurred before. It appears that the other members were fearful that the new minister might receive a reprimand in open meeting for his seeming audacity. Nothing however happened and it is not known whether the services in that church were afterward delayed a few minutes or whether the "Iron King" changed his Sunday morning schedule and managed to arrive on time.

It should be remembered that Mont Alto was not the only place in which such incidents could have happened. It is related that in those days the sexton in one of the Waynesboro churches was accustomed to continue ringing the church bell for services until a certain pillar of the church had arrived. On one oc-

casion this individual was indisposed or for some other reason did not go to church that morning so the old sexton rang the bell, waiting for his superior friend to appear, and it was with difficulty that he was persuaded to stop pulling the bell rope so that the morning service might proceed. Incidents like these just do not happen today. Certain men are respected as much now as they would have been then, but all are more democratic in their ideals now, and such men are not held aloof as they were in former days

The next family that appeared on the scene was represented in the beginning by Colonel George B. Wiestling who, with several others in 1864 about the close of the Civil War, acquired control of the Mont Alto Iron Works. He was a civil engineer by profession, having up to that date devoted his time principally to railroad construction work.

Samuel C. Wiestling, grandfather of the iron-master, came from Upper Saxony in Germany. He was a noted physician and before migrating to America had been a surgeon in the German Army. He was a highly educated man and a distinguished linguist and could fluently speak seven languages. After making a tour of the colonies he located in Harrisburg and built up a large practice. Colonel George B. Wiestling, as well as his father, George P. Wiestling, was born in Harrisburg.

Colonel Wiestling was also a military man and participated in numerous engagements in the Civil War. He was paid the unusual compliment of receiving three separate commissions as colonel at as many different times. These commissions were given to him unsolicited by Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania in recognition of his valuable services to the state and to the nation.

Colonel Wiestling's last command was at Maryland heights not far from where the Antietam empties into the Potomac. Here he remained until the term of service of his regiment expired when he was mustered out with his men. While located at this point, so near to Antietam Furnace, he may have then and there determined that when his military experience was over he would go into the iron business; and so it was that inside of a year he, together with several associates, acquired from Major Holker Hughes control of the Mont Alto furnace properties.

After Colonel Wiestling took charge of the iron works he concentrated most of his activities on the furnace at Mont Alto and the forges along the East Branch of the Antietam were consequently dismantled. The rolling mill and the nail mill along the same stream had previously been abandoned. He made many additions and improvements to the Mont Alto plant and soon built up a reputation for making a high grade of iron.

He developed this plant so that instead of producing a few tons of iron a day he made as much as eight to ten tons daily and

it became one of the largest iron plants between the Susquehanna and Potomac rivers. Colonel Wiestling always "banked up" his blast furnace over Sunday and did not permit any one in his employ to labor on that day except of course the men who had charge of the horses, mules and other stock on the several farms.

In 1872 Colonel Wiestling built the Mont Alto Railroad from Chambersburg to Mount Alto and seven years later he extended it to Waynesboro. He originated the idea of having a park near Mont Alto as a pleasure resort and was the prime mover in laying out the ground of the Mont Alto Park in 1875. As the headwaters of the Antietam constituted a place of great natural beauty it soon became a popular place for picnickers and every day during the summer seasons excursions assembled there in large numbers.

Just as the Hughes, in their day, so Colonel Wiestling in his day was an outstanding figure in the county and in the state. Both were greatly interested in politics and both were ardent supporters of the theory of tariff protection to American industries. On account of his energy and ability he was in constant demand to associate himself with various activities. Besides being a director of a number of corporations he was honored by being chosen as the first preident of the United States Association of Charcoal Workers. This was done no doubt because of the fact that he was an authority on charcoal making and because this region was one of the principal charcoal producing districts in the country at that time.

Colonel Wiestling's brother, Edward B. Wiestling was associated with him in the iron-making business for many years. When the Colonel died in 1890 Edward succeeded him as superintendent of the industry and continued the operation of the plant until 1893.

MOUNTAIN LAND

While most of the mountain land along the Antietam and its branches belonged first to the Hughes and later to the Mont Alto Iron Company yet there were also many small tracts owned by individuals. It was the custom in times past for farmers in this vicinity to acquire tracts of mountain land from which they obtained their supply of firewood for the winter and also furnished wood to the people of Waynesboro, as the use of coal had not yet become very general. From the larger trees they secured lumber with which to erect their houses, barns and other necessary buildings.

These tracts were laid off in uniform sizes, usually containing ten or twenty acres, and in those days sold for a few dollars an acre. They were known as mountain wood lots. Occasionally the farmer, in the spring of the year, would drive some of

his younger cattle to his tract and allow them to roam over the mountains. Before leaving them it was customary to deposit a piece of rock salt on the ground and after getting a taste of the salt his cattle would return every day to their "lick."

In the fall of the year the farmer would return to his mountain lot and usually found his cattle without much difficulty and they would be sleek and fat and much increased in size. It should be said that before turning his cattle loose in the spring the owner would cut a notch in the ear of each one in some particular way so that he could identify his own. Much ingenuity was displayed in cutting these notches as each farmer aimed to mark his cattle in a different way from his neighbors. There was seldom any difficulty in securing their own cattle, but should any of them be missing the farmer usually had his suspicions, for it was generally known throughout the neighborhood which family in the mountain had a good supply of beef during the summer months.

It is of interest to know that during the Civil War many farmers in this vicinity took their horses, as well as other stock, into the mountain east of the Old Forge District and thus saved them from capture by the Confederate Army. Others drove their horses to Lancaster and Lebanon counties whenever they heard rumors of an expected raid. These flights were known at the time as "skedaddling" expeditions and created much amusement as well as unmerited criticism in the minds of people who lived farther from the seat of war.

TREE GROWTH ON MOUNTAINS

During the times of the early settlements the district drained by the Antietam creek and its branches was remarkable for the many species and the extensive growth of its trees. There were oaks of many kinds, black and white walnut, hickory, shellbark, maple, poplar, tulip trees, sweet birch, ash, mulberry, white and red (slippery) elm, chesnut, linden, larch, white pine, pitch pine, hemlock, cypress, white cedar, etc. Specimens of all these and many more are still to be found here.

Of smaller growths were the wild plum, the wild cherry, the persimmon, the chinquapin, the sassafras, the dogwood and the judas tree. The undergrowth was rich and luxuriant and in some places it is just as much so today. In fact there are now many places in our mountains which on account of the dense undergrowth it is possible to penetrate only with great difficulty. Chiefly noticeable in such places are the laurels and the rhododendrons intertwined with blackberry and wild grape. Ferns of many varieties together with mosses cover the ground as with a carpet of green.

But on account of the need of wood for charcoal and other

purposes the mountains by fifty years ago were practically denuded of their larger tree growth. However the second growth has by now reached fair size and the mountains are again covered with sizeable trees. Indeed much of this second growth is now being removed for railroad ties, telephone poles, barrel staves and for other commercial needs.

For years the people of Pennsylvania have been profligate in the use of their forests. Notwithstanding that they have been frequently warned, they continue to use up what in financial parlance might be called our "sinking fund." Well could we heed the advice of that native son of Pennsylvania, George Pope Morris, who many years ago enjoined the people to save our forests in his well-known poem:

"Woodman spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough;
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now."

This poem vividly brings to mind a touching circumstance which took place at the home of my childhood and which at the time seemed almost a tragedy to my youthful mind. It was early one summer morning when the sound of a woodman's axe was heard ringing in the air and upon looking across the yard it was discovered that our neighbor had begun to cut down a fine large weeping willow standing alongside a little stream and within a few feet of the line separating our properties.

My father, who like the rest of us, loved this venerable willow went over to the line fence and tried to persuade his neighbor from destroying this old friend, but without avail; then half in earnest he repeated the words of Morris' poem to the woodcutter. The man stopped cutting and gave a respectful hearing to the recitation but when it was concluded he bluntly said, "The tree covers too much of my ground and nothing will grow under it," and calmly went on with his work. When the crash came—and I can hear that crash yet—I was stricken with grief and the whole family lamented the loss of this object of our admiration.

The old tree was indeed a friend, for had not its cooling shadows fallen across our home in summer, and had not its sturdy boughs and branches protected us from the chilling blasts of winter? It was the first time in my life that I had seen a thing of beauty or an object of admiration give way to the demands of economic progress, but I have often seen it happen since.

Thanks to the State of Pennsylvania, owner of a large part of the district draining into Antietam creek, our forest lands are now properly managed and cared for. This new growth is being thinned out with discretion so that the mountain sides will, in the course of a few years, be again covered with a stand of

timber that will provide continuously for the wood needs of the public; that will regulate the water-flow and prevent erosion and floods; that will furnish a pure and bountiful water supply, and that will promote health and recreational benefits for our people.

Most of the mountain sections of the Antietam watershed in Pennsylvania is under the care and supervision of the Department of Forest and Waters and it is especially fortunate, because within its bounds is located a branch of the Pennsylvania State Forrest School which assures the region of expert forestry service and attention for years to come.

THE WOOD MEASURER

Before the general use of coal in Waynesboro it was not uncommon to see cordwood stacked here and there along the sidewalks. In those days a number of men living here were known as sawyers whose business it was to saw and split this wood into suitable length so it could be burned in stoves. They received from \$1.00 to a \$1.50 a cord for doing this work. For hickory they received the highest pay as it was the hardest wood to work up.

The Town Council with the approval of the Burgess appointed a man known as wood measurer whose duty it was to measure and calculate the contents of every load of wood brought into town for sale. The seller of the wood was obliged to pay ten cents a cord for this service. This office was abolished about 1885 and the last wood measurer was John B. Russell. Frequently there were six or eight four-horse loads of wood lined up in front of his place on East Main street awaiting his certificate which showed how many cords and cubic feet of wood were on the wagon.

John B. Russell frequently collected several dollars a day for this service and the position of wood measurer in those days was the most coveted of any the borough had to offer. But that is all in the past and it will not be many years until there will be no one even to remember the work of the wood measurer and the cord wood ranked up in front of our houses. Cordwood is still being brought into town from the mountains along the Antietam and its branches. It is not measured now and the buyer takes the seller's word for the amount of wood on his little one or two horse wagon and the latin expression "caveat emptor" should come as a warning to the mind of the buyer.

GRASS COVERED PATCHES

What impresses nearly every one who wanders around in the Old Forge District is the large number of open or cleared spaces entirely free from trees or undergrowth to be seen there

and which are covered with a good growth of grass. These spots represent the remains of old gardens or orchards and in some cases abandoned small farms attached to the houses of the former employes at the Forge. They show how persistent and successful grass is holding its own against all comers in the vegetable kingdom.

One naturally assumes that tree growth would eventually reassert itself and again occupy the places from which it had been displaced years before, but this does not seem to be the case, and it calls to mind the controversy among historians whether at the coming of the Europeans they found our Cumberland Valley densely covered with forest, or whether there were, here and there, open spaces covered with grass. It is now pretty generally conceded that there were quite extensive tracts in this valley on which there was scarcely any forest growth, but which on the other hand was covered with grass and looked very much like the pasture lands of the present day.

These grassy plots were called "The Barrens" by early settlers. No one seems to know why they used this term unless the word was intended to convey the impression that these tracts were barren of trees. They evidently did not mean to imply that this grass covered ground was poor soil, for it was really considered some of the best soil in the Antietam Valley. In the dictionary it is learned that the word "barren" in its plural form is defined as prairie land and does not indicate poor land, but often very fertile land "sometimes alluvial to the depth of two feet or more"—a queer and an unaccountable use of a word which other wise has a well defined meaning.

On account of the open places the first settlers in our valley could start farming operations without being obliged to fell trees and otherwise have to clear ground for that purpose. These treeless tracts were thought by some authorities to be due to the practice of the Indians in keeping certain places free from tree growth by burning them over occasionally. It is said this was done so that grass would have an opportunity to grow and thus furnish grazing ground for deer and elk of which there were said to be many roaming over the valley in those days. There may have been buffalo too, for it is well known there were large herds of buffalo in some portions of our state. In the fall of the year the buffalo would migrate south and in the spring they would return by the same route. This trail was also used by the Indians in their passages north and south through the Cumberland and Shenandoah Valleys. Later it was used as a bridle path by the settlers and it is thought that the Shenandoah Trail follows in part at least the age-worn tracks of these migrating animals.

It is worth mentioning here that the early settlers noticed that the Red Men were on much better terms with animals and

bird life than the Europeans who followed them into these valleys. Possibly it is the use of fire arms by the white man which causes wild life to hold him in such fear today. The more one learns about the habits and customs of the aborigines of America the more respect one has for their manner of living, their code of morals and their system of ethics.

CHARCOAL BURNING

One of the forgotten industries in the mountains along Antietam creek was that of charcoal burning. To begin with it may be interesting to know how charcoal was prepared. The place where it was burned was called a hearth and a level spot thirty or forty feet in diameter was chosen for this operation. If such a spot could not be found on the side of the mountain a place would be leveled down by means of pick and shovel.

In the region of the Old Forge and the Mont Alto Furnace there are still to be seen the remains of many charcoal hearths. They can easily be located for there is little or any growth on them to this day. Faint traces of mountain roads may still be seen branching in all directions. These roads were used by teams in hauling wood to the charcoal hearths and hauling charcoal from the hearths to the forge or furnace. Hunters looking for pheasants even to this day expect to find them dusting themselves in the ashes still remaining on these old hearths. Deer too are often seen in the neighborhood for there is usually considerable growth suitable for food surrounding these spots.

The wood was generally felled during the winter months that it might be tolerably dry before attempting to convert it into charcoal. Thirty to forty cords of wood cut into pieces four feet long were hauled to the hearth and there piled up for the burning. The wood was set up on the end three tiers high, cone shaped or bee-hive shaped and twenty five to thirty feet in diameter at the base. A hollow place was left in the center, from the bottom to the top of the pile, to enable the burner to fire it and to serve as a sort of chimney for the stack.

After the wood was set up it was covered with leaves and other rubbish, then with soil or preferably with charcoal dust from a previous burning, as it was not unusual to have several burnings at the same spot, or until all the wood in the vicinity was used up. A ladder, or pole with setps or notches cut into it, was then placed on one side of the pit as it was called to enable the operator to climb to the top without damaging the covering. The burning of the wood was conducted from the top downwards and from the outside toward the center. The pit was fired by placing kindling in the opening at the top and dry wood was put on this. After it was ignited the top was closed with

earth and a few holes were made on the sides to supply the necessary air. It would then begin to sweat and this sweating process continued three or four days during which time the outside became moist with condensed water.

When the wood at the opening around the base of the pile burned too freely, some of these openings were covered with soil and new ones were made, and whenever the smoke ceased to issue from a hole it was closed and another one was opened. Holes were continually being closed and open as the progress of the burning seemed to require. Great care had to be exercised as to these openings for if too much air is admitted the wood burns to ashes instead of becoming charcoal. On the other hand if too little air is allowed to enter, it may be smothered and the fire will go out making much trouble and resulting in the tedious task of rekindling it. When blue smoke issues from the opening it is a sign the wood is burning into ashes and when grey smoke issues it is a sign it is making charcoal.

As soon as all the airholes of the burning heap ceased to emit smoke and flame they were carefully stopped and the pile was allowed to cool, requiring from three to five days according to the state of the weather. The charcoal was then drawn and if there were still any hot pieces they were quenched by plunging them into the soil or dust. By this method of burning charcoal one cord of wood—128 cubic feet—yielded about thirty bushels of charcoal and a good sized pit would furnish as much as a thousand bushels.

Most of the tarry products, which collected at the close of burning a pit of charcoal, wasted away and were lost. In the modern method of making charcoal these by-products are conserved and among them many new and useful products are evolved. The value of these by-products at the present day for each pit would be worth as much as several hundred dollars—more even than the value of the charcoal itself. Just here it might be said that almost any kind of trees growing on the mountain was fit to be burned into charcoal. The best wood however was oak, hickory, maple and other hard woods. Contrary to the general belief pine is the poorest wood for charcoal purposes.

The charcoal burners had to live beside their pit when it was on fire as it had to be watched every minute of the day and night, so they always erected a temporary shelter or cabin built of logs and filled in the crevices with clay or soil. A door was constructed at the end facing the pit and an open fire place at the other. Rude beds were built several inches above the ground on which the operators took turns in sleeping. These shelters were fairly warm. In the fall of the year, especially, it was always wise before going to bed to look through the bedding, for snakes had a habit of occupying them and they were

not considered desirable bed fellows. The remains of one of these shelters, it is said, can still be seen by turning to the left at a point where the water pipe line crosses the Gap road and going into the forest about a quarter of a mile.

Burning charcoal was not a pleasant task for, unless a stiff breeze was blowing, there was a pall of smoke overhanging which at times was almost suffocating. There was also an odor about a charcoal hearth which was peculiar and the strange thing about it is that this odor in a slight degree persists at some of the pits even to this day. Charcoal burning required both skill and patience to a marked degree. It was intricate work and depended for its success on the state of the weather as well as on the watchfulness of the colliers. Not every one could become a charcoal burner. It was necessary that he be a man of good judgment and what is more he had to be alert all the time, for in charcoal burning the margin between success and failure is very narrow indeed and the least inattention could easily result in the loss of the whole stack.

Most of the charcoal burned in the mountains along Antietam creek was used at the two forges along the East Branch for the purpose of converting the rough pig into a good grade of wrought iron. Charcoal being lighter than green wood it was much easier to haul so, as a rule, it was the practice to burn it near where timber grew in greatest abundance. After the Wiestlings acquired these properties the forges along the East Branch were dismantled and they erected four charcoal kilns at Mont Alto. Most of the work on the mountains was then transferred to that place. Charcoal still continued to be burned here, but it was hauled over to Mont Alto and used at the furnace there.

The wagons which brought the charcoal to the furnace were long with high sides sloping outwards at the top and were generally drawn by six mules or horses. The bottom boards were movable with an old horseshoe or heavy iron ring fastened to the ends. When it was desired to unload the coal these under boards could be withdrawn by detaching the leading mules from the tongue of the wagon and hooking their chains into the rings in the boards at the back of the wagon, thereby drawing out of the bottom a board at a time, thus depositing the coal where it was wanted.

There was rivalry among the old time wagoners and each one took great pride in keeping his equipment shined up and in perfect order. These charcoal teams on their way back and forth between the furnace and the Old Forge district by way of Quincy were always objects of wonder and curiosity. Those living along the road often stopped in their work and gazed upon these wagons with admiration and friendly remarks passed between the teamsters and the onlookers.

THE MAKING OF IRON

In placing charcoal furnaces the requisites were ore for the iron, streams to furnish power, forests to provide charcoal and limestone to separate the impurities from the metal itself. The streams and forests were the first consideration, the next essential was iron ore. Iron ore, charcoal and limestone which entered into the manufacture of iron at that time were all to be found in this neighborhood. These three ingredients together with abundant water power accounts for the location of so many furnaces and forges in the Cumberland Valley. The ore was mostly dug in underground mines, although some was obtained near the surface. When the Hughes' furnace was established at Mont Alto on the West Branch of the Antietam, the forges which reduced the iron pig into marketable form, were located across the mountain along its East Branch.

Although this account is concerned chiefly thus far with the East Branch of the Antietam creek it is necessary on the other hand, to learn about the furnace on the West Branch which was several years senior to the forges. The Mont Alto Furnace erected in 1807 began operations in July 1808, and as it was the aim of furnace operators to have a complete iron-making unit, Samuel and Daniel Hughes then looked around to determine a good location for a forge. Although inconvenient and uneconomical they decided to erect two forges on the East Branch, one in 1810 and the other in 1811. They planned to do this, it is said, because of the greater flow of water in the East Branch which difference was even more marked at that time than it is today.

By way of the road directly over the mountain the forges and the furnace were about five miles apart, but by way of the road around the edge of the mountain, through Quincy and Glen Furney, the distance between them was more than ten miles. The pig was conveyed to the forges over the mountain in large strong wagons drawn by six horses or mules. This was laborious procedure and under present conditions it would not be justified. Compared with the present methods of mass production it was slow work indeed. In fact the competition of the larger furnaces in the Pittsburgh district as early as the Sixties was beginning to be felt by the score or more of small furnaces then operating in the Cumberland Valley.

The most important factor in iron making was of course the furnace. That part of the furnace in which the iron ore was melted was known as the stack. It was usually built against a hill so that the ore, charcoal and limestone, could be carted out on the level and dumped into the heated furnace, as it was fed altogether from the top.

The stack was about 30 feet high. The base was square,

twenty to twenty-five feet on each side and it became narrower at the top. It was built on the outside of stone and lined on the inside with hard brick. The space between the inside brick wall and the outside stone wall was filled with rubble, etc., and acted as an insulator to retain the intense heat generated. There was an opening below through which the molten iron ran out and through which the slag, and the other impurities were removed. The red hot metal sizzling and sputtering, ran out through ruts or grooves in the sand and finally shaped itself in these grooves or channels. After becoming cool it was broken up into pieces about two feet long with a diameter of five or six inches, and in weight these pieces were about all a strong man could lift with ease. This was called pig iron and was the result of smelting ore in the old time furnace. It was rather brittle and contained considerable dross, etc.

To a boy, especially, one of the interesting and awe-inspiring sights was to be on hand and watch the tapping of a furnace which event usually occurred every ten or twelve hours. The cinders or lava escaped first after which the molten iron began to ooze out. Then it was not long until it widely issued forth in a red hot stream,—crackling, sparkling and leaping along, guided in its course by little channels in the damp sand which had previously been prepared for it. Like a spitting reptile, it pursued its course this way and that seeking a resting place where it finally settled down and became more passive. But woe to the boy or man on whom one of the red hot sparkles rested. It buried itself in to the flesh without mercy and left a mark which, lasting for many days, showed the spot of agonizing pain.

Pig iron thus made was not pure iron for it contained impurities which had to be hammered and squeezed out under a huge hammer at a forge. At the present time in a modern furnace this work is all done in one heating and in many cases articles of commerce such as rails, plates, rods, pipes and other articles come direct from the iron ore, the metal having been kept pliable throughout the whole process.

In those days pigs were converted into blooms by a process of spueezing and hammering by means of which most of the impurities were removed. The blooms made at the Old Forge were considered an article of commerce and were hauled in heavy wagons down the mountain road through Glen Furney. From that point there seems to be some difference of opinion as to the route these wagons took on the way to Williamsport, Md., along the old Chesapeake and Ohio canal. By some elderly people it is said these teams came into Waynesboro by way of the Roadside road, then down Potomac street toward Litersburg. Others declare that the wagons took the more direct route by coming south from Glen Furney, thence going a few rods east on

the State Road (at that time known as the turnpike) and crossing Red Run over the bridge turning south again and going by way of Midvale, Ringgold and Leitersburg. In either case this iron reached the Potomac river at Williamsport, where it was loaded on canal boats and by mule power was slowly conveyed down to tidewater.

These furnace teams as they were called, like the charcoal teams, were looked on with interest by the people living along the road over which they passed. They had fine large sleek looking animals, harnessed and equipped to the minute in those times, and the drivers were expert horsemen. They were proud of their teams and they took the best of care of their horses. But that is seventy years since and the activities at these forges are now only faint memories in the minds of our oldest residents. The men who worked at these places work there no more; the bright lights of the Old Forge went out not to be relit, and the sound of the heavy hammers became still never to be heard again.

THE OLD FORGE

The Old Forge to most persons hereabouts is a vague and indefinite spot and few indeed there are who can point it out. Originally it was not called the Old Forge. That name has been acquired only since it had been abandoned as a place for making iron. During the time of its operation it was known simply as "the Forge."

Although the name Old Forge is familiar to nearly every one in this vicinity the spot where the two forges had been located are known only to a few people. By reason of the fact that a good cinder road has been built to this point, doubtless the Old Forge district in the course of time will become more and more a place to visit by the people living in this part of Franklin county. This road was rebuilt several years ago through the combined efforts of the Borough of Waynesboro, the township of Quincy and the State Forestry Department of Pennsylvania.

The Old Forge has been such a quiet place for many years that it is difficult, at the present day, to realize there was a time in its history when something was going on there every minute of the day and night. Its fires were never allowed to go out from one week's end to the other. This statement should be modified, however, for after Colonel George B. Wiestling acquired control of the property none of the men were asked to work on Sunday. It was an economic loss to pull the fires on Saturday night and not relight them again until the following Monday morning. This arrangement not only entailed a loss of time, but it was costly in fuel to stop and start a fire where such intense heat had to be maintained, but Colonel Weistling was

willing to pay the price for his convictions in regard to the observance of the Sabbath.

The people living here now can hardly comprehend the sort of life that prevailed around the Old Forge a hundred years or more ago. The forge was dismantled in 1865 so there are still a few people old enough to tell something about what was going on in that region, but their knowledge of the place reaches back only to the later years of its operations when it already had begun to decline.

The men who owned and operated furnaces and forges in those days were men of influence in the community and were actually in a class by themselves. The only other people who were in any way comparable with them were the millers. The last furnace blew out in Franklin county more than thirty years ago. There are still a few grist mills along the Antietam and Conococheague creeks, but not more than one-third of the number that were in operation fifty years ago. The furnaces succumbed to the competition of the large iron works in the Pittsburgh region and the mills are having a hard struggle competing with the big milling corporations in Minneapolis and other places in the west.

That portion of the mountain in the neighborhood of the present Y. M. C. A. David Baer camp was a busy place in those days. Just below the dam was the big water wheel which ran the forge and the other machinery at that point. This wheel was 36 feet in diameter and twelve feet wide, and was one of the largest wheels that had been made up to that time. The Old Forge building was one story high and of frame construction. Grouped around this building were probably twenty-five or thirty dwelling houses and one may be sure they were occupied by large families, so it is estimated that at the peak of its operations there were a hundred people or more living in the immediate neighborhood. Today there is but one family there, the caretaker of the Waynesboro Water Works.

There is now no evidence of these activities at the Old Forge except that here and there are to be seen rows of stones which formerly were the foundations of small houses. These houses were a story and a half high. Some were built of native stone gathered on the ground, for stones were plentiful in the mountain then as they are now. Others were built of logs with mortar plastered between. They had big stone chimneys, built up against one end, nearly as large as the houses themselves.

Those were times of practical jokes and the story is told that late one night the head of a house, whose home was a log building with a large stone chimney at one end, was awakened from his slumbers and when he came to the door to find out what was wanted, he heard from out of the darkness a voice asking "which side of the house do you live in, the log or the stone

part?" Then he was greeted with shouts of laughter and the intruders disappeared in the woods. The incident however, was not closed for he would have his suspicions and possibly it started a little feud to be settled when they met again, may be on the following pay day in one of the bar-rooms at Mont Alto or Waynesboro.

Few people at this day know what a forge is and how it was operated especially the type of forge built to supplement the old iron furnaces. In order to have a clear understanding of what was done and how it was done at the Old Forge it might be well to give a brief explanation of charcoal iron making in early days.

What is now known as the Old Forge was located just below the dam and consisted of a forge fire or puddling furnace and a water wheel which operated a blast and moved a large trip hammer. The old forge fire was very simple and there was little difference between it and the ordinary fire of a small blacksmith shop, except in the heavier character of the former. In fact blacksmiths in those days, in case of an emergency when pressed for iron, were wont to gather from the surface of the ground ore stones, or stones containing iron, put them into the fire and by strenuously using the bellows, generated sufficient heat to separate the dross from the heavier material and actually made a good grade of iron.

The mode of procedure at the forge was to put several pigs into the furnace, subjecting them to extreme heat by means of burning charcoal. After the pigs had become almost a liquefied mass it was stirred with an iron rod and the impurities came to the top and were removed. Then by manipulation with a long iron rod, which required both skill and strength, it was deftly worked into a mass of relatively pure molten metal. This hot sparkling mass was then withdrawn from the furnace and conveyed to the platform or anvil under a huge hammer. It should be remembered that the great trip hammer of this forge was not so refined in its workings as are the modern forge hammers which, by mechanical devices, can be raised and lowered at the will of the operator and stopped and started at any desired point while it is in motion.

The hammer at the Old Forge weighed four or five hundred pounds and was run by water power. It was geared direct to the water wheel and ratchets were distributed around the shaft. The hammer was supported near the middle by a fulcrum and the ratchets released the hammer three or four times during each complete turn of the wheel. The heavy hammer was thus raised and lowered regularly at very short intervals and as the water wheel could not be stopped and started on the instant, it was necessary for the operator to be quick in his movements and turn the heated mass so as to receive the successive blows of the hammer each time at the proper place. Finally the mass was

hammered into shape and dropped to the ground, still a hot piece of iron about four by eight by fourteen inches in size, and constituted what is called a bloom, weighing from 250 to 300 pounds.

The iron rod used as a handle by means of which the operator manipulated this hot mass of iron under the hammer became tightly imbedded in this cooling mass and had to be cut from the bloom after it was perfected. The careful stirring of the hot metal in the furnace and the pounding and squeezing it sustained under the blows of the heavy hammer removed a lot of impurities and the bloom when finished was practically pure iron.

As soon as one bloom had been prepared the operator would immediately turn his attention to the furnace and prepare to bring forth another. This process would be repeated day and night until the following Saturday night at twelve o'clock. It should be remembered that all the while the furnace had to be watched carefully and kept properly supplied with not too much, but just enough charcoal, pig iron and limestone. Picture if you can a group of men half clad, standing in front of a fierce fire, watching every moment the condition of the melting metal within the furnace and perspiration rolling off their bodies in great drops. Even though they were strong men, there was demanded of their bodies about all the human frame could endure.

The men who had acquired the skill, and were depended on to do this work, were invaluable to their employers and their wages were considerably more than the wages of the men engaged in other work about the plant, but compared with wages received by the puddlers, etc., at our modern furnaces at the present time they were pitifully small. One would suppose that men, by exposing their bodies day after day to such constant and intense heat, would shorten their lives, but it seems their average life was as long as that of the woodchoppers, the wagoners and other helpers whose tasks were less strenuous. Nevertheless every man employed at a forge or a furnace did a man's work and in comparison with the mechanic of the present day, his hours of labor were longer and his daily task much harder, all because of the fact that he was not aided by the many mechanical devices which are available to lighten the task at the present time.

At the height of its business activities, the Mont Alto Iron Company employed more men than any other concern in Franklin county. Of these the greater number worked at the furnace in Mont Alto, but next in importance was the Old Forge District. Along the East Branch of the Antietam creek were three individual plants, two forges, one of them called a chafery, the other a bloomery forge and the third a nail or rolling mill, near the foot of the mountains. A large number of men

were engaged in woodchopping, others in charcoal burning and still others in wagoning. The Mont Alto Iron Company with its five hundred workmen had an investment of many thousands of dollars and compared favorably with some of the largest present day manufacturing enterprises in Waynesboro.

It was the common practice of corporations such as the Mont Alto Iron Company, having a large number of employees, to own what are called company stores at which places were kept for sale most of the articles of food and clothing needed by the workmen for themselves and their families. The workmen employed were not paid off in coin or paper money, but were given instead scrip issued by the company for an amount equal to their wages. This scrip, or shin-plaster as it was sometimes called, was a small piece of paper on which was printed the company's promise to pay in goods at its store. It was issued in denominations as low as five cents and was accepted at the store in Mont Alto for purchases. It served also as a sort of circulating medium for the community, for no matter in whose hands it fell, he could easily have it redeemed at "the Store," not in cash however, but only in such goods as were kept at the store.

The men employed at the Old Forge, after receiving their wages in scrip, were obliged to go to the store at Mont Alto for the goods they needed as it was not accepted at other stores. The Mont Alto store did a large business on paydays and, after having made their purchases, the men could exchange the balance of their scrip, if any was left, for regular currency. On their way home doubtless many of them stopped at the hotel in Mont Alto a short while and then as they wended their way along they usually became a hilarious and good-natured crowd. It was not an uncommon sight to see scores of men walking—for they did not have the facilities for riding they have today—through Quincy, Tomstown, Blue Rock and Glen Furney to their homes, carrying bags slung over their shoulders, containing the goods they had bought at the company store.

They would doubtless become weary during the long journey for, counting both ways, it meant a trip for some of them of ten or twelve miles. They could not possibly arrive at their little cottage until far into the night and it was not unusual for a few of them not to turn up until the following Sunday morning. When they laid down their bags on the floor at their homes, they would probably be short in some of the articles purchased as they had more or less difficulty in remembering everything that had happened between their departure at Mont Alto and their arrival at their cottages. These men did not always take this round-about route after receiving their pay. Those living near the forge, if the weather was favorable, would take the more direct route over the mountain, thus saving several miles in the journey.

VISITING THE OLD FORGE DISTRICT

Let us have the pleasure of a visit to the Old Forge district and see it as it is today and then look at it as it was seventy-five or more years ago. After arriving at Glen Furney from the south there will be found a number of neat little houses just as they were many years ago. The village, however, was not known by the name Glen Furney until about the time of the Civil War. The land on which it is located was owned by Lewis Forney who conducted a tannery in Waynesboro for many years and it was from the tract in this neighborhood where he secured much of the bark used in curing hides. So it came to be named after this progressive citizen of Waynesboro, but through an inadvertance by some one it is spelled Furney. As it is located in a little valley or glen, the name seems to be fitting and the transposition from Forney's Glen to Glen Furney was a happy thought, probably of a person who had an ear for euphony.

The passer-by cannot help but look twice at the whitewashed houses in this little village as well as at the well tended yards surrounding them. The houses are scattered around on the hillside without any seeming plan, but observing the village as a whole one finds that each house has made a place for itself in the general order of things and appears to be standing just where it ought to be. Beyond the town at the foot of the mountain and where the trees begin there was a nail mill run by water power a hundred years ago. This means there was a dam with a head race, a tail race and a forebay by means of which the water was conducted to a large water wheel—an undershot wheel—if the recollections of some of the older people are to be depended upon.

As has been noted before there were three plants in this gap in the mountain. So consequently there were three groups of buildings, three dams, three water-wheels and three sets of heavy machinery, depending of course, upon what was manufactured at each place.

The nail mill was located near the road close to the Washington and Quincy township line but on the Quincy township side. It consisted of a frame building with several lean-to's and it contained a heating furnace in which the blooms, prepared farther up the creek, were reheated and rolled into nail rods, wagon tires, plates and numerous other articles of iron. The nail mill was a busy manufacturing plant for those days and it was one of the units of the Mont Alto Iron Company. Erected in 1831 and continuing about thirty years it was dismantled sometime during the Civil War. The location of this plant is now pointed out by the older residents of the neighborhood although its foundations have nearly all crumbled away.

Continuing up the mountain several miles, the Antietam sometimes on one side of the road, and sometimes on the other, one comes to the Old Forge district proper. The road leading to it is lined on either side with a dense stand of trees, vines and other undergrowth. At this time one would hardly suspect that years ago here was an industrial settlement, but so it was, and there are several persons still living who remember the Old Forge in the heyday of its prosperity.

The remarkable thing about this former settlement is that hardly any evidence now remains of these homes, built some of stone and some of log although most of them were standing less than two score years ago. Here and there throughout the district may be seen piles and rows of stones. These are all that remain of the little houses and show to the investigator that they were probably the homes of workmen at one of the forges. If a settlement can almost be completely obliterated within the period of one's lifetime by the ravages of time, unaided by any other agency, one is impressed with the difficult tasks undertaken by archaeologists when they attempt to reconstruct the story of a people by examining the ruins of buildings erected thousands of years ago.

There were originally two roads leading from the settlement through the narrow valley to the Forge property. On the west side, barely passable now, the road goes by way of H. A. Pentz's and passes an old grave yard lying up against the mountain at the rear of his home. Here the people of the Old Forge district have been burying their dead for many years. The graves, marked by native stone are crudely carved, possibly by relatives themselves, who thus endeavored to preserve the memories of their dear ones.

The other road enters the gap at Glen Furney. It is the improved one and is nearly always on the east side of the Antietam and runs along at the foot of the mountain. From the Forge Dam a road about five miles in length continues over the mountain to Mont Alto and is known as a forest road. It is a dirt road easily passable with automobiles and in the early summer time is lined with laurel in bloom and in the autumn one's eyes are dazzled with the bright foliage of the turning leaves. This road is kept in good condition by the Department of Forests and Waters; it is a mountain drive of real delight and worth taking any time during the summer months.

The old dam, now serving as a swimming pool, is still here. Its breast is about thirty feet high and the walls are still in good condition. A few feet below the breast the big water wheel revolved slowly, making several complete revolutions a minute, but by means of gears it turned the machinery at a sufficiently rapid pace to perform the work required. Compared with the speed of present day machinery, making many revolutions a

second, it turned very slow indeed. But it was a wonder in those days and many people visited the Old Forge just to see this big 36 foot water wheel.

Along the west road about half a mile from the lower forges near Antietam creek there was a stone school house which, when the forges were in operation, had its full quota of pupils. Although the two forges were closed down in 1865, some of the dwelling houses in the district were occupied as long as thirty years thereafter. In fact the Quincy Township School Board maintained the Old Forge School until 1893 when it too was discontinued for want of pupils living within walking distance of the schoolhouse. A few families remained after that time but their children were obliged to go to other schools in the township.

The last teacher at the Old Forge School was John McCearry. He taught in the winter of 1892-3 and had twenty to thirty pupils on the roll, mostly Calimers, Pattersons and Monns. It is of interest to know that Charles W. High of Quincy and A. Stover Fitz of Waynesboro, in their younger days, kept school in this old house of stone. It is now difficult, on account of dense undergrowth, to find even the site of this school building. Teachers who presided over the Old Forge School state that so far as they can judge, the pupils were just as susceptible of acquiring knowledge and made just as much progress in their work as the average pupil in any of the other schools in Washington and Quincy Townships.

The workmen at the Old Forge and at Mont Alto furnace were a happy people for the owners of the plants took much interest in their welfare and saw to it that they nearly always had steady employment. The forges ran night and day and they had two shifts of men to keep them going. One group worked from noon to midnight and the other from midnight to noon.

There was a sort of community of interest between the owners as well as the laborers of the furnaces in the South Mountain region, namely: Mont Alto, Caledonia, Maria, Big Pond, Pine Grove, Mount Aetna, Catoctin and Antietam. Each of these places had a large house known as the Master's or "Big House" surrounded by the smaller houses of the laborers and furnace men. Common interest bound master and workman together and the latter were dependent on the "Big House" for nearly everything.

The iron masters in those days were in a sense patriarchal and lived like barons in feudal times. Their homes were palatial in comparison with those of the men who worked in their furnaces or forges. The people who owned these iron works may well be said to have been in a class by themselves. They visited each other, married into each other's families and instead of week-end visits, they had house parties lasting weeks at a time,

and "hospitality" dispensed on such occasions was generous beyond measure.

The workmen at the furnaces were loyal to their masters and it has been said that had they been called upon to arm themselves and go forth to fight for their employers, they doubtless would have gone without a murmur. It is a well known fact that from the time the Republican party was organized all owners of furnaces were ardent Republicans owing to the pronounced tariff policy of that party. The workmen at Mont Alto were Republicans also, or at least voted the Republican ticket, or for the candidate who agreed to support the Republican tariff policy. While it cannot be said they took orders from the owners of the plants, they sensed that the regularity of their jobs and the amount of their wages depended on the governmental policy of a protective tariff. So on election day they were taken to the polls by the wagon loads to help roll up the big majorities usually given by Pennsylvania to the candidates who stood for protection to American industries in general and to the iron industry in particular. It might here be stated that Quincy township was for many years normally Democratic, but when the furnace and forge electors came to the polls, and voted Republican ticket en-masse, they sometimes swung the majority to the other side.

As an example of how superstitious some of the iron people were in regard to politics, it is related that during or just preceding the Civil War when at the "blowing in" of a furnace great care was taken not to light the fire with a Democratic newspaper. Furnaces were often called by women's names, as Maria, Ida and Augusta, complimentary to the wife or some other member of the owner's family. These "blowings in" as the starting of the fire in a furnace was called were sometimes attended with a ceremony of some kind at which many were present. They were important events in furnace life and frequently the women came down to the stack to show their interest in the proceeding and often one of them stepped up to the opening and lighted the fire.

The people who were employed at the furnaces and forges in Franklin county lived from hand to mouth as was more or less the practice with such people in those days and they did not seem to know anything about accumulating money or property, or saving for a rainy day. They were satisfied with a mere living and cared for nothing more.

The furnace men became so wedded to their various tasks that they did not wish to work for the farmers down in the valley even though labor for the time was scarce at the furnace. They would rather seek employment at one of the other furnaces along the mountain. Somehow they seemed to have as much work as they cared to do and it was not unusual for them to quit their job on Saturday evening and appear at another fur-

nace the next Monday morning and, as luck would have it, there was nearly always something for them to do. There was much shifting from one place to another and furnace workmen were as well known to each other as were the owners of the various plants.

So when the time of stress came—that is when the two forges along the Antietam blew out for the last time—the workmen were immediately in need. Woodchopping, charcoal burning, wagoning and all other activities that go with iron-making came to a standstill. The little houses they lived in belonged to the Mont Alto Iron Company but through the kindness of that corporation they were allowed to continue to occupy them without paying any rent and accordingly it cost them nothing for shelter. In one way or another they managed to secure a little food and clothing; thus from year to year they had only a precarious living and by the merest margin were able to make the proverbial "both ends meet."

So they continued to live here, some of them with a house full of children, but their livelihood having been taken from them they were frequently reduced to straitened circumstances. A few were able to secure a day's work now and then with the farmers in the valley, for they had eventually become willing to labor in the fields which they were slow to do as long as they had anything to do with the iron company.

Some of them gathered huckleberries, blackberries, chestnuts and shellbarks in season and lugged them to Waynesboro where they met with slow sale because the market was usually overstocked. They would gather pineknots, tie them in little bundles, and sell them for a few pennies each to the housewife for starting the wood fire. At Christmas time they would gather ground or winding pine and other green things growing in the mountains and ingeniously construct them into attractive wreaths and designs which they would sell for small sums. It should be remembered that money was not so plentiful then as it is now.

Some of the heads of these families were thrifty and industrious, for when there was no more work to be had at the forge, they obtained employment at the Frick and Geiser plants in Waynesboro. These plants were just beginning to expand and these men with their previous experience at the forge proved to be competent workmen in iron and wood production.

It is worth noting that one Frank Kurtz, living close to the Old Forge, when he lost his job with the iron company, immediately secured work with George Frick and later with Frick and Company. In addition to his long hours of work—eleven hours in those days—he walked back and forth from his home and the shop, a distance of seven or eight miles each way. He thus traveled as much as one hundred miles a week or possibly

five thousand miles in the course of a year. It is said that Frank Krutz was off duty on account of illness or for other causes only a few days during a period of ten or twelve years. This is a remarkable record and he must have had a strong constitution to have held out like that.

There were other men living in or near the mountains, who traveled back and forth daily, and indeed, before the advent of the automobile it was common practice for men living in Quincy, Tomstown, Blue Rock and Black Corner to walk to and from their work in the Waynesboro shops. They also traveled a distance of six or eight miles every day and did not think it much of a hardship. Today the workmen all ride to work from these points in their own automobiles or in large busses which ply back and forth between their homes and Waynesboro.

These people were contented and staisfied. They enjoyed their simple life and the query doubtless arises in the minds of the present generation whether the race has gained in porportion as it should because of the numerous devices which have been contrived to lighten labor and make for so-called comfortable living.

Laborers employed by the Mont Alto Iron Company as well as by the other furnaces in the valley nearly all came from England. Their ancestors worked in the mines and furnaces over there and it is asserted on good authority that they are the same class of people that live in the mountains of West Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina. In fact the ranges of mountains which skirt the Cumberland Valley are the same ranges that extend down through these Southern states.

The primitive instincts and superstitions of the furnace people are the same as those of the southern mountaineers and what is more, both have preserved their habits of living during the years. Their peculiarities of speech are very much as they were 150 years ago. Many old-fashioned words are still in use in both sections; such as afeared for afraid, kiver for cover, tote for carry, drug for drag, clumb for climb, jag for small load, thunk for thought, take-on for grieve, right smart for considerable and many others which can still be heard here to a limited extent among some of the mountain folk. In both sections the habitual use of the word be, where the standard grammar prescribes am, is, are, etc., is prevalent. These words, it must be admitted, have good ancestry for they were in use in the Elizabethan period but they are archaic now, just as many of the words in use today will be out of date a generation or two hence.

The furnace people have their peculiar intonations, the pitch of their voice ends in a monotonous drawl and there is a sort of friendly familiarity in their speech, just as there is among the southern mountaineers which, to say the least, is rather fetching.

All these similarities and peculiarities have convinced ethnologists that they have come from the same stock.

The Tennessee mountain people are said to be the purest and most unmixed blood in this country. As much can hardly be said for our forge and furnace people, for the reason that they have constantly mingled with other races in this vicinity. On the other hand they have not been troubled with feuds here as they have further south along the Blue Ridge chain of mountains. Possibly on account of coming in contact with the hardy Germans and the virile Scotch-Irish in the valley their dispositions and temperaments have been somewhat modified.

THE PASSING OF FURNACES AND FORGES

Franklin county, in early days was a busy iron district and it may be of interest at this point to know about the growth and decline of the iron industry in this country. The first furnace in this county was Mount Pleasant in Path Valley, erected in 1783 by the Chambers brothers. This furnace, and a forge erected soon after, were situated four miles northwest of Fort Loudon. A forge and a furnace were built seven years later at Four Loudon by Colonel Benjamin Chambers.

Soundwell Forge, sixteen miles north of Chambersburg on the Conodoguinet creek, was built in 1798. Mont Alto Furnace was erected in 1807 by Samuel and Daniel Hughes. Two forges were built by the Hughes' in 1809 and 1810. They were situated five miles from Mont Alto and later were known as the Old Forge. Mary Ann Furnace, built in 1826 and Augusta Furnace built in 1830, were both located in Southampton township.

In 1832 the Mont Alto Rolling Mill was built. It was at the foot of the mountain near what is now Glen Furney. Warren Furnace in Warren township was erected by William Bowers in 1835; he had previously, in 1830, built a forge at the same place, Carrick Forge, four miles from Fannettsburg, was built in 1840. Caledonia Furnace was built in 1838 by Thaddeus Stevens. It was burned by the Confederates in 1863 while on their way to Gettysburg. Orders were issued to destroy this furnace because its owner was one of the foremost abolitionists of the country. The stack of this furnace along the Lincoln Highway was rebuilt several years ago by the State of Pennsylvania as a memorial to Thaddeus Stevens. The last furnace to be erected in Franklin county was the Falling Spring Furnace, in Chambersburg, built by Hunter and Springer in 1880. It was dismantled in 1890.

In 1840 there were more than twenty furnaces, forges, bloomeries and rolling mills operating in Franklin county and an average of 75 to 100 tons of iron were made daily. At that time the prediction was freely made that our county was to become one of the great iron producing centers in the United States.

1. H. McCauley in his history of Franklin county, written in 1876, quotes an interview with a mining engineer, of wide experience in local iron ore deposits, who confidently expressed his belief in the following language: "Nowhere in the whole range of my observation, do I know of any section in the country that is richer in iron ore deposits, or offers greater inducements to the investment of capital in the iron business, than the county of Franklin. Long before another generation shall have passed away, there will be dozens of furnaces and forges in this county, where now only one or two are to be found; that millions of dollars will be invested, as soon as the trade of the country resumes its natural condition, where only thousands are now invested, and that long before the second Centennial of our national existence shall have arrived, the development of the vast ore beds along the eastern and western borders of our valley will most inevitably make this one of the very largest iron producing counties of the Commonwealth."

The finding of immense quantities of iron ore in the Lake Superior region together with the cheap facilities for carrying it across the lakes and thence by rail to the soft coal district near Pittsburgh, destroyed this promising industry and no man or set of men would have been able, however capable their management, to withstand such powerful competition. The small furnaces had by 1900 completed their cycle of prosperity, their day had come to an end, and the capital invested in them was practically all lost.

The mining engineer quoted by the historian was wrong, but stop a moment! It may be too soon to pass judgment on his prediction. Only one half of the second century of our country's existence has passed. It has been demonstrated that iron is here and within the next fifty years iron-making in this valley may be resumed on a scale which will make the former efforts appear puny in comparison. Stranger things have happened.

Despite the old adage the past is not always a safe guide for the future, so the lesson for us today is that it does not make any difference how prosperous an industry is or how well it is managed, something may occur in a few years outside of its management which will take away its trade and actually wipe it out of existence. The iron masters of early days were moving along on the peak of their prosperity, when they possibly noticed their orders for pig and blooms were gradually becoming less and they began to note that their customers were looking elsewhere for iron. The reason for the loss of their trade was that iron could be purchased for less money even though it had to be hauled a much greater distance. The fact of the matter was that in the Pittsburgh district large furnaces were, by improved methods, making iron at much less cost than it could be produced in the Cumberland Valley. In those days one's customers were

his friends and once a customer always a customer. But a new factor was entering the picture so when the question of dollars and cents had to be considered the old rule would no longer hold and the matter of friendship was relegated to the background.

The iron industry in Franklin county lasted less than one hundred years and during at least half of that period it was the leading manufacturing industry. The only other business to compare with it in volume and in value of products turned out during that period was the milling business. Today iron making is a forgotten industry and milling is conducted on a scale not to be compared with former days.

The disastrous thing about these industries was that not only hundreds of thousands but millions of dollars of capital were lost within a period of fifty years from 1859 to 1900. The iron barons or the iron kings, as they were sometimes called, lost practically all their money. When that happened they were also deprived of their pre-eminence as social leaders and as leaders in the affairs of state. It was the first time in the history of our county that such a huge and complete loss had been suffered. No one living here derived any benefit from their misfortune. It was a case in which their assets were almost completely wiped out and there seemed to be no way for them to recover their lost fortunes. Accordingly the forges along the East Branch of the Antietam creek were dismantled and twenty-five years later the furnace on the West Branch at Mont Alto followed in their wake and in 1893 blew out for the last time. For two score years the mines around Mont Alto and Pond Bank have lain idle. Charcoal supplies became exhausted about the time of the advent of the open hearth furnaces and the Bessemer smelting process which permitted the production of iron through the use of coal.

There are many reminders here of the rapid manner in which the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have abolished ways of doing things. Seventy-five years ago the iron business was flourishing in this county and employing hundreds of men. Today only a pile of stones here and there mark the spots where these thriving industries carried on. Fifty years ago nearly a hundred and fifty flouring and grist mills were run by the waters of the Antietam and the Conococheague creeks. Today only a few of these remain and they are gradually disappearing. Within a period of twenty-five years the development of rural trolleys has been found in many cases to be a mistake and eventually that mode of travel will come to an end. And today our smooth highways are possibly temptations to inaugurate the bus systems beyond economic safety. There may be movements in the offing that will, in ten or fifteen years, make men poor who now consider themselves rich and, vice versa, make men rich who now consider themselves poor.

This is an age of quick change and undoubtedly some industries are moving along lines which may have to be abandoned within the lifetime of many men now living. The advice to persons who wish to make investments is, "do not put all eggs in one basket," and this advice may be heeded whether one has much or little to lay aside.

VALLEY OF BEAUTY AND VARIETY

When the European first came to the top of the South Mountain and looked down upon this valley he beheld an inviting scene and he was not long in making it his future home. Immediately he went to work and built his houses, bounded his habitations with fences, tilled his fields, planted his orchards, laid out roads, constructed dams and harnessed the streams.

The beauty spots of the world are of two kinds: those where nature has a free hand with her big blocks of stone, her glorious colors and her threads of silver streams and rivers, and those other spots which are not quite so magnificent, yet with greater charm because man has been present to do his small share. The Rocky Mountains are an example of the former and the Allegheny Mountains of the latter. In the Antietam Valley as well as in other places man's sense of order and design weaves the loveliness of nature into the pattern of human life. The native wood and stone of the neighborhood have gone into the making of houses, barns, bridges, mills and factories and these structures rightly belong to the land on which they stand. Our valley is graced with loveliness and character born of two hundred years of habitation.

This picture of peace and plenty can hardly be excelled, for have not world travelers declared over and over again that this valley compares favorably with any scene in the Old World or the New? But the Antietam must be visited to be appreciated. One must stroll along its banks to know it as it should be known. It seems almost necessary for strangers to come and tell us what we have here and, on the other hand, it seems just as necessary for us to visit other places of interest in order to appreciate by comparison what is at our very doors.

Nature here, we are convinced, is at her best, but with a limited vocabulary it is difficult to wrestle with the emotions which arise when one attempts to set forth the worth-while attractions of this valley. All that has gone before is ours to enjoy and fortunate are we who by chance or choice have made Antietam Valley our abiding place. New beauty breaks forth every time one visits Antietam creek. It matters not how observing one is, it is not possible to see more than a fractional part of the many interesting things which come into one's view at every bend of the stream.

Waynesboroians and those who live in its vicinity have reason to be grateful for the privilege of living here. They little value the birthright they have in the exquisite scenery, in the historic background and in the right-minded citizenship of the valley, all of which is difficult to excel anywhere else. At little expense and within a limited time we and our children may visit spots which have had to do with the making and welding of a nation. On the same journey we will be enthralled with landscapes idyllic in their loveliness and all the time we will be afforded the opportunity to view American home life at its best. Whether we have a little picnic on the banks of our stream with a few congenial spirits or whether we take a trip of larger compass through the Cumberland Valley we constantly have thrills that will add to our pleasure and accrue to our length of days.

Most of the time we will be in cultivated and thickly inhabited regions where there is evidence of thrift and prosperity on every side. At other times we will find ourselves rolling through the mountains, viewing park conditions so attractive and so extensive, that put to shame the puny efforts of man in his endeavor to create artificial parks for the most opulent municipalities in the land. No city could raise funds enough to duplicate the beauty that appeals constantly and alternately to every traveler through our Blue Ridge Mountains.

It is frequently noted nowadays that the old-fashioned pleasures of the simple life have been swept away by the inroads of the motor car, the movies, the radio and other distractions of this mechanical age. This may be partly true, but to the man submerged in business organization and aware of being only a cog in a wheel the Antietam offers no end of solace. Along the banks of this stream the slave to routine is free to do as he pleases. Sober minded adult that you probably are, you may have a wistful longing for a day along a stream and if so, start out armed with a camera and a magnifying glass, but it is not necessary to take a gun.

Beginning early in March when the first violet lifts its cheery face above the dead leaves until in November when the brown-eyed Susans surrender to the cold, the stroller along the Antietam may joyously spend nine months in attending a pageant of beauty. The pictures, like those in a kaleidoscope, are turned by the hand of old Father Time himself and every day they charm afresh with their variety.

In early spring every hillside is carpeted in lush green with gayer colors peeking through. Apple trees cast a glow of pink over the large orchards with promise of rich fruitage in the fall. Dogwoods in the mountains also show pink and white through their half-opened leaves. But the sunshine that brings out blossoms also brings out vandals and many unthinking

persons carry away loads of wilted bloom and greenery which a few hours before was beauty that all could see and appreciate.

Nature's laboratory along the Antietam is very busy concocting morsels that appeal to the taste and there is hardly any season of the year during which one may not gather fruits and nuts in abundance. It is possible for a person endowed with average natural resources to be selfsustaining for quite a long while out along Antietam creek. In fact all one's senses are vividly appealed to while rambling up and down this marvelous stream of variety and charm.

To one whose sense of fragrance is not too dulled an early evening walk along the Antietam affords delight that is well worth any one's time. The perfume becomes stronger in the warmth of the evening atmosphere and where the stream wanders close by open spaces the air is laden with a sweet mist rising from clover fields red and white and yellow. The breath of the honeysuckle newly opened greets one at every turn and should one be going along the stream in early June and be fortunate enough to meet up with a bed of wild strawberries, he has come upon the sweetest of meadow perfumes, and best of all there is no one to prevent him from helping himself to these nectar pellets which melt like honey in a thirsting mouth.

A problem one has to contend with when vacationing on the Antietam is the urge to over-stay one's limits. Time seems to be on a vacation too, for it slips quickly by, and if one is not careful darkness is almost sure to overtake one. The first indication that the day is far spent comes with the pure health smell of the fields which is borne on the slightest breeze. The landscape becomes indistinct and the purple tints of the evening sky spread over the western horizon. One should have brush and palette to rightly portray the spring, but that is only a silent spring. It is through the ear that one has the pleasure of hearing the chorus from the many tiny throats which swells and swells until all the air seems to be vibrating with sound.

Already the fireflies begin their fancy dance; they flutter above the green verdure and the ripened grain, and they are indeed the little stars of the earth. Frogs and crickets, Katy-dids and night birds strike up their evening song and the countryside goes drowsily to sleep under the gathering folds of night. If one is down in the valley there is no need to worry, but if up in the mountains one should make a hasty get-away for beneath the shade of trees and in the mists that may arise one can easily lose his way.

Here and there we will pass beneath the shade of big trees; and one wonders how they can support the weight of such heavy branches extending in a horizontal direction clear across the creek thirty feet or more from the trunk. No architect would ever think of designing a structure and putting so great

a load on timbers the same thickness as the limbs of these oaks and elms. Just as an experiment hold out your arms a few minutes and you will soon wonder how it is possible for branches to support so great a weight without bending and at the same time having the fulcrum so near the trunk. Whenever passing by a stately elm, one might with propriety lift his hat. It is the premier specimen of the vegetable kingdom and rightly deserves the compliment.

These big trees—oaks and elms and sycamores—stand forth as living symbols by which the old is linked with the new. They are grim reminders of the march of civilization for some of the older ones go back into our nation's history to the time when the white man was a mere stranger in Antietam Valley.

While it has taken a period equal to four or five times the life of an average man for some of these trees to grow to their present size, yet we have here and now the privilege of enjoying them without the long waiting and if we neglect to do so we are missing a great opportunity. The Antietam too is ready made for our enjoyment, for was it not running here thousands of years ago as it is running now? So we may take in all that is beautiful and contemplate all that is historical along its course and all the while as we trod its grassy banks we may stop and look down into its clear waters and look up at the restful green of the overshadowing trees.

In the back of your mind doubtless is the thought: "Some day I would like to go out along Antietam creek." In the meantime why not see the Antietam? Why not tramp along the banks of this stream? Its two branches are stocked with trout and the mountain forests enfolding its headwaters are suitable places for camping. One can stroll through this delightful mountain region and this radiant agricultural valley, and the opportunity one has dreamed about can be made a reality. Every visitor will quickly agree there is no end to new things to greet his senses and surely there are no finer places for intelligent loafing than along this stream of beauty and variety.

If one wishes to obtain a more extended view of this section, he should go up to Mount Quirauk and climb to the top of the fire tower. From either side of this lofty eminence one can see in the hazy distance, range upon range of tree clad mountains, which are most refreshing to tired eyes. They are clothed to the skyline in forest growth and show every variety of coloring from the silver green of the poplar in the springtime, to the pale gold and crimson of the maple and oak in the autumn and the somber lines of the pine and hemlock in the dead of the winter. The Blue Ridge Mountains are not great rugged sparsely forested skeletons of rock, but graceful high green mounds over whose tree covered slopes laurel and rhododendron, dogwood and Judas tree with other gaily tinted flowers grow unrestrained the season

through. Here nature and man have combined forces. Nature has provided the glorious mountains; man on his part has created the roads to make them accessible, so that the world can see and enjoy this area of matchless charm and beauty. Nature, the master painter of all, has here achieved a canvas of loveliness, for the Antietam Valley is spread out like a fan lying in front of the visitor looking down from High Rock.

The Antietam creek may also be likened to a tree with its branches reaching out in all directions. Hundreds of springs on the mountain side and in the valley below come out of the ground and through creeks and rivulets find their way to the main branches. These springs particularly those in the valley are the sites selected by the early settlers for their dwelling place and so well watered is this section that hundreds of homes in this valley receive their water supply from a cool refreshing spring coming out of the ground nearby.

If it is a clear day and one casts his eyes off to the west a distance of thirty miles or more he will note the blue ranges of the Tuscaroras rising up as a barrier against the western sky. All that lies between constitutes the widely known Cumberland Valley. There are two water-sheds in the southern part of this valley: the one, drained by the Conococheague reaching over to the mountains in the west and the other drained by the Antietam hugging the South Mountain at our very feet. The section that claims our attention in this account is the Antietam Valley. It is close at hand and a finer prospect can hardly be found anywhere. This valley, it may be repeated, is a picture of peaceful loveliness that should never fade from one's memory; but those of us who live here, year in and year out are prone to forget and little appreciate the splendid advantages of our environment. Looking down into the valley from this vantage point on a clear day are to be seen two silver lines—beautiful twisting creeks—they are the two branches of the Antietam which trail their course through this rich rolling country. And the most interesting thing of all is that the town of Waynesboro is snugly embraced like a child in arms, by the two branches of this beautiful stream. The dwellers here have reason to be proud of this valley and they should be grateful to fate or circumstance or whatever it is that has set them down in this corner of the earth which has become the place of their pleasant abode.

The view of the mountains with the rushing streams of the Antietam and its branches, and of the valley where these same streams slow down and creep lazily along their tree lined banks, are equally entrancing. There surely is something inviting about this winding stream as it zig-zags its way through the meadows and where the fresh green grass stretches down to the water's edge. An unforgettable view is this land of romance and of history and of beauty.

Thousands of persons every summer go up to High Rock and look down with admiration on the valley of Antietam spread out before them. We who live here fail to appreciate the beauty which is ours to enjoy every day of the year. Most of us are grossly indifferent for we leave to others to come and discover its charm for us. It should be our pleasure at least once every twelve months, to climb this rocky eminence and renew our acquaintanceship with this wonderful valley. A hundred years ago it was known as Mount Misery and no doubt it was given this somber name by some one who had found it difficult to approach. In those days it was generally scaled from the east, but today it can be reached by a roadway of easy grade up this side of the mountain and there is no good reason why any one with an automobile should not visit this popular outlook, not only once, but several times every season.

Unless preferring a view of our valley by airplane let us go up and obtain a birds-eye view from this elevation. But it will be necessary to go out of the State in order to obtain this remarkable picture of the land which many of us call our home. First we are obliged to cross over the railroad track which bends slyly out of Maryland just a moment to flirt not once but twice with Pennsylvania; however it is faithful in the most part to the state which has given it its name. The trains stop long enough to pay their respects to Pennsylvania at this little place on the mountain side with its hyphenated name of two states. We will then pass through this little village and go about two miles before reaching our objective. It is a wonderful experience to view Antietam from this elevation near the mountain top. Here on these jutting crags, two thousand feet above sea level, one becomes entranced with the lovely landscape spread out before him.

While looking down from High Rock into the Antietam Valley, with Waynesboro in the center and Rouzerville close by, one is reminded of similar scenes in Switzerland. Indeed one of the large hostelries on the mountain in its publicity calls this region the "Switzerland of America" and one reads in booklets, sent to prospective patrons by another large summer hotel, that it is situated in the "Alps of the United States." There is no fault to be found with these statements for this very Antietam Valley was originally settled by many Swiss, who, next to the Scotch-Irish and Germans, are most largely represented here. They doubtless were induced to come to these mountains, because this region reminded them of their beloved home-lands. Witness the names of Snowberger, Frantz, Funk, Knepper, Frick, Wertz and many others, representatives of families living in these parts four or five generations ago.

Sabillasville near the top of the mountain just across Mason and Dixon Line was founded by a Swiss and, gallant man that he

was, he honored his wife by calling his little settlement after her first name, Sabilla. Located on a hillside it is today a typical Swiss village. In truth it may be said that the Rhine as it leaves Switzerland, the land of its birth, and enters the lowlands of France is no more entrancing than our Antietam which rises in the mountains of Pennsylvania and flows through the meadowlands of Maryland.

Flanked on the east by the mysterious Blue Ridge, the Antietam Valley offers the visitor a variety of scenic attractions which will long linger in his memory. From where Antietam creek emerges out of the forest at Glen Furney, its course is through scenery of surpassing beauty and variety but the traveler who wishes to obtain the best view of the valley should see it from High Rock.

The tourist counts this picture of the Antietam Valley a green spot in his memory. The lovely verdure of the fields, the many pleasant springs, the charming old stone and brick houses and the friendly simplicity of the people, all are heartwarming to the traveler. Here the tones of the sky, the invigorating atmosphere, the beautiful landscape, and the wholesome human life, all come together in complete harmony.

The naturalness of the Antietam landscape is what gives it lasting charm. Along these banks nature is at her best and there is here a happy blending of the tilled fields and the uncultivated lands. The hills have rounded tops. The flat fields and stretches of rich meadows are broken into geometrical figures by numerous fence rows and from this vantage point on the mountain the view may be likened to a large checkerboard for use of giant players. Houses below look no bigger than match boxes, forests are reduced to the proportion of asparagus beds, orchards become the size of hall rugs and, if you please, the Antietam, a thin narrow ribbon, is nearly always in sight. All who look upon this lovely rural scene agree that superlatives are needed to describe Antietam Valley.

A DAY ALONG OUR CREEK

Camping out, or picnicking for just a day, has become one of the major forms of recreation for millions of people in the United States. It is a lure of primitive instincts and a heritage of American pioneer life. Throughout the course of the Antietam creek from where it bubbles out of the rocks above Caledonia until it is lost in the waters of the Potomac, a few miles from Harper's Ferry, it is a stream of surprise and delight all the way. There are scores of places where one may satisfy his craving for the outdoors, and these places are just as alluring as many frequented places situated hundreds of miles away. So much is to be seen and learned along our stream, that those who seek

variety by going a long distance at great expense, make a big mistake.

One must be utterly forsaken not to be inspired by the song of the summer birds and the beauty of the summer flowers. Everybody loves plants and animals. The whole framework of nature is never without the charm of color or the magic of contrast and because of our craving for these things let us hie away to the meadowland of our Antietam creek. The flowers with their uplifted petals are there to greet us and the birds with their songs of joy are waiting to welcome us.

In our wonderings along our stream we will find quiet adventure and maybe a little romance. Although not far from home we will soon be out of the distinct boundaries of our own locality and in a limited way we will find out how some of the rest of the world lives. Scattered promiscuously over the landscape are set the thrifty homes of the husbandmen. Houses and barns of stone with great clustering outhouses form little communities in themselves and add to the attractiveness of the scenery. Out from these homes brave little dogs may run and bark at us in a friendly sort of way as we stroll by and we may be sure too that a pair of eyes are following us from behind slightly separated curtains or through doors partly ajar.

Forget business and home cares for awhile and prescribe for yourself a real test. Take a magnifying glass and a camera with you, but no gun. Let the expedition be one of research as well as of pleasure, and you may be sure that enough will be found to arouse your interest. The golfer's thrill at achieving a fine stroke is no keener than that of the nature lover when he discovers some rare flower in an obscure location.

In order to explore our stream there is the choice of two routes: one by way of the East Branch coming down from the Old Forge, the other rising about two miles above Mont Alto and fed by numerous springs in the State Forestry Reserve. We will elect to take the Old Forge Route this time. If you wish to train your boy give him a rod—not as Solomon admonishes though—and go with him along our stream. Let him bait his own hook and try his own luck. If under sixteen he is within the law, thanks to the State of Pennsylvania, to fish anywhere without paying for a fisherman's license.

Near Antietam's source one can, with a long stride, step across the baby stream but it soon grows from the addition of other mountain and valley affluents to quite respectable magnitude before its waters join the great River. What adds zest and variety to our creek is that it runs for ten or twelve miles through mountain forest then at Glen Furney it comes out of the wood into the open spaces and sparkles its way through the valley.

It will be found that when traveling with the stream one must continually change his direction for the Antietam—as is the

case with most other creeks and rivers—vaguely wanders around apparently wondering what to do next. In fact almost any two points along this stream may be but a mile or so distant from each other, but in going from one place to the other, as the water flows, the distance traveled may be two miles or more.

Here and there while traversing our stream we will come to a foot-bridge which some thoughtful person has put across from bank to bank and glad are we if he has been thoughtful enough to have put a hand rail there to which to cling. It used to be a youthful indiscretion of boys to saw the under side of a footlog almost to the breaking point and then hide in a convenient place and wait until some unsuspecting person attempted to cross the log. Of course there would be a spill, but that was not the end of the episode for in the country, as anywhere else, one trick usually begets another.

Unless one is experienced in seeing things one may walk for hours along Antietam stream and never get a glimpse of an animal large or small covered with a coat of hair or of fur. But do not be misled into thinking there are no hairy or furry animals in the vicinity, for you may rest assured they have been peeping out through cracks or crevices and watching your every movement with their bright little black eyes. There are, however, some denizens of our forests and streams such as minks, weasels and ferrets which are very wary and seldom come out except at night.

We may count ourselves fortunate if before leaving the mountain end of the trip, we should happen to see a deer or two quietly standing in some open space for there is no sight more picturesque than a herd of deer browsing peacefully under the shade of overhanging boughs. Notice how alert these graceful creatures are, how inquiringly they lift up their heads at our approach and how with rapid bounds they run quickly out of sight into the depths of the forest.

And then again no country landscape is complete unless it is decorated here and there with herds of cattle. They are just as attractive as deer, but because they can be seen in nearly every field their picture-making qualities are not appreciated. A cow is always an important feature in rural scenery. Behold her grazing in groups on the hillside all headed the same way, or quietly ruminating while peacefully lying under a wide spreading oak or elm! The cow stands for plenty and agriculture cannot well thrive without her. Flocks of sheep may also be seen grazing on the hills. Sheep and lambs are symbols of peace and they too are friends of the artist as well as of the farmer. Horses are also in evidence and while they make good pictures on the landscape, they belong to the god of Mars.

Birds, there are a-plenty along our creek, but birds may be found almost anywhere in the Antietam valley. Birds of bright

and varied plumage with their song are never out of sight or out of hearing. It would be fine if some of our local bird songs could be translated and transcribed into words, but unless one has a good imagination it would be difficult to do and besides no two persons would interpret them the same.

Trees lure us as much as streams, but when they combine to entice us away from our daily task, the pulling at our heart-strings is irresistible. Trees and streams link the present with the past. Trees are fixed unalterably to the soil from which they spring. From one position they feed themselves, reproduce themselves and never move from their point of contact with the earth. Streams on the other hand are never still. Their waters are always moving toward wider outlooks, but never forsaking their companions the trees and shrubs which line their banks. But interesting as are the trees and streams; the flowers, the birds and other wild life add color and lend action to every square yard of the landscape.

By way of a little digression while under these wide spreading branches let us recline on the grass which beckons us with its soft cushion of green. Here we will take our lunch, if we have one, then try to collect our rambling thoughts and do a little thinking on our own account. Naturally our minds will turn to plant life for it is all around us and everywhere is so prolific that it cannot help but be interesting to the most unobservant. The vegetable kingdom primarily furnishes all our food; it landscapes our rolling countryside, and with its curtain of green it protects us from the burning rays of the sun.

If it is Autumn the vegetation along our stream will be resplendent with the tints from Jack Frost's paint box. Then it is that color-lined roads actually lead from our own door steps to the beauties of the outdoors. On the other hand within the rectangular fields is the freshly plowed ground, the rustling cornfields, the closely set shocks of grain and the orchards hanging with luscious fruit. These evidences of labor and thrift are to be seen on all sides in the Antietam valley.

With the coursing of the bright sun across the concave sky, and the ever moving clouds of all conceivable shapes occasionally hiding the sun, one sometimes wonders whether the whole creation was not conceived to stimulate and satisfy the longings in our hearts for beautiful and better things. Possibly things are in store for us far beyond any longing in our hearts. Among the trees and along the streams on a summer's day one is apt to become contemplative and a vague desire for things—we know not what—is aroused in our souls.

While here in the shade reclining on the velvety turf we are apt to think of many things and what is more natural than to take note of the almost infinite number of blades which compose this comfortable bed of grass. And without any seeking on our

part our attention is at once directed to an attribute or manifestation of the vegetable kingdom which can hardly escape our notice on occasions like this. For want of a better name it can be called the axile system. It is common to all vegetable growth but strange to say this subject, important as it is, is not given much attention in handbooks of botany.

The axile if we may call it that, has for its center the neck or point in plant growth from which the stem rises in a direction opposite to that of the root. The root and the stem do not seem to be materially different, but the neck, or whatever it may be called, is the meeting point of two contrary movements—the one determining the upward growth of the plant under the influence of light, while the other pursuing its downward course thriving best in darkness.

When one comes to think of it there is something deeply interesting about this partition line between the root and the stem where the plant shoots upward toward heaven and begins to grow green and where from the same point it pushes downward to seek moisture and sustenance from the soil. Nature's chemical laboratory is constantly at work out in the country and—with air, water and heat—bud, flower and fruit successively come into being. Possibly this neck, like our heart, is the center of circulatory organs which are everywhere evident in the great scheme of creation.

The query arises whether any one can tell at what moment in the growth of the plant is the impulse generated which urges its lifestream to go in opposite directions at one and the same time? The answer to this question, as well as to many others, goes into the very origin of things and it is doubtful whether a satisfactory reply to it will ever be given.

Possibly it does not occur to most of us that while looking at trees, shrubs, etc., which cover the Antietam valley, or any other area that we see only one half of the vegetable growth that is taking place. In fact it is difficult to comprehend that right here before our very eyes there is just as much growth under as there is above the surface of the ground. For example if one could dig up a stately oak and preserve all its roots, he would have what looks like two trees on one stem or trunk, and almost identical, one end composed of branches and the other of roots. In the case of a large tree do you know that every hot summer's day its roots absorb out of the ground tons of moisture which are lifted up and exhaled by its leaves and branches? And so it is by means of nature's hydraulics, partly concealed and partly in sight, wonders are being accomplished every day silently and without the hum and grating of machinery.

The urge to inquire into the how and why of things does not come to one while engaged in the counting room, or in the store, or in the shop, but it is more likely to invade one's mind

during a quiet stroll along the Antietam or along any other stream and at such times lines of thought are awakened, leading in every direction. If so disposed one could spend days in one spot studying nature in its various moods and it could be done with profit as well as with pleasure. Having all the while assumed the right to ramble almost anywhere in this story of Antietam creek, it will be noticed that the privilege of roaming in the field of speculation once in a while is also taken for granted.

In this valley where everything grows luxuriantly one naturally observes how plant life, as well as other kinds of life, devotes its unwearied efforts toward reproducing itself. In this process of reproduction, the mainspring of all life, the by-products are fruits, nuts, grains, fibers, etc., and we in the last analysis by appropriating these for our food, clothing and shelter, actually depend for our existence on the by-products of the vegetable kingdom. This being the case man is more dependent than to be depended upon and, however humiliating it may be, he is relegated to second place in the economy of nature. In times of great stress there is no doubt but that life in the lower scale will better be able to care for itself than man with all the advantages accruing from his so-called civilization and he may be the first to succumb to the wrath of the elements. But one thing leads to another for there is a limit to the flight of one's thoughts and, as we have to stop sometime, let us stop now for the sun is sinking behind the western hills and we will promise ourselves to come back another day.

ANOTHER DAY ON THE ANTIETAM

Go out along Antietam creek some fine day with a few selected companions. Any objective will do for there are scores of delightful places where one may spend a few hours with both pleasure and delight. Take a little something along to eat as nothing so sharpens dull appetite as a day or half a day in the midst of greenery along a stream of water. Strolling along a creek is a natural impulse handed down from our fathers who of necessity tramped the rough trails, waded the coursing streams and climbed the hills and mountains, not for pleasure, but that they might bring back food.

The disposition to squat on land which does not belong to us is also inherited from our ancestors who lived at a time when every one hunted and fished wherever there was game to be had. The statutes, following close upon public opinion, have changed much of this so it behoves every one to respect the rights of ownership and leave all property just as he finds it; for sad will be the time when it will be necessary to secure a permit to stroll along or loll upon the grassy and shady banks of Antietam creek.

One shall not have traveled far until a suitable location will present itself upon which to spread out the toothsome things; prepared to satisfy the inner man while the outer man is taking in the things of beauty on every hand. Without any formality a place on the grass under over-branching trees is selected and appropriation without even consulting the real owner of the spot. If one is careful not to destroy property while on an expedition like this the chances are he will not be asked to move on. Here it should be explained that every person while going along Antietam's banks should remember that the stream belongs to some one.

The farmer's land extends either across both banks of the creek or the boundary of his property may be in mid-stream; in either case a traveler walking on its banks or wading in its waters is trespassing on some one's property. But with good intent one can usually go up and down the creek without let or hindrance from any one. When viewing a stream as it hurries down the mountain gorges or as it leisurely curves its way through the meadows it constantly dawns on the most unobserving that it is difficult to improve on the beauty of nature. The landscape in most places is fair enough and it should be our care to prevent men from spoiling its natural beauties.

It is noted with much interest that steps have lately been taken by the public authorities to beautify the roadsides throughout our State and if such work is done with proper foresight it will add much to the pleasure of residents along the roadways as well as to the delight of the passing traveler. Anything that makes the world even more beautiful should ever be encouraged. The State Highway Department, in cooperation with civic interests, has planted a stretch of several miles on both sides of Waynesboro along Buchanan Highway, with special landscaping around the bridges which span the East Branch and the West Branch of the Antietam, thus beautifying the entrances at both ends of the town. But the lack of resources prevents work of this character from being more generally undertaken along all roads. However more will be done in the future for the day of small things is passing and greater things will soon be done in a greater way.

In order that lovers of outdoors may be afforded an opportunity to enjoy the Antietam Creek to the full it is suggested that it be made more accessible to the public at large. This proposal if carried out even in part will wonderfully enhance the recreational facilities of Waynesboro. The suggestion in brief is that Waynesboro, or the public authorities in the interest of the people, somehow, obtain the right of way along the banks of the Antietam. That portion of the waterway which it seems desirable to acquire extends south from the bridge where the East Branch crosses Buchanan Highway to the place where the

two branches come together at the Iron Bridge and thence north to Memorial Bridge on the western edge of the borough.

To be more specific and make plain what is meant: From the State road at the bridge east of Waynesboro, go down stream along the East Branch to the bridge over the State road at Welty's; thence continuing with the stream to the bridge over the highway leading from Waynesboro to Leitersburg where the East and West branches of the Antietam come together; thence up-stream along the West Branch to the bridge which crosses the township road at Hoover's Mill; thence continuing upstream through Cold Spring Park to Memorial Bridge at the western boundary of Waynesboro.

If this exquisite stretch of loveliness covering eight or ten miles could be acquired for public use, it would open up facilities for recreation which could scarcely be excelled. We who live in this country of hills and hollows are apt to overlook its delightful features. There are scores of cities that would consider such a stream with its dams and falls, its trees and other dense growth, a marvel to be secured at any cost.

Trails or paths could first be laid out the whole distance along our streams thus furnishing rambles of exceeding charm and delight to young and sturdy individuals who might care to start at the bridge east of Waynesboro and follow the semi-circular trail to the bridge west of town, or vice versa. Older persons and those who do not wish to indulge in such strenuous recreation could make a try-out from one road crossing to the next—starting anywhere—and travel a distance in any case not exceeding one or two miles.

In addition to the ramble a more ambitious project—but not unattainable—in the way of a road, might be constructed along the whole course of the stream thus creating a pleasurable detour of exceeding popularity. Should such a road be built every one, no matter what his age or his infirmities, would have the privilege of a drive of wonderful experience. This suggestion is not so difficult of accomplishment as it might seem for there are, at the present time, a number of passable roads along the creek or within seeing distance of it. These could be improved and, together with the construction of short stretches of connecting links, there would be a delightful scenic drive of eight miles or more along our stream from the stone bridge east of Waynesboro to the concrete bridge at the borough limits on the west.

However this ramble along the Antietam may be traversed now without the guidance or a trail or path. As it is, one must find his way the best he can and the experience is worth any one's trial. The only drawback about such an excursion is that it might be considered trespassing, but if the gun is left at home and one goes armed with nothing more dangerous than a

camera he will hardly be molested by the land-owner, especially if he refrains from tramping down growing crops and from doing other damage to private property.

Another plan which furnishes an opportunity to the more adventuresome to enjoy the exhilaration of a trip along the Antietam, is to go up or down the stream in a small flat boat. This plan is addressed more particularly to boys and there is no reason why, with a little patience, they could not construct their own craft. To do this will not require much skill, for poor workmanship will be materially aided, if the boat is put in the water a few days before the contemplated trip and nature given a chance to make it waterproof by swelling the boards and closing the cracks.

With a few companions to insure safety the scenery along the way may be viewed from the boat from the middle of the stream. All the equipment needed for such an excursion is the spirit of adventure together with a strong pole to guide and push the boat through the waters. It is again suggested that another necessary adjunct to such an excursion is a little something to eat, as trips of this kind are wonderful stimulators of appetites. One may be assured beforehand that it will not be smooth boating for here and there are dams and mills, and possibly rapids and shallows, where portages will have to be made.

ANTIETAM IN THE WINTER TIME

It is not exact to paint winter as an old man with a white flowing beard. Rather paint winter as a young man or woman enjoying the cold bracing air and inhaling the life giving oxygen. Going forth on a crisp clear morning is an experience not to be missed. When snow is on the ground no invigorator is needed by the man or woman tramping along Antietam creek for this exercise is one of the sure ways to maintain a vigorous body and an alert mind; and any one who is willing to take these walking excursions has no need of prescriptions from physicians or concoctions from pharmacists.

There are no uncanny spots on the landscape after a downfall of snow. Even the banks of our streams are a smooth concave of whiteness down to the water's edge. Rough places have been made smooth by the blanket of white but withal that, one should ever keep a watchful eye for concealed muskrat or other holes; otherwise an accident may befall without a moment's warning. Note also how the bending branches are covered with wreaths of snow or how they are sometimes glazed over with frozen rain and so, without the expenditure of any money, one can revel for a few hours in this wonderful wealth of evanescent jewelry.

The thermometric view makes one shudder when contemplating a walk through the country in winter time, but it is not the right frame of mind to be in when starting out to enjoy a stroll either on a real cold or a real hot day. If it is during the winter solstice one should be prepared to sally forth as soon as the glorious Sun peeps over the South Mountain, remembering that during this season he describes a much small arc through the sky and will not stay above the horizon nearly as long as during the summer months. Besides weather at this time of the year is fitful and there is no telling when old Sol may have to creep behind some dense cold cloud.

There is no finer exercise than a brisk tramp for an hour or two over new fallen snow. The air is never purer and the blood that tingles through one's veins is a brighter red than at any other time. There is much of interest in such a walk to attract one's attention and one cannot go far without seeing here and there tracks of birds and small animals crisscrossing everywhere. With a little experience there should be no difficulty in identifying most of them, for each one has made its own peculiar imprint on the white landscape. There is no need to destroy, for with few exceptions, the good and bad they do, to the farmers' crops, etc., is pretty evenly balanced. One should be tender hearted and fair enough to recognize that the birds and animals are joint tenants on the land with us.

There are a number of dams along the Antietam and its branches which freeze over several times every winter. But if you have become too old to enjoy the sport of skating, do not withhold that pleasure from your children. It may prevent colds and doctor's bills as well. Three places on the Antietam come to mind where good skating may be had: Good's Dam, Duck Pond and the dam at Five Forks. These ice ponds have been patronized by Waynesboro people for several generations.

When tramping along a stream in winter time or at any time do not think it is necessary to be moving all the while. Be patient and stand perfectly still once in awhile and you will hear and see things you did not know existed. The murmur of the water as it hurries along is more distinctly heard in winter than at any other time of the year, and no matter how cold it is you can hear the chatter of birds above the chatter of your teeth, for there are species of the feathered tribe which live with us the year around.

If one listens closely one will learn that the woods in winter are full of sounds; the whispering of conifers above you, the crackling of dead leaves at your feet and the groaning of branches everywhere. When the wind is high stop at intervals and listen to the invisible choir. No man made instrument can excel the song of the winds among the over-hanging leafless boughs of the hardwood trees. Even one who has no ear for music stands in

awe and vaguely tries to interpret the meaning of the murmuring cadences. Here and there in the mountains along our creek are dense stands of pines and the song of the winds among them is much like the murmur of the distant surf.

Our mountains are mostly forested with oak, beech, hickory, dogwood and scores of other hardwood species. In winter the forests must be accepted as they are, and their condition should not be compared with other seasons of the year. The leafless branches are not the symbols of sadness. Outlined against the sky they make the most perfect setting and one should see in them only a picture of rest, preparing for the activities a few months hence, when every sprout will burst forth into surging energy. When trees and shrubs and vines are bare one can see things which at other times of the year are hidden by the dense foliage. Last year's nests are plainly visible but their architects are gone. They furnish, however, opportunities to marvel at the astuteness displayed in selecting suitable locations for raising their little feathered families.

Winter is surely the proper time to visit the woods or mountains, for it is at this time of the year that one has a chance to see how nature has prepared the framework for a picture which the rain and the sun, a few months later, will fill in with foliage and flowers and fruit. No brush of an artist can equal nature in portraying the fleeting beauty of the seasons. So if you desire to keep some of the scenes in remembrance, carry a camera and take a few pictures, for the opportunity to get good ones does not come more than once or twice a year.

There is one bush that is abundant along our Antietam which merits mention at this time of the year. A strange shrub is the hazel for its flowers come in winter and its little tassels seem to be just buoyant as if it were blooming in the springtime, but though it starts out early to do its summer work, we must still wait six months or more for the filbert. The hazel-corylus must not be confused for the witch-hazel, *Hamamelis Virginiana*, another shrub, specimens of which are also to be found along the Antietam. An extract of this plant is widely used as a remedy for bruises, sprains, etc. The forked branch of this shrub is sometimes used as a divining rod and in deft and willing hands it contrives to squirm in its efforts to indicate concealed springs beneath the ground. Sometimes it is used to show the presence of metal bearing ore underground and one wonders how this plant ever came to be selected for such occult work.

Spring is not the only time to make botanical or other excursions for there are many things of interest to be seen out along our streams and up in the mountains even in mid-winter. Nature is not dead now, it is merely in abeyance and during the coldest days it has its growing pains preparing to bring forth

and bud at the appointed time even though there is a belated spring.

Has it ever occurred to you that most of the so-called wild life along the streams and among the tangled growth of fence rows have only a limited range? Having their enemies, one may be sure that if necessity arises, they know every place of safe retreat within the area of their activities and at any quick movement of yours they will quickly scamper out of sight. These little animals have their daily routine same as humans and if one is fortunate enough during his rambles to see any of these timid friends, and will take the trouble to return to the same place at the same hour on a subsequent day, they will likely be found watching with their bright little eyes; but quick action and sharp vision on our part are needed to spy them out.

In winter when vegetation is stripped of its ornaments one has an excellent opportunity to observe the habits of these denizens of our fields and forests. To be successful in obtaining a close-up view of wild life one should not approach them direct, but rather take a course which will apparently leave them to the side. In this way one can come near to these timid friends without arousing any fear on their part. This is no new theory. It is merely applying the well-known principle of approaching a subject by indirection.

Most of the larger animals formerly to be seen along the Antietam have disappeared due to the axes of the wood chopper and the plows of the farmer which have deprived them of coverage. However there are still a sufficient number of species to be met with in order to make a stroll in winter time an interesting experience. Among these are mink, opossum, skunk, otter, raccoon, squirrels, red and gray, and rabbits. These are protected by law and should not be killed except in open season. The weasel, ground-hog, wild cat, and gray fox may be killed any time throughout the year. Some of them are now taking their long winter sleep and will not come forth until after the calendar or the ground hog indicates that spring is here. Winter is the season, by the way, when the boy and the muskrat meet along our streams nearly always to the hurt of the latter for his pelt is increasing in price every year.

If one of our pilgrimages, through the Antietam Valley, should take us up the road leading from Glen Furney to the top of the mountains we would see a number of camps or deer lodges along the way. Sometimes these camps obtain their quota of six deer but more often they do not. It is not uncommon before the season opens to see droves of deer grazing in the open spaces and to be uninitiated it would appear almost as easy to shoot a deer as it would to go to a farmer's barnyard and shoot one of his cows; but strange to say as soon as the season is on, the deer, especially bucks within the age limit, con-

ceal themselves in the dense growth and as the open season continues it is difficult even to obtain a glimpse of a deer. Nevertheless those participating in the sport feel amply repaid by their outing whether they have the privilege of cutting a notch in their gun or not.

Older residents of this section say that years ago there were no deer to be seen on the south side of the Lincoln Highway, but during the past thirty years, they have gradually been working their way southward, crossing the Buchanan Highway; and recently they have been reported south of the Mason and Dixon Line. Bear were to be found on the South Mountain at one time and so were wild turkeys but none have been seen for many years. It is understood however that the State Game Commission has stocked these mountains with wild turkeys but, as none have been seen, it is feared all have died or wandered to other sections.

The casual visitor to the fields and woods in the winter time will not see many birds, but by taking a number of trips and making a quiet survey he will learn that our valley has more winter life than most people know anything about. A few birds live here the whole year through, while some are merely visitors and others are either winter or summer residents. A few species stay near our habitations and are quite friendly. Among these are the turtle dove, the flicker, the woodpecker, the grackle, the nuthatch and the titmouse. The cardinal and the southern mocking bird are here the year around to gladden our hearts with their refreshing songs. There are also the ever-present and not-very-welcome sparrow and European starling. Out in the fields, but usually beyond gunshot lengths are the meadow-lark, the partridge and the pheasant; and along the Antietam may occasionally be seen the rattling kingfisher and the bobbing killdeer. Overhead, almost any day, one can see flocks of crows and once in awhile a lone turkey buzzard. Lastly owls and hawks should be mentioned, but they generally keep in hiding.

Antietam Valley has much to recommend it during the cold months and a day on its banks is one of real adventure as well. It may also lead to a day of contemplation for it is apt to set in motion thoughts directing one's mind into unaccustomed channels. The birds and other animals which we have been observing give rise to the inquiry whether they do not live more natural life than we humans do; and whether we have not missed the purpose of our existence. Is it most possible that this mechanical age, in which we have entered, has so bound us down to dull routine that we ourselves have acquired in a sense the characteristics of unthinking machines.

Why is it that thoughts like these take possession of one's mental processes while on a winter's jaunt through our valley? Possibly, because it is here where one observes the operations

of nature at first hand. Here one sees how the husbandmen, after having reaped and removed their crops from the fields, find that sufficient food remains to supply, throughout the following winter, all the wild life that shares the occupation of the valley with them.

Man concerns himself with what he shall eat, where he shall sleep and how he shall be clothed; but the denizens of the forests, fields and streams with few exceptions live a care-free life. The rapid scientific advancement which has overtaken us may temporarily throw the world out of joint, but there is a "First Great Cause" that keeps everything in balance and will safely pilot us through the transition period to the new day. We may be in this period now and may be our machines with their ever-increasing speed are hurrying us into another age when science will harness up our natural resources, so that human beings, relieved of practically all manual labor, will be as free as the birds to follow their own sweet will.

Perhaps the time is not far hence when the accumulations of genius and thrift and savings will be of little avail. A large portion of the population seems already to be headed toward the hand-to-mouth policy and should their accustomed income cease, they would be only several weeks in front of disaster. It is difficult to conceive that the system of economics which has prevailed during thousands of years is going to break down. The course that was pronounced on man when he left the garden has not been lifted. Far be it then that sober-minded men should encourage the theory that a new time is coming when man shall be as unaccountable as are birds and that it will not be necessary for the human family to take thought of the morrow.

Unintentionally this has evolved into an essay on social economics and hardly has a place in this sober discussion of the Antietam and its valley. Before leaving it however one should keep in mind that the world has always been a world of change, and as God's ways are not man's ways it is not possible to forecast what is going to confront our race.

But the day is about spent; the sun is dropping down behind the Tuscaroras; the sky is becoming dull; the air is growing colder, and it is time to turn our faces toward home and leave off speculating about things which may never happen.

Even though the procession of flowers is long past, winter should not be regarded as a cheerless season of the year. The big gaping barns hold the fruit of the year's toil. In the broad fields here and there stand lone oaks and elms as sentinels guarding the farmers' flocks and crops and for what we know they may be guarding us too. And finally it is not only a pleasure, but an education as well, to be in the great outdoors--winter or summer--in the Antietam Valley or in fact anywhere throughout the greater Cumberland Valley.

REMINDERS OF ANOTHER AGE

The great Appalachian Valley which extends through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia and Virginia is drained by several rivers and although it is one great valley it is known by different names in the various sections. In the north-eastern part of Pennsylvania it is called Kittatinny and Lehigh Valleys; north of the Susquehanna river it is called the Lebanon Valley; south of the Susquehanna it is the Cumberland Valley and in Virginia it is known as the Shenandoah Valley and the Valley of Virginia. From America's earliest history this valley has been a great highway between the North and the South. The Indians knew the section and its health-creating springs long before it was settled by the White men. Migrating settlers from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia drove their wagons—down this great valley—down to the western corner of Virginia, where a break in the mountain wall gave them access to the headwaters of the streams flowing toward the Ohio and thus they settled Kentucky and Tennessee.

The southern portion of the Cumberland Valley drains into the Potomac river principally by means of two affluents, the Conococheague and the Antietam. The former pursues its winding course on the west side of the valley mostly through the geological formation known as slate or shale and the land is known as slate land; it empties into the Potomac river at Williamsport. The latter traverses a limestone region and hugs the south mountain nearly all the way; it terminates its course about two miles below Sharpsburg at a little place known as Antietam.

Both the North and the South Mountains are composed of sandstone and gravel and the springs which come from them contain soft water. The names of these two creeks—the Conococheague and the Antietam—serve to perpetuate the Indian occupation of this section of the Cumberland Valley.

Let us take a long view and see what forces have been at work in ages past in order to create this wonderful valley which is our abode. The theory of geologists concerning this neighborhood is that the present Antietam Valley was at one time the bed of the great ocean itself and there was land nowhere to be seen. Even the Appalachians in early geological times were beneath the waters of the sea. The earth for a long period, as geologists compute time, was rocked with convulsions and eventually land was lifted up by titanic forces far beyond the mind of man to conceive. As a result of these upheavals there appeared high mountains and deep valleys, higher and deeper than we now see them. The mountains were crowned with rugged tops and jagged cliffs and the valleys were gouged out with deep gullies and gorges; and all the while large streams

were coursing violently through them. Man could not exist during these periods of terrific convulsions and explosions and only the gods were enabled to watch the forming of our world.

Geologists assert that the peaks above Monterey are as old, if not older than any other point on the North American continent. If they are correct in their hypothesis it follows that we are living near the point where land first made its appearance above the wide and dreary expanse of the waters. If this be true—and who is there to deny it—then our lot is cast in a most interesting section of the country.

After this long period of upheaval and unrest, the process of erosion apparently began and the mountains we see around us, are the result of that wearing away for untold millions of years. The Appalachians are known geologically as old mountains and the patient investigator by figuring, claims to determine how long they have been wearing downward through the centuries and to those who know how to read their marks, our mountains have become the tally board of the ages.

The convulsions which folded up the mountains into ridges also tossed the rock and gravel and soil into the low places, resulting in a succession of smaller hills—not as they are now—but rough and jagged in their exterior. It is claimed that these convulsions in the earth's crust cleared the atmosphere, buried the vegetation and afforded favorable conditions for the maintenance of living, breathing animals. Rains doubtless still continued for an indeterminate period and the waters continued to flow down the mountain sides depositing ground and gravel in the low places and spreading it over the surface thus making our pleasant meadow lands. By means of this trickling of water down the slopes, the high places were slowly worn down and the low places were as slowly and as surely filled up. Soil covered with grass and trees began to appear on the land and these friendly Blue Mountains with their rounded tops as we see them today eventually came into being. Thus after ages of disintegration our Antietam valley finally became fit for human habitation.

Antietam creek with its hundreds of springs and streams is what remains of this long process of erosion, but unperceived it is still moving thousands of tons of soil down the slopes to lower levels every year, so that long before the historic period—tens of thousands of years ago—the Antietam valley was formed much as we see it today. Through the Potomac river and the Chesapeake Bay its waters finally reach the sea to be taken up again and carried back to the thirsty land.

There is one thing that an observer of the mountain section of the Antietam watershed cannot help but note and that is the apparently limitless number of red, gray and brown sandstone to be found everywhere. Most of them are of reddish color be-

cause they are impregnated with iron. A peculiarity of these stones is that they have no flat sides or square corners. They are rounded—every one of them—from those weighing tons or more each, down to little pebbles which could easily be put into one's mouth. Evidently there were convulsions of wonderful violence during the formation of the earth and these convulsions must have kept up for an almost interminable period, to have churned these mountains as a puddler works his furnace, and thus to wear the rounded surfaces on these stones.

In the lower Antietam valley limestone rock abounds everywhere and is even more plentiful than the red sandstones on the mountains. The larger part of the valley is underlaid with limestone, which in the higher places is close to the surface, and there are few fields in which it does not crop out above the soil. Here and there ledges of rock break through the soil so that it is difficult to plow over them. These "brakes," as they are often called, have become overgrown with trees, vines and shrubs and they appear as oases—not in a desert—but in otherwise cultivated fields. They are usually interesting spots, for they often become a haven for animals, flowers and berries which the cultivator does not allow to grow anywhere else.

The limestone hereabouts shades from pure white, light blue and dark blue to black. The lighter shades are soft, easily soluble and are more readily affected by the elements. Consequently the whole valley is pitted and pocked with openings large and small, giving rise here and there to sink holes leading down to caverns. The Antietam valley is honey-combed with underground passages: some dry, some filled with mud, some with flowing water and some even overhung with crystals. Doubtless there are caverns undiscovered far beyond our imagination in grandeur. There seems to be a cleavage, called by geologists a "fault" or joint, where the limestone and mountain sandstones meet. This fault in the Antietam valley is well defined and is sometimes close to the mountain, but more often it extends along a course a halfmile or so from the mountain's base. This division between the sandstone and the limestone land is more or less in evidence the whole way from the Susquehanna to the Potomac rivers. Faults are always helpful points to the mineralogists, for it is at such places, they look for deposits of minerals of one kind or other. In this particular locality it appears that at this fault or joint are to be found iron, copper and baryte. All three of these minerals had been mined here with more or less success, but were discontinued about fifty years ago. Doubtless there are other minerals along this fault if we only knew where to look for them.

One authority has made the fitting statement that Pennsylvania with its mountains and valleys of rock running diagonally through the state has become "the 'keystone' in the geological

history of the American continent, as it is also the 'keystone' in the political history of the United States." Thus it appears there is a physical as well as a political reason why Pennsylvania should be called the Keystone State. Nature certainly has been generous to this section and, in her varied moods through the processes of erosion has brought this valley to its present state and man with his touch here and there has developed a soil that is productive and created a picture that is beautiful to look upon.

The first settlers were quick to appropriate the natural resources of the valley. First they cut down forest trees and built themselves log cabins. Later desiring larger quarters, they quarried limestone and sandstone out of the hills and erected the large stone houses and the big stone barns, many of them to be seen on the landscape today. With few exceptions the larger stone houses in this neighborhood were built by the Scotch-Irish and later were acquired by the thrifty and industrious Germans. The former however were the real pioneers who, with their pick and axe and gun, crossed the Tuscaroras and sought out more land in the West. Just here it might be interesting to note that one of their number with an aptitude for the fitness of names, succeeded by transposition of words, in having one of the largest counties in Pennsylvania named "West-more-land."

The Germans with their genius for labor-saving devices soon harnessed the streams and with water power they ground their grain, sawed their lumber, wove their woolen cloth, tanned their hides, and with the exception of what were then termed luxuries, they created here a self-contained and self-sustained community. Truly it is difficult for us at this day to comprehend what has been done in this valley, by those who have gone before, to constitute it the desirable place that it is.

Indeed the stranger on entering Antietam valley can almost imagine that he has fallen upon the survival of the "Stone Age." If he is hungry he may obtain entertainment in a stone dwelling built soon after the American Revolution and if need be, he may park his car in a substantial stone barn. If he is thirsty he may secure a cup of cold water or a glass of fresh buttermilk from a little stone spring-house handed to him by a bright pretty maid. When driving away he will pass continuously picturesque stone fences which bear silent witness of those early days of back-breaking toil. He will likely cross one or more of the stone bridges which are so strongly arched across the Antietam. Every mile or two he will pass an old stone mill with its huge wheel doing duty in grinding feed for the farmer's stock. Or the big wheel may be supplanted by the more modern and more efficient turbine and the miller may be the gainer by the change, but the picturesqueness of the landscape has been destroyed. Occasionally he will pass a small stone church, plain and oblong,

but attractive in its simplicity nevertheless. There are still to be seen, although they are becoming rare, stone chimneys, wide of base and built outside of and adjoining log houses or cabins. Grotesque and odd are these relics of other days for in some cases they are nearly as large as the houses themselves.

There are various stone structures of quaint design to be found in this valley and one that is particularly interesting is located near Roadside along the Antietam. It is a little hexagonal building or is it octagonal? Neatly constructed of stone it shows with what pains men built in those days. It may have been a smoke-house, or possibly a spring-house, as it is located alongside a little spring of clear water. In either case this little building with its quaint surroundings is one of those things that may some day appeal to the artist and it should not be taken down.

When in this vicinity one must not forget to examine the peculiar rock formation in the middle of the Antietam just a rod or two above the bridge which leads into the Country Club. With a little exercise of one's fancy this stone may be likened to a large frog. From its markings it is evident that it required ages for the water to wear the stone into its present shape, while on the other hand an artist could, with a few strokes of his hammer and chisel, convert it into a real likeness of a big water animal. When completed the image certainly would be a unique piece of statuary. With the base set in the middle of the running stream doubtless it would attract even more attention than it does now. After the stone-cutter had done his work, it would combine the handiwork of nature and of art, the former devoting ages to its part of the program, while the latter doing its share in a few days. Some one may come along who will possess the vision to see the possibilities of this midstream rock formation.

While taking account of stone structures, it may not be out of place to mention the old lime-kilns which are still in evidence but not in use, here and there on the country landscape. Fifty years ago these old relics were a common roadside feature to be seen on nearly every well ordered farm in the Antietam Valley. For convenience's sake they were invariably built along side a small hill so that the stone, to be converted into lime could be hauled up to the opening and dumped into the kiln. Lime-kilns were built kettle-shaped on the inside and were lined with sandstones or hard brick. They were open at the top and also had a small triangular opening at the bottom in front of the structure from which to take the burned product.

The average kiln held 50 to 60 perches of stone and after five or six days of firing with coal or wood, the stone was converted into lime. The burned lime was then hauled onto the fields and after becoming airslaked was spread out thinly on the soil for the purpose of speeding up plant production. Lime for this purpose is not much in use now as commercial fertilizers

have largely taken its place. The burning and handling of lime, thirty or forty years ago, was the most unpleasant task the farmer had, and the loading, hauling and spreading of manure from the stables was a close second.

While considering things geological it seems appropriate to note some of the contrary moods of our stream and the valley. But there is this to be said in favor of the stream, that at no place and at no time does it have a tendency to stagnate as it flows briskly along between its well defined banks, always with seeming intent to reach its Mother of Waters, the Potomac river. Once in awhile, it must be said that our Antietam does not behave as it should. There are times when after melting snows on the mountain or heavy rains in the valley, it escapes its boundaries and goes on a rampage. Doubtless these infrequent lapses of good conduct on the part of our stream may be inherited and refer back to prehistoric times when its waters were in constant turmoil.

During these outbreaks of temper, of necessity, it does considerable damage to the property of dwellers on its banks by spreading sediment and gravel over the adjoining meadows. But not for long, for it soon returns to its accustomed channel and sediment and gravel, deposited here and there in ugly blotches, are eventually covered over with a pleasant carpet of grass which nature so mercifully provides to heal all scars on the landscape. But what healthy boy, and for that matter what healthy girl, does not enjoy the excitement of such overflows and will even risk his life to save chickens or other helpless animals caught in the fury of the flood. At long intervals our stream has dry spells when there is not enough water between its banks to float a toy boat. It has such a spell now.

It has been known a long time that the soil, along the branches of the Antietam creek, seemingly possesses properties at variance with that of other portions of the Cumberland Valley. An early historian noted, nearly a hundred years ago, that the region just west of the South Mountain, or the Blue Ridge, was especially well supplied with springs both on the surface and under the surface of the ground. It is natural, therefore, that a region so well watered, is capable of becoming very productive, and so it follows that the moisture, in connection with the rich limestone and sandstone soils along Antietam creek, enables farmers with little or no difficulty to raise grains and fruits in great abundance and of the best quality.

On the other hand there is a condition in Antietam valley which has often been noted by residents and that is that the ground, in this immediate vicinity during the winter months, seems to exhale a vapor so warm and mild that fallen snow quickly melts away. Be this as it may it is well known that the rapid melting of snow in this valley as compared with adjoining

districts is very marked; for instance the streets of Waynesboro shortly after a downfall of snow may become entirely bare while in Greencastle but eight miles distant, the streets may still be covered with snow to the depth of several inches.

No explanation of this has ever been offered and it may have no particular significance, but those who live here and love this valley merely take it that this is just one of a number of indigenous features peculiar to this neighborhood and which are not possessed by other localities. There is no doubt but that Antietam valley is an outstanding community and for a number of reasons it is believed that it will continue to be so for long years to come. Its inhabitants, therefore, are somehow imbued with the feeling that they are a favored and a fortunate people.

HEADWATERS OF ANTIETAM CREEK

The area comprising the headwaters of the Antietam has received recognition of its worthwhileness by the State of Pennsylvania through the Department of Health and the Department of Forests and Waters. It is only necessary to visit these highlands to come to the conclusion that they form a district remarkable for its natural scenery, its luxuriant plant growth, its pure water and its pure air; and it is found to be just as remarkable for the development which has taken place because of these features. It is not surprising therefore that the State of Pennsylvania, when looking for a suitable site for the treatment of patients suffering from tuberculosis, decided to establish a camp on the South Mountain in the Mont Alto State Forest. During the thirty years of its existence the Mont Alto Sanatorium has grown from a camp, with a score of patients living in tents, to a health community numbering close to 1000. The inscription on a marker in front of the children's ward reads "the first sanatorium for the open-air treatment of tuberculosis in this country at Mont Alto in 1902."

Pennsylvania is divided into 25 forest districts and the oldest of these is the Mont Alto State Forest, covering the greater part of the mountain area of the Antietam watershed. It is one of the best equipped forest stations in America. The old furnace property in 1903 was selected as the site for the Pennsylvania State Forest School, the oldest in the country, devoted solely to forestry training and education. In 1929 it was merged with the forest school at State College resulting in the organization of the Pennsylvania Forest Research Institute in 1929, first of its kind maintained by any state government in this country, and Mont Alto was again selected as the most suitable location for this important state activity. This institution promises still further to develop sound forestry practices and through its

studies much more than is now known will be learned concerning tree growth and tree life. Both of these institutions work together and will contribute to the development of sound forestry practice and Antietam valley will benefit by what is being done here.

The study of trees by these organizations reveals that this district is rich in variety of trees and smaller plant growth. There are to be found here a number of uncommon native trees which are ordinarily absent or rare in other portions of Pennsylvania. Among these are to be mentioned the Southern yellow pine, one of the most important of the commercial pines; chinquapin, a species of chestnut which has survived the blight; magnolia, a tree whose showy flowers are a temptation to nature vandals and who threaten its existence; papaw, a small tree with fruit that tastes like bananas; holly, much sought after for Christmas decorations; persimmon, whose fruit before the period of frosts, has a tendency to make the small boys mouth smaller, and aspen, whose leaves sway in the air even when there is no appreciable breeze.

It is here at Mont Alto that the practice of forestry upon the state forests of Pennsylvania actually began. Here is to be found the oldest plantation of forest trees in the United States set out on forest land and here on the banks of our historic stream the first forest tree nursery in the United States was established by the Pennsylvania State Department of Forests and Waters. It is called the Mont Alto Tree Nursery and has been functioning ever since 1902. Up to the present time it has produced nursery stock numbering over 35,000,000 seedlings.

Since the nursery has been under way more than 2,000,000 forest tree seedlings have been planted on barren areas and on otherwise waste places upon the sides and tops of the South Mountains. Many of these planted trees are of good size and will produce lumber for the next generation superior to that grown in the original forests. Incidentally the oldest white pine plantation on forest land in Pennsylvania is located along the Sanatorium road near the orchard and is enclosed by a deerproof fence. This was formerly the Monaghan property. Planted in 1902, a recent survey shows that the plot contains over 1300 trees per acre and that the larger trees are more than 35 feet in height and over six inches in diameter breast-high.

It is worth while to know there are scores of other plantations, at various places on these mountains, including Scotch pine, pitch pine, Jack pine, Japan larch, European larch, green ash, black walnut, Douglas fir, balsam fir, etc. These are all being watched with interest by the foresters and from them they will secure data that will add to their knowledge and to our knowledge of tree growth.

Numerous natural stands in the Mont Alto Forest District

also form interesting areas, serve as study plots and through them much valuable forest information is collected. And so experimental plantings supplemented by growth studies, by thinning and pruning operations supply data which are available not only to professional foresters and forest land-owners, but to people in every walk of life. Some of the most interesting forestry experiments in the country are in progress on the timbered slopes of the South Mountains. Foresters from other states as well as from countries come to Mont Alto for the purpose of obtaining points on forestry as it is practiced here. Indeed those of us living in this valley do not recognize and appreciate all that is going on before our very eyes.

In addition to the regular native trees there are more than 100 different kinds of trees, foreign to Pennsylvania soil, which have been brought here and planted by the Forestry School. These are growing thriftily and some of them represent rare species from remote parts of the earth. Already there is an arboretum in Mont Alto Forest well worth any one's visit and, eventually on account of favorable climatic conditions, it should become a mecca for tree lovers from everywhere. We who live in Pennsylvania should cherish trees for we live in the only state that embodies the word "forest" in its name.

Within the Mont Alto Forest District is a State Game Refuge established in 1906. It is on the north side of the Old Forge Road and covers an area of approximately 2000 acres. It is enclosed by a single strand of plain wire, more than man high and nearly ten miles in length. This preserve was established for the protection and propagation of game and it is unlawful at any time to hunt or fish within its boundary. One may go through it any time, however, without hindrance if he does not have firearms, traps or dogs. A resident game keeper is in charge.

Camp sites in the State Forest may be leased at a nominal rental by individuals, organizations and other groups interested in the out-of-doors, for periods not exceeding ten years with the privilege of renewal.

The Mont Alto State Forest belongs to the people. The usual "No Trespassing" signs do not appear on this publicly owned land. But on the other hand there are to be found large signs bearing the words "You are welcome on the State Forests." This includes hunters and fishermen in season, as well as those who go for other purposes of recreation the year around.

The most important of all the forest roads in the Mont Alto Forest connects the headquarters of the Mont Alto State Forest on the West Branch of Antietam creek with the Old Forge District on the East Branch. This road leads over the crest of Sandy Ridge at an elevation of 1960 feet above sea level and makes accessible to the public a region of beautiful vistas and

scenic charms. Near the top of this mountain an opening in the forest has been brushed out, from which one may obtain an inspiring bird's-eye view of the Mont Alto State Forest and surrounding country. This road has become much used by Waynesboroians who wish to take a thirty mile round-trip pleasure drive of variety and delight.

There is no finer exercise than tramping through a mountain forest and there is no greater accomplishment than to know the trees and be able to call them by name. As a matter of information it should be said that among foresters, woody plants 10 feet or more in height are called trees and below 10 feet are known as shrubs. There are ninety miles of forest trails and twenty miles of drivable roads in the Mont Alto State Forest. The State forests are open to all and one is missing a great opportunity not to know and see these mountains with their trees and shrubs and flowers.

The State of Pennsylvania owns more than one million acres of forest land, of which nearly ten per cent is located in the South Mountain region. It might be well to know that for the purposes of administration, the South Mountain area is divided into the Mont Alto State Forest and the Michaux State Forest. The Mont Alto State Forest comprises the forest land in the southern part of the South Mountains in Franklin and Adams counties down to the Mason and Dixon Line and it bears repeating that it includes within its domain the Forest Academy, the Forest Research Institute, the Mont Alto Forest Tree Nursery, the South Mountain Tuberculosis Sanatorium and many interesting and instructive forest object lessons.

The Michaux State Forest which includes within its domain a small part of the Antietam watershed, is named in honor of two famous French botanists who, during the latter part of the Eighteenth and the early part of the Nineteenth centuries, made several botanical excursions through the United States, going as far west as the Mississippi river. They were Andre Michaux and his son, Francis Andre Michaux. Their journey led them through the Cumberland Valley, which so charmed the elder Michaux that he called it the "Vale of Flowers."

But great as was their delight in the scenery it was greater still in their botanizing experience and especially pleased were they, when they found specimens of Short Leaf pine, a species which grows luxuriantly farther South. Though rare there are still specimens of these trees to be found in Southern Pennsylvania. The most notable stand of the species was on the Benjamin George farm. It is two miles from Mont Alto, on the north divide of the Antietam valley, along the Waynesboro Branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad. These trees were preserved for many years by the wise owner who repeatedly said, "So long as my eyes remain open these glorious trees will stand."

However, these "glorious trees" have been cut down within the past few years by one of his successors for economic reasons, no doubt, and nothing remains on the tract but hundreds of stumps, standing like tombstones in a cemetery, mute reminders of the glory of that venerable stand of trees. These stumps are slowly wasting away, the tract will eventually be plowed over, just as many country graveyards have been plowed over, and no evidence will remain to show that here stood a group of mighty forest monarchs. It is refreshing though, in these days when everything seems to revolve around economic efficiency, to reflect that the former owner faithfully kept the solemn pledge made to himself.

In Andre Michaux's will, although a Frenchman, he left an endowment fund for a fellowship in the University of Pennsylvania, to be used in the study and extension of forestry in the United States. The Mont Alto State Forest School and other forest activities in this region, without doubt owe their existence to the elder Michaux, as it was through the efforts and influence of the late Dr. Joseph T. Rothrock, the first lecturer in the Michaux fellowship, that this fund became available to found our forestry school. It is very appropriate, therefore, that the first state forest preserve was named for these enthusiastic and generous tree lovers from France.

The Michaux State Forest comprises the state-owned forest land in the northern part of the South Mountain and is divided into the Caledonia and the Pine Grove divisions. Thus it is seen that the names of the three historic iron furnaces in the Cumberland Valley—Mont Alto, Caledonia and Pine Grove—are fittingly perpetuated in the names of those forest divisions.

Some one has said that nature must have been in a liberal mood at the time she fashioned the South Mountains of Pennsylvania. When the White man first set foot upon them, he found them underlaid with extensive deposits of rich ore, overlaid with a dense growth of valuable forest trees, and in addition to all this, the mountains were dotted over with thousands of sparkling springs. And it can still be said that nature continues friendly with these mountains and this beautiful valley through which flows the Antietam creek.

The South Mountains extend diagonally northeast and southwest on the east side of the Cumberland Valley. The system is composed of numerous ranges, extending at various angles with each other and at some places, the mountain region is eight, ten or twelve miles in width, so that there are large areas where one can travel miles through the forest without once seeing a human being, or even seeing any evidence of human life. In fact so dense is the undergrowth at some places that unless one has a good sense of direction, or is experienced in mountain climbing, it would not be safe to go alone into these

wildernesses any great distance. Only the practiced woodsman should go into these mountains as they are at present. In the course of time, however, new roads and new trails will naturally be laid out because of the increasing urge to make the most of the great outdoors, and because mountain climbing and mountain hiking will eventually become a popular pastime.

An ambitious project is afoot to lay out a pathway reaching from Maine to Georgia, a distance of more than 1000 miles. It is planned to follow the summits of the mountains wherever practical. In this region it crosses the Lincoln Highway at Newman's. Thence it goes close by the Sanatorium above Mont Alto and thence crossing the Mason and Dixon Line at Blue Ridge Summit. It is to be known as "the Appalachian Trail" and has already been marked in a vague way nearly its whole length. It is expected to be a popular pastime for those adventurous individuals who are willing to accept the inconvenience and hardship that such a walking trip will entail. In Virginia its course will be through the Shenandoah National Park following of course the top of the highest ranges of the Blue Ridge Mountains. After the trail becomes a reality, persons living here may take it at any of these road crossings and go as far as they care to in either direction.

Doubtless there are many wonderful views to be had from this rimtop trail of the world, but it is a question whether any portion of the thousand mile walk will afford a more beautiful and commanding outlook than the view to be obtained from the summits of our South Mountain.

Just here it should be noted that the names Blue Ridge Mountains and South Mountains are often used interchangeably for the ranges lying on the east side of the Antietam valley. This is not exactly correct and in order to avoid confusion the name South Mountain should be given to these ranges located north of the Potomac river while the name Blue Ridge should be applied to those south of that Line.

For a time at least this proposed trail will likely be indicated as woodsmen mark paths through the woods, be either a notch on the side of a tree or a blotch of whitewash on a stone or rock. Little or no grading or leveling will be done, but in the course of time after it shall have become used it will be worn into a path so there will be little danger in anyone losing his way.

The South Mountains which bound our horizon on the east, harbor the headwaters of our Antietam creek. Their ranges, as said before, are part of the Appalachian system which forms the backbone of eastern United States. While not topped with rugged peaks and bare cliffs, as many other ranges are, they were still formidable enough to have stood as a barrier to the western migration of the early settlers and probably postponed the first habitation of our valley for several decades.

Comparing our mountains with those in the western part of the United States it is important enough to note that too much is made of the altitude of the western mountains. The Rockies rise from valleys or plateaus which are already 6,000 or 8,000 feet above sea level, while the Alleghenies rise from valleys only a few hundred feet above sea level, and accordingly there is not so much difference between them, from the points of observation as there seems to be.

To our unaccustomed eastern eyes, their bare crags and snow fields do provoke a great thrill, but this advantage is more than offset by the superior richness of the form and color of our eastern forests over the somber repetition of the ranked conifers of the western altitudes. More than one hundred tree species glorify our mountains and cover their slopes with dense forest growth while the Rockies and Sierras have only a dozen specimens or so in any one locality. One never becomes tired looking on these friendly South Mountains and to know them is to appreciate them.

The headwaters of the Antietam have been attracting visitors ever since the white man came into this valley. Doubtless the aborigines visited them too. If the people who live here do not visit the mountains, which are at our very back door, they are missing a great opportunity. Go up, therefore, into these hills and mountains with their wealth of natural beauty, with their cascades and waterfalls, with their fine walks and drives. They constitute a land of health and happiness and if one can stay there over night, so much the better, for he will be guaranteed a refreshing sleep as the thermometer up there averages 10 to 15 degrees lower than down in the valley.

Sir Walter Scott, in a famous novel, "The Heart of Midlothian" quotes the dying words of an old Highland laird, or landowner to his son: "Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock when ye're sleeping." Good advice this, and we can well follow the rule that every time we cut down a tree, we plant two in its stead. "Be a tree planter" is a good solgan for everybody. A home without trees is charmless and cheerless. A town without trees is shadeless and uninviting. This would be a dreary world without trees and man cannot actually get along without them. It is foresight therefore on our part to cherish trees.

Trees are the most interesting living things on the earth. Trees are more than thick trunks, branches, twigs, buds, leaves, flowers and fruit. There is a human side to them. They breathe, eat, drink, grow, produce, work and rest as we do and they are more closely allied with us than most of us realize. There is no art, no science, no traffic, no comfort that does not issue from trees. Every spark of fire and of motion—whether of wood or of coal or of oil—was once lodged in the heart of a tree.

Strange too, is it not, that the story of our religion began at a tree standing in the garden of Eden and reaching through a period of four thousand years ended at a tree on the hill of Golgotha? Without those two trees the history of the world might have been changed. And so there seems to be almost more than a material side to trees and I dare say that few of us appreciate our utter dependence on them. The breath of our very lives depends on the green leaf of the trees and there is no wonder we have such a comfortable feeling when strolling through the friendly shade of these South Mountain forests.

VALLEY OF A THOUSAND SPRINGS

Some one many years ago, with a vivid imagination, christened the small cove above Mont Alto, "The Valley of a Thousand Springs." The area drained by the Antietam down to Mont Alto is certainly well supplied with springs, but it is an exaggeration to say there are a thousand of them. Colonel George B. Wiestling, superintendent of Mont Alto Iron Company was the first to see the possibilities of the place and in 1875 he proceeded to develop the portion just above the furnace into a community picnic ground.

With its big rocks and boulders, its tall trees, its dense shrubbery and its gushing springs, Mont Alto Park had all the natural features so necessary in such an enterprise. Accordingly winding paths were laid out through the laurel in every direction leading to hidden springs and cosy nooks. Rustic bridges were built across the rippling streams. Shelters, tables and seats were everywhere provided for use of the picnickers. Even in the warmest days of summer it was a delightfully cool place and was regarded as one of the beauty spots of Pennsylvania.

Colonel Wiestling loved these mountains and out of the goodness of his heart he constructed Mont Alto Park. Although a private enterprise no entrance fee was ever exacted. It became a popular resort and during the Eighties and Nineties it was largely patronized by people from throughout and beyond the Cumberland Valley. It was a popular resort for Sunday school picnics and there were days when as many as 6,000 to 8,000 were on the grounds at one time. At other times there were small select parties of picnickers and doubtless many romances came into existence in this romantic spot.

After the death of Colonel Wiestling, who was the leading spirit in the enterprise, the park was neglected and it gradually fell into disuse. The property of the Mont Alto Iron Company which included the park area was acquired by the State of Pennsylvania and the evolution which has since gone on there is so extensive and so recent that the work it has done is known to every one. It may be of interest in passing to know that

Colonel Wiestling, a passionate lover of outdoors, as early as 1877, was a member of the Council of Pennsylvania Forestry Association and in 1886 he was appointed a member of the State Forestry Commission. The 20,000 acres of forest holdings of his company were among the first acquired by the commonwealth of Pennsylvania for state forest purposes.

Besides the park there were three places which visitors were urged to see by their friends who had been there before. These were the Ramble, leading from the park to the Pearl of the Park; the Narrows, a gorge farther up the mountains, and the steep parth or trail to Oak Knob.

The Ramble consisted of a narrow pathway curving up through the mountains leading along rocks and trees and lined on both sides with laurel and rhododendron. The little Antietam was sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other crossing always under rustic bridges, each of a different design. The Ramble was a cool shady walk which every one, who visited the park, wished to take for it was the thing to do.

One objection to the Ramble in those days which occasioned a more or less comment among the younger visitors was, that it was not wide enough and had to be traversed single file practically throughout its whole course. This caused considerable disquietude to the young swain who insisted on walking beside his girl companion, rather than before or behind her. She too many have thought that Colonel Wiestling, when laying out this trail, should have been more considerate by constructing the path so that two could walk side by side with comfort, but modest as young women were in those days, she did not indicate by word or in any other manner that the path was not as it should be.

The Narrows consisted of a precipitous pass through a narrow gorge with the high cliffs of Rocky Mountain on either side. Rising abruptly on the south side of the gorge is Eagle Rock and on the north side is Indian Rock with elevations about 1700 feet above sea level. From either of these vantage points are inspiring views of the surrounding forests. In those early days it was a winding path leading over and beside big and little boulders, and by the older folk it was though difficult to negotiate. There is now a well-used trail through the Narrows and consequently it has lost some of its awesomeness.

The Narrows began at the Pearl of the Park near where the Ramble ended and during park days nearly every visitor went to the Pearl of the Park by way of the Ramble. At this point many would go no farther, and only the most venturesome would brave the trip through the Narrows. The others would await their return or retrace their steps to the park proper.

There was always a sort of mystery about the Narrows and hundreds of excursionists—arriving by trains in those days—

hesitated to walk through the Narrows. Whenever the trip was proposed vague dread or uneasiness was apparent for the trail was supposed to lead into the very depths of the mountain forest. A general feeling existed that there was an even chance to lose one's way. Somehow the children were fearful they might come across Indians. They actually knew there were no Indians, but like the Santa Claus myth the Indian story persisted. Moreover, the older ones thought they saw strange markings on the rocks which were interpreted as having been made by Indians; and there is no doubt but that Indians in times past roamed these mountains and used the Narrows as a trail.

In addition to doing the Ramble and the Narrows the third popular thing to do while at the park was to go to the top of Oak Knob. This part of the program was generally reserved for the husky members of the party, while the very young and the very old were obliged to find their pleasure and entertainment at the foot of the mountain. Oak Knob is fifteen hundred feet above sea level and those who climbed its steep sides to the summit thought they were heroes and usually did a little boasting which did not go down very well with the others. At the highest point an observatory was erected from which was to be had a magnificent view of the Cumberland Valley and a close-up view of Mont Alto.

Nearly every neighborhood has its eerie stories, but the mountain district above Mont Alto seems to have more than its share of them. There is a tradition that Captain John Cook, of John Brown fame, before coming down to Mont Alto at the time of his capture by the Logans, had concealed his gun in a cleft of the rocks at the Narrows. Boys have been looking for that gun ever since. Maybe it is still there and maybe it was never there.

There was an old colored wood chopper, Black Andy by name, who lived in a little log cabin not far from the Ramble. His was a place frequented by white folk who wanted to hear his fiddle and his old slave stories. Although a harmless old man, children would not go near his cabin after the shadows began to lengthen.

Then too there is a legend of a friendly Indian who years ago was killed for his treasure by an outlaw, of whom there were many in those days. For a long time afterward, on each anniversary of his death, the more imaginative thought they heard an unearthly warwhoop echoing in the mountains as a protest against his unlawful killing. These stories have been transmitted from one generation to the next, and of necessity are more or less shadowy. There are other traditions in these mountains, but these three are engaging because they refer to three races—white, black and red.

It is remarkable how Indian traditions and legends con-

tinue to be told in the Mont Alto region and there is no doubt that some of them have, through the years by the retelling, grown out of all proportion to actual facts. Years ago there was pointed out in Mont Alto a pile of stones marking the graves of two Indians. There was also a hollow-shaped stone, missing now, in which it is said the Indians pounded their corn into meal. Undoubtedly there were Indian trails reaching to various points throughout the mountains and possibly one of them led through these so-called Narrows.

If the spot where the two Indian lovers were buried can still be located it should be marked; if the big hollow millstone is still existent it should be preserved, and if any old Indian trails can be definitely traced through the mountains their course should also be indicated. Had Indian Spring not been marked by Colonel Wiestling fifty years ago, it is doubtful whether it could now be identified. It will be a distinct loss to succeeding generations if these tales and legends of the aborigines be permitted to fade from human memory.

The Pearl of the Park, one of the sources of Antietam creek and a popular attraction in Mont Alto Park days, was named by David K. Wagner, editor of the Shippensburg News, a friend of Colonel Wiestling; and all agree after reaching this cool, clear glistening spring that it was rightfully christened. One of the things the picnickers usually did after arriving at the Pearl Spring was to take a drink of its sparkling refreshing waters which were declared by all to be most exhilarating. Indeed some said the water contained a perceptible trace of lithia. The Pearl of the Park has been walled to prevent contamination of its waters and it now furnishes water of excellent purity to the Borough of Mont Alto. Mont Alto is indeed fortunate to have secured this spring for its water supply.

A feature of this region, deserving a visit, is Tarburner Spring which has become an unfailing supply for the State Forest School and the Research Institute. At one time the water of this spring, because of its excellence, was bottled and sold extensively. So pure is its water that it may be used in automobile batteries with safety instead of distilled water. The name tar-burner is derived from pits which were constructed in this vicinity up to and during the Civil War period and their remains may still be seen. In those times tar, used for greasing wagon axles and for other purposes was obtained by digging pits several feet deep in which were placed pieces of pitch pine wood. After the pits were covered over with earth they were fired with the result that tar was obtained as a residue and charcoal as a by-product. Tarburner Spring is one of the sources of Antietam creek. Chestnut Spring, along the road from Mont Alto to the Sanatorium, has been enclosed by the Waynesboro Motor Club as a memorial to those once associated with the old Mont Alto Iron

Company, and it supplies fresh pure water to passing motorists.

A public State forest camp has lately been developed at Traveler's Spring located along the old road to the Sanatorium and has become a favorite family picnic ground. It is an interesting spot for it is said that water from this spring refreshed the Confederate soldiers of General Lee's army on their march to Gettysburg during the Civil War. Other springs in this district are Indian Spring, Fairy Fount, Rothrock Spring, and many more not considered important enough to have names, all are sources of Antietam creek. One account has it that "The Valley of a Thousand Springs" is a small district just a short distance east of the park and contains innumerable small springs which converge and find their way to the parent stream—Antietam creek.

Many of the springs on the South Mountain which feed Antietam creek have no special historical representation, however there are a few which became noted as camp sites or hotel sites and flourished during the early part of the last century. One of these is Monaghan's Spring, named after an Irish gentleman who, in the early part of the last century, established a watering place or camping ground here, but it did not last long on account of difficulty of access. Its waters were claimed to be absolutely pure with a temperature of 52 degrees, which is a degree or two lower than the majority of other springs in the valley and on the mountains.

Monaghan's Spring is noted for its peculiar surroundings, and in order to reach it one must cross a large meadow or plateau known years ago as Monaghan's Cow Fields. In those times it was a favorite pasturage ground for cattle from the valley which were driven up the mountain from the country around Funkstown, now Mont Alto, much to the annoyance of the owners of the property. The spring is now doing a useful turn, for its cold pure water is forced in pipes up to the Sanatorium.

Rattlesnake run is of interest to the people of Waynesboro because it is one of the supplies to the water reservoir, which is located in this region. The reservoir was completed in 1926, and has a capacity of 5,000,000 gallons. It is fed by this run and other springs of pure water on the East Branch, Antietam creek. The reservoir site is leased from the Department of Forests and Waters for a period of 30 years with renewal privileges. The annual rental is one-fourth of one per cent of the gross annual receipts of water sales which are close to \$40,000, and the cost to the borough therefore is about \$100 yearly.

One will have to go a long way to find a region so well watered as that of the Mount Alto Forest. And it will be difficult to find any other place having so many springs, in such a small area and serving so many communities with water. Briefly: Pearl-of-the-Park furnishes water to the Borough of Mont Alto;

Tarburner Spring, to Mont Alto Forestry School and the Forest Research Institute; Travelers' Spring to a public camping ground; Chestnut Spring, to the motor traveling public; Rattlesnake and other springs to the Borough of Waynesboro; Monaghan's Spring, Sand Spring, Snow Spring, Cold Spring and several others, to the Mont Alto Tuberculosis Sanatorium. This institution is also furnished water from a dam on the Little Antietam just below Tarburner's Spring. There are hundreds of other springs on these mountains. At this time the springs on the higher altitudes are absolutely dry; at other times water appears to be oozing out of the ground everywhere and in the important thing about the springs is that all contain water of unquestioned purity. It is no wonder that the small area near the park was known as "The Valley of a Thousand Springs."

COLD SPRING HOTEL

Most people are surprised to learn that Antietam creek does not come out of the dark fastness of the earth in Franklin county. A map of this section discloses the fact that it has its rise in that queer-named township, Hamilton-Ban, in Adams county. One hundred years ago it was recorded by geographers as Hamilton-Ban township. Antietam's source is near the top of the mountain, only a few miles from the Lincoln Highway and about four miles from the Sanatorium. It is known as Cold Spring. It is a beautiful spring with cold sparkling waters and after seeing it one can readily understand why it was chosen to be the site of a hotel seventy-five or more years ago. Cold Spring then is the real source of Antietam creek as it is farther from the mouth of the creek than any other of its numerous springs. It is the "ver(itas-ca) put" of the Antietam. To interpret the expression in quotation marks requires a little knowledge of Latin and of U. S. geography.

Few people are now aware that in the middle of the last century there stood beside this spring, at the head-waters of Antietam creek, a large four story frame structure with other necessary buildings, known as Cold Spring Hotel. It was a summer hotel and was surrounded by bath houses, stables and such other buildings as were to be found at a first class summer hotel in those times. Cold Spring Hotel was a popular resort and had among its patrons many persons from the eastern cities.

Even before the hotel had been erected, Cold Spring was a popular place and it was not unusual for families to go to this otherwise quiet retreat and remain there weeks at a time, occupying tents and temporary shelters which they brought with them. It was then known as Sweeny's Cold Spring for it was owned and conducted by Daniel Sweeny who had emigrated from Donegal, Ireland, in the year 1800. He found when he came

here that Cold Springs had already acquired a reputation as a resort. Seeing the possibilities of the place, he purchased 500 acres of mountain land, built a few small log houses, made the Springs more accessible and increased its popularity as a summer resort. From all accounts his place was conducted very much like the present roadside camps and Daniel Sweeny actually appears to have been a hundred years ahead of the times.

Mr. Sweeny kept the Spring until he died in 1833. His son James Sweeny being but a boy at the time, his guardians took charge of the property and conducted it until he became of age. After acquiring possession of the property James erected several buildings and kept the Springs awhile himself. He then rented the Springs and finally sold them to the Caledonia Springs Company, a partnership composed principally of citizens from Chambersburg. This company then proceeded to erect the large frame structure, stables, bath houses and other necessary buildings. This was in 1850. It was an attractive place, became widely known and it is said that it was visited by many people prominent in the business and political life of Pennsylvania and adjoining states. In this shady retreat with kindred spirits, they whiled away the hours in accordance with their standards of pleasure in those days.

But the hotel did not pay. Possibly it was ahead of the times or possibly it was because during the Civil War was no time for recreation and rest. It is a fact though that the opening up of other watering places, more easy of access, drew the patronage away from Cold Springs. In any event, on Christmas Eve 1862, the hotel was destroyed by what may be termed a convenient fire. It appears that most of the furniture had previously been removed and stored away for safety in Chambersburg and after much controversy, it is said the loss was wholly or partly met by insurance.

The following news item printed January 5, 1863, in the Gettysburg Compiler definitely fixes the date of the destruction of this mountain hotel:

"Fire.—We learn from several sources that the light observed here on Wednesday night a week was caused by the burning of the large building at Caledonia Springs, near the western limit of this county. The building was erected only a few years ago, at a heavy cost and was calculated to accommodate a large number of guests. It was not occupied at the time. The furniture had, some time previously, been removed to Chambersburg and there sold at auction. The building was partially insured."

The burning of this hotel reminds one that another large summer hotel, the Blue Mountain House, located at the edge of our Antietam valley was also wholly destroyed by fire and

never rebuilt. Monterey Inn was burned down several times and as often it was rebuilt.

In the late "Thirties" when the so-called "Tape-worm Railroad" was being projected across the mountains, there were indications that it would reach Caledonia Furnace and naturally the people interested in Cold Spring hoped that it might come their way. So it was that those identified with the proposed railroad let it be known that a spur would be built from Fairfield provided the residents living along the route of the new railroad would subscribe funds at the rate of \$3,500 a mile and would agree to furnish sufficient cross-ties for the road in addition to their subscriptions. Today it is difficult to conceive how a steam railrod could be built for such figures.

That was a period of wild speculation and there were many unusual and impracticable schemes afloat, just as there are today. The prospect of a new railroad raised the hopes of the people of Adams and Franklin counties for they felt the need of facilities which a new railroad would bring them; and those interested in the development of Cold Springs were naturally in high glee over the prospect of having a railroad nearby. But the "Panic of 1897" came very suddenly, as panics usually do, and their hopes went a-glimmering, just as bright prospects in a number of succeeding panics also faded away.

Caledonia Cold Springs Hotel was a notable gathering place for Pennsylvania politicians in pre-Civil War days and no doubt slates were set up and plans were outlined at this hotel which concerned the interests of candidates for office not only in Franklin county, but in other counties as well. It was a trysting place for Thaddeus Stevens and those associated with him in his political and business ventures. As Cold Spring was just about half way between Mont Alto and Caledonia furnaces it was patronized by the furnace magnates who found congenial company with the politicians from other parts of Pennsylvania. Furnace people were invariably Republicans so it is assumed that the Caledonia Cold Springs Hotel was looked upon as a Summer Republican Headquarters.

Local patronage was also catered to at the Springs and it was not unusual for the hostelry to be occupied by small parties from Chambersburg, Waynesboro, Gettysburg or other nearby towns, sometimes remaining a week or two at a time. Some of the older people recollect hearing their parents tell of dances and other merry-making functions which they attended at this popular place on the mountain top. We, of the motor age, miss the intimacies, the congeniality, and sometimes the conviviality, which prevailed in those days and it is becoming a question in the minds of many persons whether we have gained anything by reason of the detractions afforded us by this motor age.

One of the features boasted of by the management of

Caledonia Cold Springs Hotel and which possibly had much to do with its popularity was the fine assortment of liquors dispensed at its bar. Located as it was in a secluded section of the mountains, apparently it was regarded as a place for aristocrats and did not appear to encourage the patronage of the class known in those days as the "common people." These two words used today, in the sense they were used then, as classes among citizens are not recognized as they were two generations ago. Nor was the prohibition question, during the period immediately preceding the Civil War, argued pro and con as it is these days. Cold Spring in short was known as a sportive and festive place and appealed particularly to a class of people not so much in evidence now as it was then.

It appears from vague accounts that very early in the last century a goodly number of persons were accustomed to repair to the Springs during the warm summer months and camp there, weeks at a time, in tents. Even before Daniel Sweeny came into possession of the property it was known as a camping site and a picnic resort. No doubt they were prompted to assemble there because of its beautiful situation and its cool clear spring, which soon came to be known as Cold Spring. To the elder Sweeny, however, must be accorded credit for bringing the attractions of the resort to the attention of the outside world. He it was, who first erected rude log shelters for the over-night accommodation of guests some of whom came there without bringing their own tents.

Daniel Sweeny evidently saw the possibilities of the place for he walled up the Spring, cleared out the underbrush surrounding it, and developed the property into a summer resort. After James, his son, came into possession of his inheritance, he erected a few more buildings and further improved the surroundings. So attractive a place had it become by this time that he was finally persuaded to sell it to a company of capitalists, who proceeded at once to improve the property by the erection of a large four-story frame hotel and other necessary buildings. The nature of the place then changed. The new management then prepared to entertain on a more elaborate scale and, as hotel men, they immediately decided that it was necessary to raise prices.

It is difficult to picture this out of the way place as a summer resort. Fifteen hundred feet above sea-level, it is one of the uppermost points on the South Mountain. The owners doubtless felt the need of a certain amount of publicity to acquaint those persons who desired, for a shorter or longer period, to relieve themselves from the arduous cares of a busy life.

From a number of advertisements, published by the several proprietors, three have been selected which show that they recognized the value of newspaper publicity in those days and depended on it to bring them patronage. The first announce-

ment is signed by John Sweeny who conducted the Springs for his ward James Sweeny; the second is signed by Martin Sweeny also, who appears to be associated with his brother John, and the third is signed by J. C. Richards, manager for the Caledonia Springs Hotel Company. Two of these advertisements appear in a Chambersburg paper and one in a Gettysburg paper. They are as follows:

From Franklin Repository, Chambersburg, Pa., June 25, 1840
"COLD SPRINGS"

"The subscriber begs leave to inform the public that this delightful summer retreat will be kept by him during the ensuing season for the reception of visitors, in the following manner: Rooms will be rented to such persons as may wish to stay at the Spring for a length of time and who will provide their own board, etc.: and every exertion will be made to render them comfort and satisfaction. Gentlemen wishing to stay only for a day or two can be accommodated with lodging, etc. Parties and others can at any time be supplied with dinners, etc., at the shortest notice. The bar will be kept furnished with the choicest liquors and the stable with a constant supply of good horse feed.

"Signed: John Sweeny, Proprietor."

From Franklin Repository, Chambersburg, Pa., July 14, 1842.
"COLD SPRING"

"The subscribers respectfully inform the public that this delightful summer retreat will be open for the reception and accommodation of visitors during the season, commencing on the 1st of July next.

Boarders.

Will be accommodated by the week or for shorter periods, as may be desired. Parties and others will be accommodated with dinners, etc., on the shortest notice.

The advantages afforded by this location to persons in pursuit of health or pleasure, are too well known to require any description, and the subscribers will be supplied with everything necessary and will use their best exertions to give satisfaction to those who may favor them with their calls."

Signed: John & Martin Sweeny."

From "Star and Banner," Gettysburg, Pa., May 26, 1854.
"CALEDONIA COLD SPRINGS"

(Late Sweeny's)

"These Springs situated on South Mountain short distance from the Pike will be opened for visitors on 15th of June next. Large and commodious buildings including extensive Bath Houses for hot and cold plunges have been erected. The

grounds have been much improved and every effort made to render these Springs a popular place of Resort. An efficient and obliging manager will have the general superintendence, while the best servants the country affords have been engaged. Tables furnished with all the delicacies of the market and nothing left undone to render the old favorite resort worthy of the patronage of the public. Persons leaving Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia in the morning trains will arrive at Chambersburg in time to take the Coaches for tea."

"Signed: J. C. Richards, Chambersburg, Pa."

The advertisements prepared by these hotel men of a hundred years ago fit in well with present day publicity. A few statements appear in these announcements that are not to be seen in hotel advertisements today, otherwise they are not antiquated. They interest us because they tell the story in their own words and give us, as it were, an opportunity to look in on their doings.

Many of the guests came from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Some came in their own coaches for they represented the elite of the time. Others came on horseback and one may be sure the men and women were fashionably dressed and their teams were gaily caparisoned as was the custom in those days. The arrival and departure of guests were colorful events in the life of this mountain hotel.

A small cleared spot in the dense mountain forest, four or five miles from any human habitation and difficult of access; one wonders what possessed Daniel Sweeny and those other men to select Cold Springs, first as a summer camp and second as a summer hotel. Possibly the place still has attractions and if we had the courage to visit the spot, we too might be fascinated by its mountain loveliness and its crystal waters. Some one may see in it the possibilities that Daniel Sweeny saw and sometime in the future may decide to rebuild and revive the glories of other days.

There is nothing here to remind one of Caledonia Cold Spring Hotel except the ruins of the foundations of what was once a large building and walls that surrounded the Springs. So completely has this resort been razed that one might easily pass by the place and never for a moment surmise that a hundred years ago the mountains in the vicinity echoed and re-echoed with the sounds of laughter and revelry by those whose voices have long since been still. The several buildings have been completely obliterated and the cattle that roam the hills have tramped some of the grounds into an almost impassable swamp.

Few people visit the site of this hotel now, as it is not very accessible. The easiest way to reach it is from the Lincoln Highway at the top of the mountains, turning south at Newman's

and going over a mountain road for a distance of several miles. This is the road that was used while the hotel was in operation. Another way is from the Sanatorium going north about four miles. Cold Spring as previously stated is the real source of Antietam creek and, if for no other reason, it is worthy of a visit by persons who are in any way interested in this stream. It is believed that not more than one person in a thousand living in this vicinity has ever seen the source of Antietam creek.

After wandering around over the grounds of this aforetime hostelry it is not difficult to form a mental picture of the place. It should be remembered that it is nearly seventy years since its destruction and the trees that were here then are not the trees that are growing here now. While the place is much overgrown, still there is enough evidence remaining to furnish one an idea of its former glory. The trees are practically all second growth and some of them have already become large enough to be attacked by the woodchopper with his ax.

Laurel, rhododendron and other mountain flowers grow profusely in the moist soil, so that with a little clearing of the undergrowth, Cold Spring might again be made an attractive spot. There are numerous springs in the vicinity of the hotel site. One of them is noteworthy because the walls surrounding it are still intact and are constructed of white stone. This spring is dry at the present time.

Before the rambling sketch of our stream is finished it will become apparent to the most casual reader that Antietam creek deserves the title "Stream of Slavery"—as it is sometimes called—in preference to that of any other stream or river in the United States. No other stream has had so many and so varied contacts with that institution which, for nearly three-quarters of a century, disturbed the peace and tranquility of our country.

It is easy to picture Thaddeus Stevens at Cold Spring Hotel with fellow countrymen who, like himself, were intensely opposed to the institution of slavery and who had repaired to this delightful mountain retreat to engage in discussing the all absorbing topic of that time. It is curious that scarcely three months after the battle of Antietam, this rendezvous of abolitionists was destroyed. Of course there can be no relation between these two events but one cannot help but become impressed with the fact that Antietam is a historic stream and, more than that, up until the year 1863 many of the happenings on its banks related to the slavery question.

CAPTURE OF JOHN COOK

Any story of Antietam would be incomplete which did not tell of the wanderings of the fugitives from the little army of John Brown at Harper's Ferry and the capture by Daniel Logan

of Captain John E. Cook, one of his most daring officers in that attempted insurrection.

It has been told so often and the story of Cook's capture is so well known hereabouts that it is not deemed necessary to relate it in detail. Suffice to say that when Owen Brown and his companions made their escape from Harper's Ferry, upon the failure of his father to carry out his plan of freeing the slaves, they sought a pathway to the North through the passes of the South Mountain and along Antietam creek and its branches.

The party of fugitives consisted of John E. Cook, Owen Brown, Barclay Coppoc, Frank Merriam, Charles Plummer Tidd and one colored man, Osborne P. Anderson. These six men were all from that scene of slaughter of a few days before when the fearful attack was made upon the engine house at Harper's Ferry and where six other men had met their death.

While Owen Brown was the son of John Brown, the abolitionist, there is no doubt but that Captain Cook was the leader of the party. Cook was a man without fear and it appears that in an altercation on the mountain, he nearly killed one of his companions, and doubtless if he had not been captured he would have carried out his purpose.

It is more or less singular that the fugitives who escaped from the John Brown insurrection at Harper's Ferry came north by way of our Antietam creek, the same stream that many of the black fugitives had previously taken when escaping from slavery.

The story of their journeyings can be told in no better language than that of Owen Brown himself. It is not possible from his account to follow these men through the passes and hidden ways of the South Mountain, but there is no doubt that they were in the neighborhood of Old Forge when Cook started down the mountain for food. That part of the narrative of Owen Brown having to do with this section, records only the events which transpired while the party was in this vicinity and is taken up at some point not very far from Mont Alto:—

"Before sundown that same afternoon our lives were imperiled in what seemed to be at the time a most wanton manner. Cook had brought with him an old-fashioned, one-barrel horse pistol, once carried by General Washington. Cook got possession of it, when he and Stevens made Colonel Lewis Washington prisoner at Harper's Ferry. Well, Cook took this old pistol and strolled off shooting it around in the neighborhood. This enraged Tidd, who ordered him peremptorily to stop. Cook said he knew what he was doing and would not take orders from him. 'I am carrying out the story of our being hunters,' Cook said.

"The quarrel was going on loudly and angrily. They were fast coming to blows and pistol shots when I rushed between them. Coppoc assisted me. Merriam lay quietly on the ground.

It was not easy work to separate Cook and Tidd, but we finally got them still. They were both fearless men, and had faced many a gun; they agreed to have it out when they could do it without endangering others. There is really no knowing whether one or both of them would not have been killed in this feud, if it had not been for the events of the succeeding day.

"In the course of that night we came to a wide creek which we had to ford. Cook's boots came off so hard that I offered to carry him across, if he would cling to my boots and luggage. His weight, the two bundles, four guns, revolvers and ammunition, upon my bare feet on the sharp stones were unendurable. I told Cook I must drop him, and drop him I did, about two-thirds of the way across. He got wet, but kept the guns and ammunition dry. We crossed two valleys and a mountain and got into the woods of another mountain before day. I was especially anxious to get as far as possible from the place where Cook had bought provisions. The forest now seemed so extensive that, after resting a while, we thought it safe to go on by daylight; and we traveled on in what we considered the direction of Chambersburg till the middle of the afternoon, seeing no trace of inhabitants. All day long, whenever Cook and I would get a little in advance of the others, he talked to me about his quarrel with Tidd, making threats against him. His anger seemed to increase rather than decrease. He talked also a great deal about the prospective meeting with his wife and boy in Chambersburg. I remember as if it were yesterday. I told him his imprudence would be so great that he would never see his wife and child again.

"We stopped at a clear spring that afternoon, and ate the last of the provisions bought the day before. Then the boys said it would be a good time to go and get a new supply. More earnestly than ever I tried to dissuade them, but to no purpose. They outnumbered me. Coppoc wanted to go this time. I said, since they were determined that somebody must go, Cook was the man most fitted for the mission, and I gave him money, and the same red silk handkerchief. He left everything but one revolver, and took his leave of us, as nearly we could judge, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon.

"As I have told you before, we had no timepiece in the party. I don't know whether it was before or after this, that we lost all reckoning of the days of the week. That will be my excuse if I have got them wrong in this narrative, and that too, will give you some idea how bewildering fatigue is, and hunger, and a couple of States on the lookout for you, eager for your blood. Cook hadn't been gone long when two ravens flew over our heads, croaking dismally. You may think it queer, but it struck every one of us as a bad omen. We waited until dusk, but Cook did not return; we waited till dark and starlight,

still he did not come; we waited till nine o'clock, till midnight, and still he did not come. He might have got lost, we thought; and we lingered about, calling and watching for him till at least two o'clock in the morning. Cook never came.

"We knew nothing of his fate till more than a week afterwards, when, as I shall tell you farther on, we got hold of a newspaper one night at a Pennsylvania farm house, and read of his capture. I have heard since that, going along in a clearing, he came upon two men chopping wood, and told his hunting-party story to them, asking where to buy food. They appeared very friendly, offering to go and show the way; and they walked along talking socially, one on each side of him. The report says—But I do not believe it—that Cook told them who he was. At a given signal they rushed upon him, seizing him by the arms. They must have taken some such advantage of him, for if he had had half a chance he would have killed them both.

"He was, as I have told you, I think, already, the quickest and best shot with a pistol I ever saw. Anyhow, poor Cook was taken that night to the Chambersburg jail, fifteen miles away. We knew we were about fifteen miles from Chambersburg, because Tidd had gone—very recklessly and without consulting us—down to the road that afternoon, and asked a man who happened to be passing. The nearest village, the man said, if my bad memory of names does not deceive me, was called the Old Forge. The name of one of Cook's captors I have forgotten, the name of the other was Hughes. They got the heavy reward offered for him, and drank it up in bad whiskey, as I have heard, and were both killed in the rebel army."

The truth is Captain Cook after leaving his five companions wandered down the mountain and came into the presence of a number of men belonging to the Mont Alto Furnace Company among whom were Clagget Fitzhugh, manager of the furnace and nephew of Holker Hughes, the proprietor. This meeting happened near the spring now known as Pearl of the Park, one of the sources of the West Branch of Antietam creek. Cook was persuaded to go to the furnace store. Here he was met by Daniel Logan and several companions who had been quietly summoned by Fitzhugh. Logan and his men engaged Cook in conversation. The story he told was plausible enough but Logan's keen detective instinct at once suggested Captain Cook and at an opportune moment he and his companions pounced upon Cook and pinioned his arms. They took him to the Chambersburg jail from which he was removed to Charlestown, West Virginia, where he and his chief with three others gave up their lives for what they firmly believed was a martyr's cause.

A monument commemorative of this event stands along-

side Antietam creek at the spot where the capture of Captain Cook took place. It is near the Episcopal Church along the road leading up the mountain from the town of Mont Alto. No one seems to know Cook's reason for wandering into Mont Alto, unless it was that he had been there on a previous occasion and was acquainted with the topography of that neighborhood. It is known however on good authority that John Brown, a short time before his attack on Harper's Ferry, spent some time at Mont Alto. It appears he attended services in Emanuel Episcopal Church situated alongside Antietam Creek and, religious enthusiast that he was, he taught a Sunday school class in the same church.

While at Mont Alto John Brown operated a sawmill and after disposing of it he became a contractor, delivering charcoal to Mont Alto, Pine Grove and other furnaces along the South Mountains. Doubtless he engaged in this work as a blind, for his real purpose was to abolish slavery and his theory was that it could best be done by arming the negroes.

About October 1, 1859, so the story goes, while John Brown was leaving prayer meeting services at the Episcopal Church he was boldly accosted by a young mountain girl who asked him if it was true that he was going into the South to head an armed rebellion. When he replied in the affirmative, she sought to turn him from his plans, urging him to remain in Pennsylvania and warning him that his venture would result in his death. One wonders who that young seeress was who so accurately predicted what soon after actually happened.

John Brown refused to heed the warning and in less than two weeks the world was startled by the news that John Brown, with a small number of followers, had seized the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. He withstood the siege for one week when he was captured by United States troops under command of Colonel Robert E. Lee who, by the way, was then wearing a blue uniform. It is interesting to us, who live in Antietam valley, to know that John Brown's final words to his jailer, on December 2, 1859, his last day, remarks on the Allegheny mountains.

Well advised plans, it appears, were prepared to aid Captain Cook in his escape from jail, for there were many persons in Franklin county who were in sympathy with the cause espoused by John Brown and John Cook but they did not agree with them in their plan for freeing the slaves. Many hearts were touched by the sad story of this brave young outlaw's fate, but as an officer holding a commission under John Brown in his plan of insurrection, he came within the meaning of the law which declared him to be a traitor to his country and the punishment for that offense is death.

Cook was a brave shrewd, calculating individual, but when he came in contact with Dan Logan, he met his match in a man

possessed of the same traits and who possessed a detective instinct besides. Logan at once saw that Cook was no ordinary hunter from the mountains as he pretended to be. It appears from the records that Logan did not intend to deliver his prisoner at once to the Franklin county officers of justice; but his plans miscarried and Cook was put in the Chambersburg jail, from which he was quickly extradited to Charlestown, West Virginia.

Daniel Logan had previously lived in Ringgold, Md., close to Mason and Dixon Line. His people were in sympathy with the Southern cause and two of his brothers were officers in the Confederate army. Of Daniel Logan and his brother Hugh, Colonel A. K. McClure speaks as follows:

"Among the sturdy population on the southern Pennsylvania border was a family of Logans. There were two brothers, both shrewd, quiet, resolute men, both strongly Southern in their sympathies, both natural detectives, and both trained in the summary rendition of fugitive slaves without process of law. It was common for slaves to escape from Maryland and Virginia into the South Mountain, whose broken spurs and extended wings of dense forest gave them reasonably safe retreat. Their escape would be followed by hand-bills, describing the fugitives and offering rewards for their capture and return. These offers of rewards always found their way into the hands of Daniel and Hugh Logan, and many fleeing sons of bondage were arrested by them and quietly returned to their masters."

It is said that four or five men assisted Dan Logan in the capture of Cook, but there is no record that any of them shared in the reward which he received. However a strange fatality seems to have overtaken these men for it is said that every one of them met a violent death.

It might with good reason be mentioned here that the southern people never quite forgave the town of Chambersburg for harboring the great conspirator and permitting him to carry on some of the most important of his preliminary operations. John Brown went under the assumed name of Isaac Smith while in Chambersburg and carried on his scheme in secret. Although the citizens of the town were innocent of any knowledge of his doings yet the town was compelled to suffer the vengeance of the Confederate army.

When Lee's army, on its way to Gettysburg, reached Mont Alto, they might have set fire to the little village had they known that John Brown spent several weeks there while planning the Harper's Ferry insurrection. Maybe Mont Alto was too small or maybe it was beneath their notice for wreaking vengeance. However, the next day after passing through Mont Alto, they did destroy Thaddeus Stevens' Caledonia furnace, because they said he was known as one of the outstanding abolitionists who were mainly responsible for this war. Stevens was in Lancaster

at the time of the fire and when a messenger informed him that the Rebels had destroyed his furnace, he did not seem to be much perturbed, for he turned aside to one of his friends and smilingly said, "I hope to God they burned up the debts too."

When one comes to follow the numerous ramifications of the John Brown affair it is really surprising to find how many places are brought into the picture and also how persons—some remotely and others closely—were connected with the enterprise. This is from the pen of George Alfred Townsend written many years ago:

"The patron of John Brown was a relative of the chief captor of Captain John Cook. The papers say that the great abolitionist, Gerit Smith gave the land in the Adirondack woods, where John Brown's family lived. Now Gerit Smith married the daughter of Colonel Fitzhugh, of Hagerstown, and she is the aunt of that other man who, with Logan took Cook away to claim the reward. So the aunt helps Brown and his band to come here, and her nephew sells him to Virginia.

"Strange, what coincidences lie in this short vale of the Antietam! We may be on the brink of great strife, and if so, the hurrying fates that have changed in this small district may keep it still in their commemoration."

The farther one goes into the pleasure of gathering information regarding Antietam creek, the more one is convinced of its peculiar relation to the slavery question. It is strange how many sincere souls—whether for or against the institution of slavery—found themselves at some period of their lives on the banks of this mysterious stream. So marked has been this pulling power of the Antietam that one does not have to go very far into its study until he begins to seek for a reason. Whether it is topography, geography, climate, latitude or some other cause no one has thus far come forward with a satisfactory explanation. Later, in the course of these sketches, a roll of these people will be called and doubtless it will astonish the most unthinking to learn how many national figures have, at one time or another, trod its historic banks.

So it seems a fitting sequel to the many stories of slavery, associated with Antietam creek that by its banks should have been fought one of the most sanguinary battles of the Civil War—a war which brought about the freedom of the slaves and ended for all time the lucrative business of the "slave retriever" as well as the unselfish work of the so-called "Abolitionist."

FROM MONT ALTO TO WAYNESBORO

From Mont Alto to Waynesboro one travels for the most part with Antietam creek and also keeps close companionship with the Pennsylvania Railroad two-thirds of the way. The

distance is seven or eight miles and by automobile may be traveled in twelve or fifteen minutes, but one should go at a slower pace for there is much of interest to be seen all the way. It is not stretching the truth to say that this road winds through one of the most charming portions of the interesting Antietam valley. Not only one beauty spot after another greets the traveler as he rolls over this curving roadway and alongside this winding stream but the countryside is replete with historic memories as well. Roads have become the common school of the world awheel and they are our most hopeful educators, so let us learn a little geography and history, local and general, by way of this road.

After playing hide and seek up in the mountains amongst the dogwood and the laurel, the Antietam creek reaches the valley at Mont Alto. At once it becomes a more complacent stream and curves its way quietly through the lowlands. The meadows, sometimes on the right hand side and sometimes on the left, are pleasing the year around. Their greenness in summer time and their whiteness in winter time cannot help but make a cheerful impression on every one. The fields, not in meadow, together with the orchards, show careful and thorough cultivation and indicate that we are in a thrifty and prosperous community.

Houses on both sides, with well-kept yards in front, line the road nearly all the way. With the gentle upward slope on the right and the downward slope on the left one has a feeling of friendly security as he drives along and the comfortable homes with their over sheltering trees and clinging vines almost moves one to stop awhile, and learn more about these orderly Pennsylvania homes.

Before embarking on this little one-way trip of a few miles let us take a close-up look at Mont Alto. The striking feature about the older section is that it is a close-fitting village with narrow lots, substantially built houses standing near each other and flush with the Main street. Passersby are impressed that the early settlers supposed they were planning to lay the foundations of a large city. Thrifty people, that they were, doubtless they wanted to utilize, as far as possible, every square foot of ground for garden purposes.

Land was not scarce in those times and one cannot help but think that those pioneers would have desired wider lots for their homes, especially when land could be had for almost the asking. So it is necessary to look for some other reason to explain their desire for economy of space. This reason may be found by going across the sea. The houses in the villages of Europe are huddled together and quite a large population is often found living on a very small area. The Europeans erected their homes in this manner because of the protection the plan afforded

them. In case of an attack they were in better position to take care of themselves, because all the inhabitants were concentrated in a small area.

When the first houses in Mont Alto were built the settlers naturally followed the method with which they were familiar in the Old Country. While the possibility of an attack from Indians was too remote to think about when Mont Alto was laid out, at the same time they were never sure but that at some time they might have to defend themselves.

Mont Alto was not alone in this as other frontier towns in Franklin county were laid out in the same manner. Notable examples of such concentrated communities are Fort Loudon and Strasburg. There should be no criticism of the ways of our ancestors, rather let us hope many years will elapse before these old landmarks are removed, thus destroying practically all the evidence we now have of colonial life.

The first settler of Mont Alto was John Funk who built his house in 1817 and for many years the town was known as Funkstown. The people, however, desired a change of name and when the railroad was built through the town the station was named Alto Dale. Mont Alto and Alto Dale were in fact two separate villages. As the name Alto Dale did not take very well the name was then changed to Mont Alto which embraced both places.

As a post town it took Mont Alto quite some time to become permanently established. To be exact, Mont Alto postoffice was established December 14, 1843, with John Kuhn as postmaster. It was discontinued December 9, 1845 and re-established August 15, 1846, with Peter Heffner as Postmaster. It was discontinued again June 22, 1853 and re-established June 30, 1855 with George W. Toms as postmaster. From this date it seems to have become permanently established.

The Forestry School, the Forest Research Department, the Mont Alto Nursery, as well as other forestry activities are located at its back door and lend interest to the place. Incorporated as a borough, in 1913, sixth in Franklin county, reckoned as to date of incorporation, it now contains some fewer than 1000 inhabitants.

The first object deserving our attention soon after traveling northward from Mont Alto is a large house built of limestone on the right near the Southern Pipe Line pumping station. It is a fine specimen of colonial architecture, and is still in good condition. Erected sometime between 1750 and 1765, undoubtedly it is the oldest building along Antietam creek, on the Pennsylvania end. It has historic value because it is claimed that the masons, during its erection, were obliged to suspend work several times on account of attacks by Indians. The surrounding country then was not as open as it is today, since only small

patches had been cleared for farming purposes, and thus the Red Men were afforded an opportunity to conceal themselves in the forest and harass the settlers.

It is difficult to realize while looking on the beautiful landscape that, fewer than 170 years ago, Indians were still roaming over the land and camping along the streams. On account of the ill-feeling brought about between the two races, by reason of the French and Indian War, historians state that no Indians remained in the Cumberland Valley after 1764. There is a story, unconfirmed however, handed down by word-of-mouth, that a well-meaning old squaw lived in a little shack on the mountain just above Buena Vista Inn; that she was looked after and given food by the settlers in the vicinity, and that she remained there some years after her people had taken their departure.

The site of an old brick mill over beyond the Pipe Line station comes next into view. Standing almost intact until a few years since, with its then wide open gaping windows, it was a pitiful and wierd sight. Now it has succumbed almost entirely to the elements and has joined its five or six companions doing duty along Antietam creek between Mont Alto and Snow Hill. Fifty years ago all were engaged in grinding wheat and corn. The places where they stood can hardly be identified now for in most cases not even one stone remains on the other to mark their locations, so there came a time when the big wooden water-wheels finally stalled in their places, the wooden cogwheels ceased running, the heavy millstones fell through the floors and are now half-covered with debris.

The foundation walls of the mill at the Nunnery are still there but they too will soon crumble away. The Nunnery mill was first run by Peter Lehman, it bore the reputation of producing high grade flour and it had a ready sale in Baltimore where it was conveyed in the lumbering Conestoga wagons of those times. What remains of these old mills are sad reminders of other days. Not many years ago they were busy places of industry. Most of them were operated in the evening, as well as during the day, and usually were exchanges for neighborhood news.

The blacksmith shops were also gathering places for the countrymen who, in the evening would pitch horseshoes until it became too dark to see the pegs; then the pitchers would leave the comradeship of the grimy blacksmith and go to the office of the dusty miller, there to help him while away the hours by playing checkers, dominoes, figmill, etc.

Just a short distance ahead, strange to relate, there is a blacksmith still plying his trade. Notwithstanding that garages have in most cases taken the place of blacksmith shoppes, Maurice Kauffman is doing business here, or was until recently, just as he did in this same shop more than fifty years ago. There still

seems to have been enough of business offered to this handy man with his hammer and tongs, to justify him in keeping his shop open.

Mills and blacksmith shops were then going concerns, making a comfortable living for the owners and their families. But within the short period of twenty or thirty years these neighborhood mills stopped running for the reason that they were not able to compete with the rapid production of the big mills in Minneapolis and other sections of the middle west. The closing down of country mills resulted nearly always in a total loss for these unfortunate people, because there was little salvage after they were no longer going concerns; and the miller, poor man, had to seek other employment.

It is well enough to observe that the reason for these economic changes is because the machine age was dawning and the old way of manufacturing was beginning to be discarded by modern methods. The present generation should take thought of the industrial changes which took place a generation ago and remember that now, as never before, the best brains are engaged in finding new and quick ways of doing things. Instead of requiring fifteen or twenty years to put a business out of the running, it is now more likely to be done in the short space of three or five years.

To the left of the road a modern high school building stands on a commanding site. This structure is a creditable monument to the courage and foresight of the citizens of Quincy township. Here the young folk are being prepared to find their places in the various fields of human endeavor, and the lessons of local history might well be taught them for they will have to go out from this school into a world in which competition, for a mere livelihood, let alone a moderate competence, is going to be keener than ever before in the history of the race.

It is not possible to pass along this highway without taking note of the big trees scattered along the rising ground on the other side of the creek. They are bits of the old forest—standing singly and in groups—and form a charming and diversified landscape. But even this world with its trees and shrubs and grass would soon become tiresome were it not for the undulations of the hills which relieve it of monotony. The tilled fields and the fallow ground also join in making the scene a pleasant picture. The fields may be alive with farmer folk and one will hear their lusty cries as they guide their teams slowly back and forth over the plowed ground. Here surely is naturalness of the plowed and cultivated ground. Here surely is naturalness of country life as it reveals itself to the traveler along Antietam banks.

At intervals, on the other side of our stream, are comfortable homes hugging the hillside and nestling among the trees. One

of these is the large red brick dwelling house opposite the stream at Good's Siding. This house is interesting because it was the home of several families, some of which remotely and others more closely had much to do with the prosperity and industrial growth of Waynesboro. Here George Frick, industrial founder of the town, grew up to manhood. Here he built his first steam engine in 1850, forerunner of thousands of engines built since, in the Waynesboro factory bearing his name.

This house for a time was the dwelling place of Christian Frantz whose family for years have also been closely identified with the industrial life of Waynesboro. Then too it was the home of Henry Good who, himself, was long an outstanding figure in Quincy township and whose posterity are today occupying places of trust and influence in Waynesboro as well as other places. There are legends about this old house worth the telling, but this trip is not long enough to encumber it with tales that may not be true. However, the circumstances relating to the building of the first steam engine are worth relating and should be retold here:

"The day had come for George Frick to try out the child of his genius and see whether it would run. He had set up his engine on the second floor of the fulling shop and placed the boiler on the first floor connecting them with a pipe running up through the floor. It was perfectly natural for him to consider his project an experiment and he was more or less dubious whether it would run or not. Although he provided his engine with a governor still he had misgivings whether the whole thing might not blow up when he turned on the steam.

"He related afterward to some friends that after firing up the boiler, he went upstairs and turned the crank of his engine just beyond the center. Then he went down to the boiler and after some hesitation he cautiously and slowly opened the throttle valve and listened for results. He thought he heard the engine move, but even then he was fearful about going up. Mustering courage, however, he slowly ascended to the second floor of the little building, and lo! there he beheld his engine moving along at an even pace! It seemed a thing of life. He looked on it with awe, for there it was, the child of his fancy, created out of the raw materials of the earth."

"This is the story of the first steam engine built by George Frick. He did it himself, he had no helper, and it was all done by hand in the little shop about a mile beyond the town of Quincy. Where is there a man today who, under similar circumstances, could do what George Frick did seventy-five years ago?"

There were other men besides George Frick hailing from Quincy township, who turned their steps toward Waynesboro and with their talents aided in giving that town the industrial pro-

sperity which it has so long enjoyed. Of these are to be mentioned Jacob F. Oller, Benjamin F. Price and Josiah Fahrney, who, with one other—Daniel Geiser of Smithsburg—were the organizers of the Geiser Manufacturing Company. These men, though young in years at the time, staked practically their all in the project. With their indefatigable energy and administrative ability, and though with odds against them, their little factory became one of the largest plants in Waynesboro. Had they remained along this road, all their lives, there might have been a different story to tell in this industrial town.

Things of little moment may take place, which at the time do not seem to have much significance, but in the light of what comes to pass afterward it is easy to see how small happenings may actually be the forerunner of events of much concern. So it is that when young George Frick, living about a mile north Quincy in 1850 built his first steam engine. It was a small thing in itself, but if the people of Quincy township knew then what they know now they would never have permitted him to move his little plant to Ringgold; and Ringgold too made a mistake when it allowed George Frick to move back into Pennsylvania and establish his shops in Waynesboro. The net result is that Waynesboro now has a population of 10,000 with other factories, including the Frick plant, doing an annual business, all told of \$15,000,000, or more, and paying out in wages to workmen, a sum totaling more than \$3,000,000 each year, while Quincy and Ringgold remain substantially where they were seventy-five years ago.

Quincy and Ringgold each had their chance, probably several chances, but fate or something else did not favor them as it seems to have favored Waynesboro. Mont Alto, it should be said, had its day too, for the furnace with all its ramifications at one time had on its payrolls the names of 400 or 500 workmen, larger than any other industrial organization in Franklin county at the time. But other and cheaper methods of making iron came into vogue and Mont Alto surrendered, to some other place, its prospects to become a sizeable town. Time is an element in prosperity as well as in other things and who is there to say that Mont Alto and Quincy may not sometime in the future snatch the scepter of dominance from some other place, and re-establish themselves on thrones of their own building. Stranger things have happened?

It should be said, (as we go along, and doubtless it will be of interest to know that the road upon which we are now traveling has always been considered an important link in the road system of Franklin county. At one time it bid fair to become a turnpike road; for it is recalled that eighty years ago—to be exact, March 2, 1850—an act of the Pennsylvania Legislature was approved to incorporate the Waynesboro, Quincy, Funks-

town and Fayetteville Turnpike Road Company. The act recited that a turnpike should be constructed on the site of the present road and that it intersect the Chambersburg and Gettysburg road at a point between Jacob B. Cook's store and Robert B. Black's store. As far as can be learned the Quincy township incorporators of this road were David Wertz, Sr., John Monn, Jr., John Darby, Peter Cook, Henry George, David Bigham, George McFerrer, Frederick Byers, Holker Huges, John Small, Daniel Miller, Jacob Price of Jacob, and Abraham Burger. Undoubtedly these were representative men of the neighborhood at that period.

The capital stock was \$30,000 divided into 1500 shares at \$20.00 each. The act provided that work should begin within five years after its passage. As no work seems to have been done it is assumed that none of the subscriptions were ever collected. The reason for not going ahead with the project is probably, because other turnpikes in the county had become non-dividend paying organizations or because the day for the construction of new turnpikes was passing.

It is unfortunate that the road was not built for had these two towns of Quincy and Mont Alto been served by a good road, during all the intervening years they would have developed into much more populous communities than they are today; and George Frick, in all probability, would have decided to remain in Quincy township and build his big shops somewhere along this road and on the banks of Antietam creek.

Let us pause awhile at this point to recall that the people along this road in 1863 beheld one of the spectacular events of the Civil War. It is well known that General Lee, after prosecuting a successful campaign in Virginia, determined again to invade the enemy's country and give the North also a taste of war.

The first intimation the people along our road had of the contemplated invasion was the rumor that the Army of Virginia was approaching the Potomac river. But they had heard these rumors so often on previous occasions that they were loath to believe that General Lee had any serious intention of crossing Mason and Dixon Line and risking a battle on northern soil.

It wasn't many hours, however, until they were aware that the invasion was a certainty, for the roads through the Cumberland Valley, including the Quincy road, began to fill up—not with Confederate soldiers—but with refugees who had hastily gathered up their horses, cattle and other personal belongings with the intention of hurrying them to places of safety.

These frightened refugees were soon joined by others living along the way until the road from Waynesboro northward was congested with a motley and unorganized crowd. Many of them did not stop in their flight until they had reached Dauphin and

Lancaster counties, for they felt they would not be out of danger until they had crossed the Susquehanna river. Most of these men were obliged to remain away from their homes with their possessions, until after the battle of Gettysburg.

These flights through the Cumberland Valley at the times of the Confederate invasions resulted in coining of the new word "skedaddle." It is a humorous sounding combination of letters without any genealogical background, but because of its phonetic fitness it has found a place in most of our standard dictionaries and thereby the Cumberland Valley has the honor of introducing a new word into the English language.

The people living in other parts of the United States, especially those in the North and in the New England States, poked fun at the people along the "Border" and accused them of becoming unduly alarmed. Subsequent events proved that it was well they took these precautions, for those farmers, who kept their horses in their barns and stables, lost all that were fit for army service.

What with the false alarms that were circulated concerning the devastations of the southern armies and what with the precipitate flight of these refugees, the people in Washington and Quincy townships were in a confused state of mind and hardly knew what to expect of these armed men from the south. Soon squads of men on horseback began to appear everywhere almost simultaneously and the citizens knew for a certainty that the invasion was a fact.

There is no record that the soldiers harmed any one along the line of march, but they needed food, and a chicken or a pig running at large was not safe during this invasion. A few men, however, fearing they would be maltreated or captured, before the army appeared in sight, ran and hid themselves in attics, cellars, and other out-of-the-way places and remained there until the last man of the foe disappeared. The women and children, as well as the men, who did not take these precautions were not harmed. When the men came out of hiding, they looked rather sheepish and were the butt of much good natured fun among those of their neighbors who had been courageous enough to watch the great parade from the roadside. Although this invasion occurred nearly seventy years ago, still it is too recent to mention names in a sketch such as this.

The Southern soldiers were supposed to be uniformly clothed in grey, but not these soldiers who marched up the Quincy road. Their dress consisted of every imaginable color and style. Some even wore blue clothes, which they had doubtless stripped from Union dead. Most of them were, of necessity, ragged and filthy, showing they were sadly in need of new outfits, but withal that they were upstanding fellows. They were well armed, in perfect discipline and moved as one vast machine. No many

stragglers were to be seen, however on their return trip, by way of Monterey there were more laggards. When not under the eyes of their officers, some of them did not hesitate to snatch hats, shoes, watches, etc., from the lookers-on.

Gallant men were these soldiers from the Southland, who though poorly dressed, but with firm steps, shoulders erect and eyes to the front, they marched bravely to battle. Sometimes when their bands struck up the martial strains of "Dixie" or "Bonnie Blue Flag" their steps quickened, their eyes brightened and they seemed more eager to meet their worthwhile foe. There was no laughing, loud talking, or cheering, but among so large a body of soldiers there were sure to be some jesters and lovers of fun and they twitted the many citizens who had gathered along the roadway to watch them go by. Many of these men were destined never to return to their homeland.

It is on record that General Lee, before his army occupied the Cumberland Valley, issued a series of orders containing instructions for the conduct of his men while in the enemies' country. Although his soldiers were cautioned not to destroy private property; on the other hand an army must be fed and so they were authorized to forcibly buy, food, clothing, or anything else that would be of value to the army as a whole. They offered to pay full price in Confederate script, of course, for everything so taken.

This script or currency of the Confederates had little or no value, as it was not issued against deposits of gold as most U. S. currency is. Large quantities of it were printed as needs arose and it was reported at the time that the Army of Virginia had, among its equipment, a printing press which was set up and started running whenever the supply of money ran low.

The Confederate officers were apparently very careful to give receipts for all horses, cattle and other property confiscated and told our people that if they won the war, their government would pay their bills and redeem their currency in gold, but if they lost the war the Federal government would be obliged to make settlement. It should be said that in theory they were correct but it did not finally work out that way.

The losses suffered on account of the war by the people of Franklin and other border counties amounted in the aggregate to several million dollars and gave rise to the "Border Claims Bill," which was offered regularly in every session of Congress for a period of thirty years or more, but it seems never to have been regarded seriously by our congressmen. The question was debated in and out of Congress then, and it is worthy of discussion now, whether our people should have borne such a heavy loss just because they lived along the path trodden by the armies of the enemy, while all other sections of the country, not so

harassed, were free from the shock of invasion and loss of property.

There were times when it was thought there was a chance that these war claims would be paid, but the southern congressmen consistently voted against the measure and there always seemed to be enough northern members to join with them and prevent it from being approved.

There are many families around here who have in their possession Confederate money given to their fathers and grandfathers, for horses, cattle, etc. These bits of paper are still worthless, but if kept several generations longer, they may have some value as relics. There are also to be found among the papers of some of our people, authorized receipts, beautifully engraved, signed by the governor of Pennsylvania, reciting a list of the property taken by the Confederates during their several invasions of Pennsylvania. They are worthless too but if kept long enough they also may have some value.

In this connection it should not be forgotten that the Union army also requisitioned property from private sources, whenever in need of it, but they paid a fair price in United States currency which reckoned in gold was also much depreciated. At one time during the war, a U. S. paper dollar was worth less than forty cents in buying power.

Before crossing Mason and Dixon Line General Lee issued orders that all whiskey should be destroyed and under no circumstances should liquor be given or sold to any of his men. As there were a large number of distilleries in Washington and Quincy townships at that time, the carrying out of this order entailed considerable loss among that class of manufacturers.

The justness of the order was not questioned for there is no one more dangerous than a drunken soldier with a gun in his hands. A few of the distilleries promptly complied with the instructions and drove in the barrel heads, letting the liquor run out on the ground; others hid their barrels in out-of-the-way places and even dug pits in the ground and covered them over with earth and were thus successful in saving some of it, but under the direction of Confederate officers much of the whiskey was sought out and destroyed.

The Confederate army for the most part was composed of a class of men above the average. Their officers, especially, were polite and courteous and showed great respect to women. Several companies of soldiers from Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas passed through here who were not so orderly as the others. They were known as "Louisiana Tigers" and it appears that some of these soldiers somehow came into possession of a quantity of liquor while in Waynesboro and created more or less disturbance. Without much difficulty, however, they were soon quieted down by their officers. The bars in the hotels

and roadhouses were, by order of the Confederates, all closed and remained closed from June 21 to July 6, 1863. No U. S. flags were to be seen during this period. Any flags in evidence were the "Stars and Bars" but, at other times during the war, the Stars and Stripes were generously displayed in Waynesboro and other border towns.

When passing through this section it was a topic of frequent remark among the Confederates regarding the well kept and productive farms in this valley. The grain was ripening in the fields and naturally they could not help but compare the fine houses, commodious barns and productive soil in the Cumberland Valley, with the depleted condition of the farms in the Shenandoah Valley. They were also surprised to see the large number of men of draft age who were not in the Union army. In the South every able-bodied man, from sixteen to sixty capable of bearing arms, was in the Confederate line and the carrying on of agricultural operations was left mainly to their negro slaves. These things impressed the soldiers, many of them just boys with the great odds they were up against and doubtless created a feeling of despondency among the officers, as well as the men; and this feeling probably had much to do with their defeat a few days later at Gettysburg.

On the other hand this vast army with the constant tramp, tramp, tramp of the soldiers from early morn to late at night had a depressing effect on our citizens. Then too, the grating of the heavy ammunition wagons on the roadway, the rattle of the caissons bearing big guns and the clatter of light arms as the cavalry hurried by, added to their consternation and they felt there was no force large enough or strong enough to withstand the onslaught of this mighty war machine. So both sides, the men marching in the procession and the people watching them from the roadside, had feelings of depression and despair.

There is no denying the fact that during the "War Between the States," the people along the border were in a precarious position. Time and time again the report that "the rebels are coming" was healded by self-constituted couriers on horseback—Paul Reveres—and for four long years the Border people were kept in a state of suppressed excitement and fear. But when the rebels actually did make their appearance and the first shock of the invasion was over, they began to realize the full meaning of the biblical cry of despair, "Wars and rumors of Wars." They were in a way agreeably surprised for they found that the reports of devastation and destruction of property by the southern army were grossly exaggerated and that the "rumors" were even more disconcerting than actual warfare itself.

The fact is there was disillusionment on the part of the citizens for they soon found the soldiers were humans like themselves. So there was a pleasant side to the invasion, as there

nearly always is in every situation, and when the procession of soldiers halted—which they frequently did—for breathing spells, an opportunity was afforded the citizens and the soldiers to become better acquainted with each other and it was not long until there was good natured raillery by groups on both sides all along the line. The former told the men in uniform they were marching to defeat and that if they went much farther all would be taken prisoners, while the latter retorted that they would soon capture Harrisburg and then would march to Washington and take possession of the government.

The troops that passed over this road were under direct command of General Jubal A. Early and had encamped in and around Waynesboro during the night of Tuesday, June 24, 1863. The day after, the major portion of them marched by way of Quincy and Funkstown, reaching the turnpike at Greenwood. Here they encamped again and were soon joined by two divisions under command of Generals Hill and Longstreet, who had come by way of Greencastle, Chambersburg and Fayetteville. It is estimated that the force which marched by way of Waynesboro numbered between fifteen and twenty thousands while the force that passed through Greencastle was much larger.

At this day it is difficult to visualize this procession as it passed over the Quincy road. It looked like a parade in peace times, but the men were armed and there was a large display of war equipment. It was difficult for the citizens along the way to realize that these friendly and courteous men were their enemies, and the equipment they carried was death-dealing machinery—not for the purpose of striking down civilians—but brought along for the purpose of maiming and killing other armed men which they expected to meet in deadly conflict.

Only those experienced in warfare can appreciate what a huge undertaking it was to bring 75,000 to 80,000 men, together with needed supplies and equipment, into this valley. It was necessary to use practically all the roads leading northward. Right here let it be said that it would have been a physical impossibility to transport so large a body of troops over a single roadway. A wide road sixty miles in length would have been necessary to accommodate such a large procession, even though they traveled in close marching order. Such a road would extend from Martinsburg, W. Va., to Gettysburg and four or five days would have been required for the army to pass a given point. No such vast enterprise, before or since has ever been conducted in the Cumberland Valley. The Confederate infantry as they passed along this road presented a solid front and the separate units were all in supporting distance of each other; only the superior officers rode horseback.

After the troops marched north over the Quincy road a few still remained to hold possession of Waynesboro and the sur-

rounding country. The people here were cut off from communication with the outside world and it was a time of great suspense, for they did not know but that the boasts of the Confederates, made a few days before, had come true. It is a fact though, that they heard the booming of cannon and knew a battle was being fought but when the booming ceased they did not know which side had won. They had to wait until the 5th of July before they learned that the decision was favorable and immediately there was great rejoicing everywhere. After the battle of Gettysburg a few of these same soldiers straggled back through the mountains and returned south passing through Mont Alto and Quincy, but most of them returned by way of Monterey. It should be remarked here that the Confederate wagon train—sixteen miles in length—with thousands of wounded soldiers left the turnpike at Black's Gap near Caledonia, cut across the country by way of the old stump road to Marion, thus leaving Quincy and Mont Alto several miles to the left. Those who saw this unusual procession witnessed heart rending scenes of confusion and suffering beyond words to describe.

Before the war the different sections of the United States were more self-contained than they are today resulting in more state self-consciousness than is evident now. Even to this day it is claimed by those who have traveled much that as soon as they hear any one utter a word they can tell from what state he hails. Be that as it may there is no doubt but that the people living in a number of states still have their own mannerisms and peculiarities of speech. We still hear of the Indiana Hoosiers, the Georgia Crackers, the New England Yankees, the Kentucky Colonels and the Pennsylvania Dutch, each of them holding the other up to a sort of good-natured ridicule. So southern Pennsylvania, the section in which we live, located midway between the Northerners with their "ahs" and the Southerners with their "ers" is the object of merriment from both sides and occupies the uncomfortable position, as it were, between the upper and lower millstones.

A generation or two ago Pennsylvanians especially the rural population, due to the fact that many of them persisted in speaking Pennsylvania Dutch, were regarded by the people of other states as rather a backward race and probably with some reason so far as their speech was concerned. So when the Southern soldiers crossed Mason and Dixon Line, they were anxious to meet the people whom they had heard so much about. Many and all sorts were the stories they had been told concerning the oddities of the "Dutch."

They expected to find the men big of girth and ruddy of face and they pictured their women as excessively stout and lethragic. They had the impression that Pennsylvanians were heavy eaters and that they all drank lager beer. In a joking way,

they asked for saur-kraut and appeared disappointed when told it was not in season for that delectable dish. They also wanted a taste of pawn-haus which was out of season too.

It should be said that when these soldiers marched up the Quincy road, criticism was not altogether on one side. It was soon noticed by the citizens along the way that the Confederates had then as many of the Southern people have now—the habit of telescoping their words and syllables. It was difficult for the Pennsylvanians to catch everything they said and conversation with the soldiers involved a strain to the listeners. Their manner of speech is English just as our is English, but in the minds of people living along Mason and Dixon Line—this neutral belt—they do not articulate so distinctly as do the average citizen of southern Pennsylvania and northern Maryland. Too much may be taken for granted to assert that the same observation may, in a varying degree, be made concerning the people of New England.

There may still be a lingering trace of the former Pennsylvania dialect here but the broad accent, noticeable a generation or so ago, is gradually vanishing. There is no doubt but that the people of this section whatever else may be their faults, as a class certainly do articulate their words distinctly and can easily be understood wherever the English language is spoken. There is however, one fault or peculiarity of utterance noticeable and that is the habit of ending sentences with a curved or rising inflection. It is noticed that newcomers not natives, are here but a short time until they too acquire the rising inflection habit.

At this point let us turn aside long enough to discuss this Pennsylvania dialect which the southern soldiers were so curious about. It naturally comes in for discussion here because it is a fact that there is no other place in the county where this mongrel tongue is still so much spoken as it is in Quincy township, especially in the region east of the Quincy road around Fairview and Tomstown. Some of the older people continue to use this tongue in their conversations with each other, not so much because they cannot speak English, but rather it is thought, because of its oddity or rarity. It does in fact appear to be a half humorous dialect and the speaking of it seems to promote a feeling of good fellowship and good humor among its users. The children of these folk, while they do not speak "Dutch" themselves can understand their elders when they use it.

It is remarkable how up to this time Pennsylvania "Dutch" has persisted through a period of six or seven generations, although it has never been taught in the public schools or recognized by the state government. There was a time in the history of Pennsylvania when nearly one half of its citizens spoke this dialect and the proprietors took steps to prevent its spread as they were fearful the German language might become the pre-

vailing tongue. This dialect is passing, however, and surely it will not be kept in remembrance by the children of the present generation.

As spoken by the older people around here it is not the confused and corrupt mixture of tongues it is supposed to be. The proportion of English words is surprisingly small and those of us who know it and heard it spoken in our childhood supposed it to be a language to feel ashamed of and to be discarded. The fact is, it is almost as pure a dialect as some of the native tongues in Germany today. Those who have read the poems of Harbaugh and Fisher in Pennsylvania Dutch cannot help but admire its wholesomeness and homeliness. Herbert Hoover's ancestors although they may never have lived in Pennsylvania undoubtedly spoke this dialect.

Doubtless the telephone, radio, automobile and other quick modes of communication, are bringing about uniformity in speech as they are making for uniformity in our lives in other ways. We are surely become a conventionalized people and the time seems to be approaching when there will not be much opportunity for any one to express originality in speech or in any other way.

In pre-Civil War days the village of Quincy received frequent mention as a stopping place of the famous Underground Railroad. One of the stations was at the home of the late Hiram E. Wertz, a large brick house, in good state of preservation and situated on the left of the road, near the entrance to Quincy from the North. When a young man Mr. Wertz was persuaded by Matthew Dobbin, his school-teacher, to enter the service as an agent and assist these unfortunate human beings in their efforts to escape from bondage. It should be mentioned here, by way of information, that the Underground Railroad was not a railroad, but merely a vague and indefinite route from the Potomac river through Maryland and Pennsylvania which slaves took on their way to the North and to safety.

The slaves traveled by night time, creeping along the west side of the South Mountain and during the daytime they would hide in caves, barns, cellars and attics of kindly disposed persons, who furnished them food and then aided them in reaching the next station. These timid black men, and sometimes women, ran away from their masters in the south. They had no knowledge of the route they should take, except possibly the North Star as their guide, but after reaching the free state of Pennsylvania they were frequently aided by such men as Mr. Wertz. It is not known how many of these unfortunate human beings he helped but doubtless as many as forty or fifty slaves owed their freedom in part to his kindly heart.

Many of them were apprehended before they traveled very far into Pennsylvania for, in accordance with the provisions of

the Fugitive Slave Law, the southern slave-holders had a right to follow their slaves into the free states and retrieve them. They seldom did this themselves, but there were men along the Border, known as slave-catchers who, for the reward offered, were willing to capture run-away slaves and return them to their masters. Pennsylvania had abolished slavery long before and had it not been for the result of the Dred-Scott-Decision these fugitives would have been free men as soon as they had crossed Mason and Dixon Line. It was well known by Mr. Wertz and others who aided slaves in their efforts to secure freedom that they were violating a Federal statute and were subject to arrest. On the other hand there is no record that anyone was ever convicted of such wrong-doing in a Pennsylvania court.

Having now arrived at Quincy the unofficial capital of Quincy township, let us digress—not in our trip—but in our narrative to say that Quincy township was named for John Quincy Adams, sixth president of the United States and the son of John Adams, second president of our country who followed Washington in the presidency. Accordingly it has been assumed that Quincy, the village, derives its title from the same source as Quincy, the township, that is to say, the second name of John Quincy Adams.

The first settler in what is now Quincy was Frederick Fisher who came here in 1737 and it is a singular coincidence, that just one hundred years afterward—in 1837—Quincy township was organized. Quincy township, it should be said, was taken from Washington township which in 1784 had been taken from Antrim township, so that the latter may be considered the grandmother and the former the mother of Quincy township.

The question arises why did the citizens of Quincy township desire it to be named in honor of John Quincy Adams? Historians state that some of the early settlers came across the mountains from Adams county, named for the elder John Adams, and may it not be that when they organized their township they desired to honor his son?

Another reason which seems more plausible, is that the people of the United States by 1837 were beginning to divide themselves into two groups: protectionists and free-traders. The Hughes family, being identified with the iron industry, were naturally opposed to free trade and as John Quincy Adams was at that time a National Republican, is it not possible therefore that they might have used their influence to have their township named for him? It is easy to believe this theory for the Hughes's were known to take great interest in governmental affairs on both sides of the Line, for it is recorded they were responsible in having Washington county, Maryland, named in honor of the first president.

It seems strange that, with this historic background, the

township of Quincy was often to be found in the democratic column on election day. It may be said, however, that in later years when the Mont Alto Iron works were running strong, Colonel Wiestling, a high protectionist, saw to it that his men voted his ticket. It can truthfully be said though that the people of Quincy township always took their politics seriously.

It is noteworthy how many times early historians have singled out Quincy township to tell about its varied resources. It is asserted by one that the land next to the South Mountain in Cumberland and Franklin counties was known by the early settlers as "pine lands." In Quincy township this land covers a strip one or two miles in width lying between the South Mountain and Antietam creek. One early writer describes it as a desert, covered only with scrub pine and not fit for farming purposes. Another declares that this land is fertile and suitable for fruit raising. The last statement seems to be the true one for it is confirmed by the large number of apple and peach trees growing on it at the present time.

One account has it that Quincy township is richer in mineral resources than any other township in the Cumberland Valley. This can easily be believed for it is noted that the Mont Alto Iron Company, at one time in its history, reached a production rate of 100 tons of iron a week which is said to be larger than that of any other furnace of its kind in the Cumberland Valley at that time. Iron ore, running up in value to millions of dollars, has been taken out of the ground in Quincy township and doubtless millions more are still here waiting for modern methods to mine it with profit. It is within the range of possibility that iron may again be produced in this section.

These are large figures for underground production, but one should not forget that they can be more than matched by the value of grain, fruit, etc., which are produced on the surface of this same area. While on this subject it should be stated that other metals, besides iron, may be found in Quincy township. Baryte and copper have both been mined here in limited quantities. It is said also that the Indians occasionally gave lead to the early settlers, in exchange for other things, but they never disclosed where it was obtained. Day, the historian, in 1843 made the statement that "there is a tradition that the Indians used to get lead in the South Mountains but the whites have not found it." Where they procured lead is the question which, if answered in the affirmative, might prove to be a profitable industry. Doubtless there are metals and other valuable materials lying hidden in our mountains; and when geologists can better read the secrets of the earth, than they do now, there may be revealed riches beyond our wildest imagination. Doubtless those who have thus far gone along with us through Quincy township have already surmised that, although it contains only small centers of

population, it has varied and valuable resources both on the surface and under the surface possibly far, beyond the most hopeful estimates.

William Hayman also tells about the early people of Quincy township; it will be observed that part of what he tells is put in rather a humorous vein: "The first settlers were a hardy and industrious class of men, who came principally from Germany, or from other districts in this country settled by the Germans. They had no lofty affixes or suffixes to their names. There were no generals, colonels or 'D. D.'s' amongst them: and as they were plain and economical in their style of living, having few luxuries, they seldom needed the 'M. D.'s."

They were peaceable and strictly honorable in their dealings with their neighbors and their fellow men. They loved the institutions of the land, and were slow to favor innovations, thinking that the old and well-known ways were the best. They went in for the substantial of life. Their clothing was plain and comfortable, both in summer and in winter. Shoddy was unknown to them. Every farmer put out a small patch of flax for himself and his household. The fields yielded abundantly and the men served their country as faithfully in raising produce for the sustenance of mankind as many others who occupied public station and bore arms."

It should be noted, however, that not all the people of Quincy township were of German extraction; there were a few English and Scotch among them, of whom Rupp the historian has this to say: "These settlers brought with them the characteristics of their native land. They were moral, industrious, and intelligent; and for the most part were rigid Presbyterians, or 'Seceders.' They were frugal, as the Scotch always are—plain in their mode of living, but cordial and hospitable. They were universally men of undaunted courage and high patriotic feeling; and when the alarm of the revolution first rung through the land, it called no truer or more willing hearts than those of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians."

Warner and Beers in their history of Franklin county write of Quincy township as follows: "The population from the earliest times was a mixed one. In this respect it has some advantage over new settlement in Franklin county, embracing both Germans and Scotch-Irish, producing a race of good men and fair women—blessed mothers in Israel—whose descendants today by their useful lives are paying just tribute to 'Infinite goodness'."

Because the Germans and the Scotch-Irish were not always able to get along very well with each other it became the practice of the agents of the Penn heirs to send the German immigrants into York county (which then included Adams county). On account of this policy it is believed that many of the Germans, after living a while in York county, came across the mountains and

settled in Quincy and Washington townships. Most of the other settlers in the Cumberland Valley came up through Lancaster county by way of Harris Ferry—now Harrisburg. This influx accounts for the fact that the majority of the earlier settlers in this section bore German family names such as Fisher, Small, Knepper, Toms, Heefner, Royer, Cook, Wertz and others. It is also evident from historical records that the early settlers of Quincy township were good people and the enviable reputation which they bore imposes a duty on the present day inhabitants to live up to the lofty ideals of their forbears.

According to the records obtainable it is estimated that Quincy and Mont Alto, a hundred years ago, had each about fifteen dwelling houses. Taking into account the large families in those days, these towns at that time probably had a population of about 100 each. No census of Waynesboro was taken in 1830 as the town had not yet been incorporated, but judging from its population in 1840, and allowing for reasonable growth, in the meantime, it is estimated that the town had a population close to 500, a hundred years ago.

There is something rather attractive about the Quincy of today, with its well-painted houses, its neat front yards and the worn paths leading through the grass from one house to the other. But since the advent of the concrete road and the speeding up of traffic through the place, the citizens for safety's sake doubtless feel the need of sidewalks alongside the roadway.

A hundred years ago—yes, fifty years ago—Quincy was a much more self-contained community than it is today. Then it had the shoemaker and the tailor, the blacksmith and the wagon-maker, the doctor and the undertaker; sometimes there were two doctors and for awhile there was a coffin factory. There was a cooper shop and carpenter shop, a foundry and machine shop, a sawmill and a grist mill, a tanyard and a furniture factory and a fulling mill and a distillery were just a few rods north of the town. These little industries have disappeared because hand work is not able to compete with machine work. Today much of this business has been concentrated in Waynesboro. The people living in Quincy are now dependent on their neighbors for most of their needs.

While the village is growing slowly each year, it is growing only in numbers for it has become more or less a residential district, as it were, for the town of Waynesboro. From the foregoing the impression might be gathered that Quincy is devoid of activities. Far from it. There is now going on with headquarters in Quincy, a business with world-wide connections and as large as any that has preceded it. When Mr. D. M. Wertz was a young man, like other young men, his ambition was to make his way in the world. A good position with a large corporation was open to him, but he put it aside, assuming that it was his duty to

remain at home and care for his aged parents. At the very moment Mr. Wertz decided to do this, he was headed for success, but he didn't know it. Today he is the owner of large fruit orchards in Quincy and Washington townships, and apples, bearing his brand, are in demand in many other countries beside the United States. Mr. Wertz is an example of a Quincy boy who made a success of life by remaining by the home fireside.

Just across the Antietam from Quincy, but close enough to be part of it, is another activity, but of a different character. Here are to be seen a group of neat and substantial buildings comprising the Quincy Orphanage and Old Folks Home. This home is sponsored by Rev. H. J. Kitzmiller and is a tangible expression of his great heart. Several hundred children and aged folk are now in this institution and it is their home. There is no more creditable work than that of caring for those who at the beginning and at the end of their lives, cannot care for themselves. Mr. Kitzmiller and his associates are dutifully engaged in performing such a work.

A half mile or so north of Quincy is a prosperous concern dealing principally in building supplies. The business many years ago was begun in a small way by Henry Good; after his death it was carried on by his son, Henry W. Good, then after his death it was continued but in a larger way, by his son, Newton S. Good, who unfortunately was killed in an automobile accident, several years ago. Now it is conducted by his son, Dennis W. Good, great-grandson of the founder of the industry. A rare example of a business handled successfully down to the fourth generation through a period of eighty or ninety years.

A family of mechanical geniuses which has always known Quincy as their home are the Metcalfes. There are three generations of them beginning with the grandfather, John L. Metcalfe and possibly there are more to follow. The Metcalfes are the sort of men who, when they set out to construct a piece of machinery, can usually "make it work."

Quincy and Mount Alto both had their visions of affluence, as many other towns in the valley had. The period when prospects for the people of Quincy appeared brighter than at any other time in its history was during the early Seventies. At that time Daniel V. and Peter A. Ahl, Newville, Pa., iron-masters and capitalists, set about constructing a steam railroad through the Cumberland Valley. It was chartered in 1870 as the Miramar Iron and Railroad Company but it was commonly known as the Harrisburg and Potomac Railway and frequently called the "H. and P." which some wags interpreted to mean Hungry and Poor because the main object in its short career seemed to be the raising of funds.

The terminals of the road were Bridgeport, Pa., on the Susquehanna river and Sheperdstown, W. Va., on the Potomac

river. From Shippensburg south it was routed to pass through Fayetteville, thence to Mont Alto, Quincy and Waynesboro, and ultimately to connect with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. There was a good deal of engineering and surveying along the proposed route. Some of it was done possibly to impress the people that big things were being undertaken.

Eventually the promoters reached the point in the project when they began to excavate and fill for the roadbed through the lowlands along Antietam creek. At one time a gang of workmen were actually engaged in grading within a mile of Waynesboro. Close to the left of the road which we are now on, may still be seen the remains of several abutments where the tracks of this railroad were to cross the streams. Considerable money had been subscribed by the people of the communities through which the railroad was to pass and work on the roadbed had gone far enough to justify the conclusion that the rails would soon be laid and that the road would shortly become a reality. All this was going on a few years after the close of the Civil War and the people of Mont Alto and Quincy were in high glee over the prospects of having railway stations in their towns, but they were doomed to disappointment for the time being.

Ore banks were profitable sources of income 50 or 60 years ago and the convenience of a railroad would naturally lessen the cost of transporting the ore to the furnaces. Not only the villagers but the farmers also were wrought up with visions of wealth and a number of them opened ore banks on their own farms. Certain men, though not farmers, but prominently identified with the business and financial interest in the county, also became interested with the farmers in these ore-banks. Some of them yielded a marketable grade of ore, while others did not justify the expense of digging the holes. All that is left of these unfortunate projects are the holes and most of them have been filled up.

When it looked as though the railroad would be a certainty excitement ran high in this vicinity and various schemes calculated to make money sprang up almost over night. Based on the belief that iron ore existed here in inexhaustible quantities (and they may have been correct), a company was organized for the purpose of erecting a rolling mill near Quincy and those interested began to solicit funds to put the scheme under way.

Another group of Quincy people believing, that because a railroad was shortly to run by their very doors, there would be increased activity in other directions also. They calculated that additional houses would be needed to accommodate the increase in population which would be sure to follow in the wake of these enterprises. With these theories in mind a charter was secured for a company called the Quincy Township Building As-

sociation. The project however never reached the point in its career that it became responsible for any house-building.

It may be interesting to Quincy township people, if to no others, to learn the names of the men who, almost three-quarters of a century ago were so optimistic on the future of their township's prosperity. There were nineteen of these men and it is rather remarkable that all but three of these families have representatives here today. The names of the men elected directors of this association follow: Emanuel Stover, J. R. Smith, John Singer, John A. Kepner, William Terman, Frederick Mentzer, James B. Secrist, Abraham Rock, Samuel Mentzer, Joseph Rock, Josiah Mentzer, William B. Raby, M. G. Minters, E. B. Winger, David Summers, John Heller, Sr., John Heller, Jr., N. Rudd, William H. Menzter.

It should be said that the Quincy Township Building Association received its charter November 13, 1869, and was authorized to sell one thousand shares with a maturity value of \$200,000. Each share required an entry fee of twenty-five cents a share and payment of \$1.00 monthly. No member was permitted to own more than twenty shares. On March 11, 1869, a building association in Washington township was also organized.

Other schemes also were on foot, and they might have succeeded had it not been for the depression of 1873, one of the worst panics ever experienced by the people of the United States. "Black Friday," August 5, 1870, was the culmination of a period of inflation brought about by the Civil War. The panic blasted the hopes of hosts of people in their efforts to make a lot of money and to make it quickly. The Quincy people were not alone in their sufferings for this orgy of speculation was nationwide.

The deflation of "Seventy Three" deflated their hopes as well as their possessions with the result that there were a good many wiser but sadder men in the little village of Quincy. Had business conditions continued normal, those Quincy people of two generations ago, might have been sailing along in the very peak of prosperity. Had all their schemes developed as they expected, Quincy township might now be able to boast of a metropolis vying with the metropolis of Washington township.

While here at the Square in Quincy, may we stop long enough to venture the assertion that there was a time when the road we are traveling—the so-called "Quincy Road," running north and south—was not the main highway through Quincy township as it is today? The road bisecting our road at this point, a devious thoroughfare across the Cumberland valley reaching from mountain to mountain, was probably the first road projected through Quincy township. From Quincy, going east, it is the same road that passes through what is now Toms-town, White Mill, Black's Corner and up the mountain, meeting

the present Buchanan Highway near the old mountain tollgate. It continued over the mountains at Nicholas's Gap now Monterey, crossed Mason and Dixon Line and led into Baltimore, the trading center and seaport at that time for southern Cumberland valley.

It is believed this cross-country road is older, by ten years or more, than the road leading from Greencastle through Waynesboro to Monterey. And it is further believed that Frederick Fisher settled in Quincy a few years earlier than any settler in or near Waynesboro. Circumstances altered routes of travel then, as they are doing now and this road early lost its pre-eminence as one of the primary roads of Franklin county. If the foregoing assumptions are correct, the district in and around Quincy must have been settled several years earlier than the district in and around Waynesboro.

Yes, while Quincy is the newest township in point of organization it is among the oldest in point of settlement and an interesting query comes to mind which has the earmarks of a historical riddle and with permission of the reader, it might be proposed here. By way of explanation it should be said that Jacob Wertz, great, great grandfather of D. Maurice Wertz, came over the mountains from York county in 1747 and settled in Quincy township on property still in the family name.

The query is this: How is it possible that this sire of the Wertzes enjoyed the rare distinction of having lived in three different counties and in three different townships without ever changing his residence?

It is answered as follows: When immigrant Wertz came to Antietam valley, he settled in what was then Hopewell township, Lancaster county. From 1750 to 1784 his home was in Antrim township, Cumberland county, and after 1784, it was in Washington township, Franklin county. This is unusual because it has few counterparts and interesting because the original tract is still in the Wertz name.

This short journey from Mont Alto to Waynesboro, having brought us to the village of Quincy, we will take note of the stores—small department stores if you please—along the highway, where is sold, or where used to be sold, nearly everything from a paper of pins to a barrel of molasses. Let us stop a moment and look into one of these old time country store-rooms and see them, not as they are today, mind you, but as they appeared to be 50 or 60 years ago.

On entering one is met with an odor of mingled smells—of cheese, kerosene, yellow soap, coffee, calico, plug cut and a lot of other things. The store-keeper, a friendly sort of fellow, comes forward and at once one is made to feel at ease. His greetings usually are reinforced by a few remarks which lengthen out somewhat, especially if it happens to be a long dry spell or

a persistent wet spell. The conversation may then drift into a discussion of the crops, to be followed by politics and, shrewd man that he is, unless one is a good parrier with words, he will soon know to which political party his customer belongs.

In addition to the distribution of goods, these old-time stores performed another function, that of distributing neighborhood news. And so a well arranged store-room of olden times had a corner or special place set apart where, in the lazy days of fall or during the dead of winter, the loafers could assemble and do their part of the work. One of the requisites of this clearing house for news, was a large tenplate stove, which these daily visitors themselves fed with chunks of wood. Another adjunct was a saw-dust box which only partly served its purpose, for while some were experts in the art of expectorating, others were not. The habitués who gathered of an evening a generation ago, were looked upon almost as joint-owners with the proprietor, and though having no capital interest in the enterprise, they did have a friendly, if not a curious interest in everything that transpired in and around the premises.

The country storekeeper of other days was a good parliamentarian, as it was frequently necessary for him, when a discussion waxed hot among his store-box associates, to step into the breach and settle some point which he usually did to the satisfaction of all. He was capable of doing almost anything, for a man brought up in a country store developed into a very versatile character. His like today may be found managing some large merchandising business in a metropolitan area. His associates have also gone to other parts and are probably occupying a position in one of the larger centers of population, likely as not they are not satisfied with the way things are being done but, as of old, they are still arguing.

There was a comfortable and a satisfying air around the country store of other days and American life has lost something when the old storekeepers closed up shop and entered larger fields of endeavor. Possibly there is more unrest because these fireside companions do not meet to air their grievances as they once did, but instead bear their woes in sullen silence.

The old store was the last stand of the Mohicans. It was a product of its time. Now it is supplanted by fussy show cases, glittering fixtures and elegant cash registers. The new efficiency of the stern gods of commerce have contributed toward putting the old store-keeper out of business; just as it has crowded the conestogas off the highway; just as it has converted the blacksmith shop into a garage, and just as it has changed the village livery stable into a storage shed for motor cars. And in rapid succession the rural free delivery, the mail order catalogue, the rural telephone and the hard road have each done its share to clip trade from the country storekeeper.

Not all of them, however, have succumbed to the trend of the times. Many are still keeping their old estate. "The Store" is still the place where housewives convert the spring pullet and the egg into "butter and egg money" which pays for sugar, coffee, shoes, dresses and what-not. But the cracker barrels and the up-ended nail kegs are nowhere in evidence. The store boxes are gone too, thus depriving barlows and jackknives of material to work upon. The boxes are replaced by paper cartons, altogether too weak to sustain the weight of the whittlers plus their weighty arguments.

The old country store was, and still is, a pretty good place to take the measure of a man and no one knows how many governmental policies have been cut out of the soft pine boxes or how many careers have vanished in the shavings of these cross-roads forums.

But how about the country stores today in Antietam valley and elsewhere; and how about the stores still doing business along this road, two in Quincy, several in Mont Alto and one mid-way between. Eight or ten are still serving the needs of the community, still harboring in their storerooms a few of the old timers while the younger generation sit in wonder listening to the tales of by-gone days, which tales have not become less startling because of lapse of years. There are still enough of local happenings to make conversation so that interest to a certain degree still continues to center in the present stores.

While the country stores have lost much of their former importance, still they fill a need, for our manner of living has not yet reached the stage when every one can jump into his car and in a few minutes visit Waynesboro or the county seat and make purchases for his household needs. However, the time may come when every one will own an automobile or some other means of quick conveyance, then the country stores will go the way of the grist-mills, the blacksmith shops and many other roadside industries. Then these stores will become only memories to be recalled by pen sketches such as these.

While traveling south over this road of variety and delight one's eyes naturally turn toward the right for the reason that the stream and the meadow are always on that side. In addition to looking at the scenery, it is quite worthwhile to stop, take a walk on the thick carpeted pasture and become more intimately acquainted with the Antietam. Any place will do, for one place is as good as another. At every step an artist would be sure to discover a picture outlined with trees and shrubs, and possibly adorned with cows or sheep. At some places these pictures would be seen double, on account of their reflection in the waters of our stream.

Occasionally one may see a loiterer on the banks with hook and line and one wonders whether fish are to be had. There

ought to be fish or eels for the tangled roots of the big trees on the banks form caverns in which brook trout should find shady retreat. Whether fish are there or not, the lure of swimming holes under the graceful willows is always there to entice the small boy away from his appointed tasks. It has attractions for the bigger boy too, if he can find a spot where he may conceal himself from the glance of passersby.

No one disputes the fact that out in the country is an excellent place to rear a boy. If there is a stream of water at hand, so much the better. In years past a mill or a blacksmith shop near by made it ideal. This happy combination was to be had at several places along this stretch of our creek. With the advantage of these facilities the inventive genius of the boy is early brought into play and he quickly learns to make things for himself. Where the stream is placid he will sail his little boat from one side to the other. Where there are falls he will have his little water wheel turning toy machines of his own making. Our country boy manufactures his own little wind engines, his willow whistles, his cornstalk fiddles. And maybe with the aid of someone older than himself, he makes his own little wagons and sleds and he enjoys them more than the gaudily painted ones purchased for the town boys. There is enough of the boy still remaining in most of us to enjoy these childish pleasures ourselves. Oh, to be a boy again!

This account is mainly taken up with activities of men, but the time comes in the lives of all when they are obliged to lay down their work and join those who have gone before. This leads our thoughts to the acre of green on the other side of the creek. There beautifully situated on the hillslope, is the little village of the dead. There rest the men of action of other days. For ought we know their spirits may be watching and guarding the Quincy of today and what with their guidance or what with some other impulse a new lease of life may be given to the little old village of Quincy.

And so it is that history never runs on an even keel, for the tides of men move up and down the course of years and mayhap the boasted progress of some towns will lose out and be outdistanced by others in the race for dominance. Let us hope therefore that this village—in the language of the old almanacs—is now in the “up-going” and that the Quincy of the future will be so far in advance of the Quincy of the past that there can be little comparison between them.

We have hardly passed the indefinite limits of Quincy until we come to a concrete bridge over a sparkling little stream, fed by four or five springs, which come out of the ground in the grass-covered vale hard by. Let us stop here and take a look at these quaint old buildings, standing to the left, which appear to be a little run down on account of age and lack of paint. But it

is not enough to see the old cloister from the road. One should take time to look inside, for a visit will add to the interest of the trip.

The place originally consisted of 130 acres purchased in 1763 by Catherine Schneeberger (anglicized into Snowberger). It is on the land records as Snow Hill which means the same as Snowberger. In 1825 the property came into the possession of five trustees, founders of the Snow Hill Society. Peter Lehman came to the place in 1800 and later, with a number of others mostly Snowbergers, organized the Seventh Day Baptist Society of Snow Hill. The name "Nunnery" is a misnomer and does not apply to Snow Hill institution, but the nickname has survived as nicknames nearly always do. The people were known among themselves by the true title.

The first community house was built in 1814 and was called the Kloster (cloister). The mill was erected in 1807; the white church in 1829, and the other buildings were put up at different times as needed until 1843. The great bell for rising was rung at 5 A. M. and half an hour later they had breakfast at two long tables with benches on either side. A chair was at the end of one of the tables for the vorsteher who conducted the devotions and who was also teacher as well as director. The brothers sat at one table and the sisters at the other. They did not forbid marriage, but if a brother and a sister desired to wed they were obliged to live somewhere else. Frequently a special church name was adopted by members after joining the society. They observed Saturday as their Sabbath.

They practiced antiphonal or responsive music which had a peculiar form of harmony and all who heard it say that it was most charming. It is described very feelingly by Doctor Fahnestock who lived several months in the neighborhood. He says in part:

"Some years since I sojourned in the neighborhood of Snow Hill during the summer season, where I had a fine opportunity of hearing their music frequently and judging of its excellence. On each returning Friday evening, the commencement of the Sabbath, I regularly mounted my horse and rode to that place—a distance of three miles—and lingered about the grove in front of the building during the evening exercises, charmed to enchantment.

"It was in my gay days, when the fashion and ambition of the world possessed my whole breast; but there was such a sublimity and devotion in their music, that I repaired with the greatest punctuality to this place, to drink in those mellifluous tones which transported my spirit, for the time, to regions of unalloyed bliss—tones which I never before nor since heard on earth, though I have frequented the English, the French, and the Italian opera; that is music for the ear; the music of Beissel

is music for the soul—music that affords more than natural gratification.

"It was always a delightful hour to me—enhanced by the situation of the cloister, which is in a lonely vale just beyond the South Mountain. During the week I longed for the return of that evening, and on the succeeding morning was again irresistibly led to take the same ride, (if I did not let it be known in the evening that I was on the ground—for whenever it was discovered—I was invited and kept the night in the cloister), to attend morning service, at which time I always entered the room, as there was then preaching.

"But as often as I entered, I became ashamed of myself; for scarcely had these strains of celestial melody touched my ear, than I was bathed in tears; unable to suppress them, they continued to cover my face during the service; nor, in spite of my mortification, could I keep away. They were not tears of penitence, (for my heart was not subdued to the Lord) but tears of ecstatic rapture, giving a foretaste of the joys of heaven."

Services were held in the church on Saturday (then Sabbath) and one of the interesting sights was the orderly procession from the Kloster to the church. On that day, two by two, the brothers walked in the lead. They were followed by the sisters with their plain dresses and large white handkerchiefs around their necks pinned down over their chests. They passed under the big trees, across the thick-carpeted grass, over the little bridges into the church. This procession made a wonderful impression on all who were privileged to witness it.

The spring communion known as the "Love-feast," held in June was largely attended, some driving many miles to be present. Many of these were young men in company with their lady friends for it was quite the thing to attend the "Nunnery Meeting." As many as four or five thousand were often present. All were fed, whether members or not, with a simple meal consisting of bread, butter, applebutter, cucumber pickles and hot coffee. It was a busy time for the members as the serving of the meal continued until late in the afternoon. During and since the World War, the practice of serving free meals has been discontinued.

There appears to be something incongruous about the old convent situated as it is, in this pleasant vale and close to a modern roadway. Quite a contrast between these devout people of yesterday, and the pleasure loving people of today speeding by their very doors; quite a contrast between these gray-clad brothers and white-clad sisters going about their daily toil in their quiet and circumspect way, and the gay-clad youngsters with seeming irreverence passing swiftly by in their high-powered cars. But so it is, changes come and changes go and what is

commonplace to us in this day may be quaint and curious to others in the days to come.

The doings at Snow Hill have always been of interest to the public. Possibly some visitors were actuated to go there through idle curiosity while others, no doubt, went with feeling of sympathetic interest. Samuel Davison must have been one of the latter, for he tells of a triune immersion which he witnessed while visiting Snow Hill in 1847. His description of the baptism in the following well chosen words show the solemnity of the occasion and deserves a place in an account such as this.

"Three candidates for baptism who had been previously accepted as such by the pastors of the two Societies (Snow Hill and Ephrata), were announced as ready to be baptized. After being suitably attired, they repaired to the baptistry, where the thronging multitude had already assembled. We sang a hymn and prayer, and Elder (Andrew) Fahnestock went down into the water: the candidates assisted by by-standing brethren and sisters, descended after him. They were females. As each reached the lower step, he took her by the left arm, and led her to a suitable depth, where she kneeled down.

"It was a hot sunny day, but that pure water was cold, and at first made respiration short and laboured. She applied water to the face, and he to the back of the head, waiting a moment for her to recover, and reacquire a devout frame. Then, laying his left hand upon the forepart of head, and his right upon the back, between the shoulders; he said, 'Ich taufe euch in namen des Vaters,' and immersed the candidate, face foremost; then raising her up to her former position, he gave her time for a like recovery of self-possession, and adding, in an audible voice und des Sohnes,' he immersed her in the same manner a second time: then giving her a like time for a similar recovery, he added, 'und des Heiligen Geistes,' and proceeded as before; raising her up to her first position, that is, still kneeling, and giving time for the candidate to recover; while she was yet kneeling he laid both hands upon her head, and offered a short invocation for the Spirit of God to seal this obedient handmaid as a child of God.

"Thus he proceeded with all the others; and the service closed. There was no hurrying to see how quickly it could be done; nor any apparent impatience with the candidates; both candidates and administrator seemed to act as though they believed the Savior was near."

Let us retrace our journey a short distance and take a look at the old graveyard of the Snow Hill congregation. It is along the public highway and lies north of the Kloster about one-fourth of a mile away. Here these devout and religious people have been burying their dead for more than a hundred years. The interesting spot in this old cemetery is in the upper part

where stands a bluish marble stone about three feet high and twenty inches wide. It marks the grave of Peter Lehman who is regarded as the founder of the Snow Hill Society. The inscription on the front of the stone is in German which, turned into English, reads as follows:

"Here rest the mortal remains of Peter Lehman; he was born on the 24th of May 1757 and passed from time into eternity on the 4th of January, 1823, Aged 65 years, 7 months and 11 days."

On the opposite side of the stone is the following:

"Peter Lehman upright in walk, righteous in life, just in faith, patient in hope, brings a blessed end. Look at me. I have had for a short time toil and labor. And have found great comfort. For the Lord has appeared unto me from afar. For the weary souls he will revive, and the troubled souls he will comfort."

Peter Lehman was the foremost man in his society and was also a conspicuous man in the community. He was a leader among his people for more than twenty-five years and he is the most prominent personage whose remains rest in this little burial ground. A number of other tombstones bear inscriptions in the German language but all of those buried here in later years have inscriptions on their stones in English.

While writing about the Nunnery one has very much the same feeling as when visiting the place and is loath to leave it. It seems these unobtrusive people, in common with other pietists, never had a creed or articles of faith and practice. This gave rise to misrepresentations, especially by people not friendly to them. The following extract, taken from the life of Benjamin Franklin, is interesting because it shows his versatility and how persons from different walks of life consulted him in regard to their problems. Notice with what good effect Franklin uses foggy weather to illustrate the point he wishes to make in the following paragraphs:

"I was acquainted with * * * Michael Welfare (Wohlfarth) * * * He complained to me that they (his people) were grievously calumniated by the zealots of other persuasions, and charged with abominable principles and practices, to which they were utter strangers. I told him this had always been the case with new sects, and that, to put a stop to such abuse, I imagined it might be well to publish the articles of their belief, and the rules of their discipline. He said that it had been proposed among them, but not agreed to, for this reason:

"'When we were first drawn together as a society,' said he, 'it had pleased God to enlighten our minds so far as to see that some doctrines, which were esteemed truths, were errors; and that others, which we had esteemed errors, were real truths. From time to time, He has been pleased to afford us further light, and

our principles have been improving, and our errors diminishing. Now we are not sure that we have arrived at the end of this progression, and at the perfection of spiritual or theological knowledge; and we fear that, if we should once print our confession of faith, we should feel ourselves as if bound and confined by it, and perhaps be unwilling to receive further improvement; and our successors still more so, as conceiving what their elders and founders had done to be something sacred, never to be departed from!

"This modesty in a sect is perhaps a singular instance in the history of mankind, every other sect supposing itself in possession of all truth, and that those who differ are so far in the wrong; like a man traveling in foggy weather;—those at some distance before him on the road he sees wrapped up in the fog, as well as those behind him, and also the people in the fields on each side; but near him all appear clear, though in truth he is as much in the fog as any of them."

The foregoing, from the pen of Benjamin Franklin, is commended to those who believe the "light" has been given to them only and that all others are in darkness. A great advance has been made in religious tolerance since the time of Benjamin Franklin and Conrad Beisel.

The youth of each generation seek their thrills and pleasures in their own way, which way seems to meet the approval of their immediate elders. Parents assume the role of critics of their children forgetting that their fathers likewise found exception to their way of doing things. Romance has always possessed the soul of youth whether living in the nineteenth or the twentieth century and so it was that when our own grandfathers went calling on their lady loves, they had to go on horseback or walk, and as a diversion in those days, if a horse were available, a horse-back ride would be proposed and taken. Both would ride the same horse, the young man in front, his partner behind and if necessary she would hold on to him for support. Sometimes the swain would inadvertently—possibly on purpose—give the horse the spurs in order to make him frisky, with the result that she would grasp him more tightly in her arms. After doing this once he might repeat the performance notwithstanding a certain amount of risk was involved.

The next generation—our fathers—traveled by horse and buggy and the young drivers became quite expert in guiding their steeds with one hand, but while doing this they too were taking a risk. The present generation—ourselves—travel much faster than our fathers and grandfathers did along the Quincy road, and also take corresponding risk, while trying to drive the car with one hand.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago the range of young people's acquaintanceship was eight or ten miles and romances were usu-

ally confined within narrow limits. Possibly friendships then were limited by the distance a young man could go and return by horse and buggy in one evening. Now, with high powered motor cars, the young man's gallivanting may cover as much as a radius of 50 miles or more and he is just as likely to pick a young woman for his life mate living far away as close by. The youth of today have an advantage over their sires in that the greater the distance, the less does family background have to do with the case; and besides they are not so likely to encounter relatives—first cousins, second cousins, etc.—as formerly. The last place one would look for romance is at Snow Hill, but for some reason or other, a great war writer found in it a setting for one of his stories.

The people of Snow Hill have always been of a practical turn, deeply religious and not given very much to the pursuit of the so-called worldly pleasures, but withal that, there was romance among them in days gone by just as there is among every people. Stories of emotions and passions could be told of these quiet and unobtrusive folk just as thrilling, no doubt, as any that have ever been portrayed by a word painter. But they were smothered within their own consciousness and the world can only guess what were the inner secrets of their hearts, for no one thought worth while to lay them open to public gaze. It may be just as well, for what is not exposed cannot be commented upon.

It is a fact though, that romance in Snow Hill is hinted at by George Alfred Townsend in his book, "Katy of Catoclin," published near the end of the last century. It is a Civil War story depicting life in Maryland and southern Pennsylvania during the troublous times of that period. The writer lays one of the scenes, almost tragic in its consequences, in the Kloster at Snow Hill. And he introduces one, Job Snowberger, a vague sort of character and without much personality. Others, such as Harbaugh, Monn, Ritner and Logan, well known names in this vicinity at the present time, also appear as characters in the book.

Puritan, Catholic and Baptist are brought together in this thrilling story and by turns take their places on the stage of action. Strange that the novelist should seek his characters from such places as Snow Hill and Emmistburg, so widely divergent in their religious persuasions, however it should be remembered, most of them are but characters of his imagination instead of characters in real life.

Mr. Townsend must have visited The Nunnery, for it is not possible to have written as he did without seeing the place. Note the choice of words he uses in describing the abode of these plain religious people. Those who visited the "Kloster" in olden days were just as entranced as was the author of the following

lines, but words failed them in their efforts to translate their enthusiasm into words:

"The old Seventh Day Baptist Nunnery stood in a crevice of the mountain foot-lands, where a meadow bubbled up in copious springs which, fashioned into a bed, wound in a strong brook between the long brick monastery and the low, massive, white plastered church, and then, caught up in a mill-race turned two old Dunker mills. The dwelling, or kloster-house, was nearly a hundred and fifty feet long, and of a delightfully broken form, with a great-chimneyed, squatting kitchen in the middle, flanked by long conventional wings—on one side a cool porch and several doors, the other side more primitively German, with little lines of windows, and over the center dormers rose the naked cupola and bell.

"The gurgling brook, talking at its birthplace, described such gossiping rounds of flowing, that all the parts of this settlement seemed to be in a circle, and fruit sprang out of the earth as if here was some old corner of Paradise, neglected but uncursed. The humid spring meadow was tinted with blue sedge and flowers, and a pond in the midst was their looking glass. Woods and rocks shut in the church, and its two doors that separated the vexing mystery of sex, cultivated hills hid the nunnery from the south; the cedar, fern, ailanthus, catalpa, apple, and pear trees gave grateful shade; and milk and cider showed their butteries and presses to the covetous eye of the homeless tramp, for whose terror a sign was put on the door, which none of his brotherhood was ever known to heed.

"Close by, the graveyard showed the tombs of the Snowbergers, for whom Snow Hill (berg) was named, and of their Ephrata-reared friends; and the South Mountain, losing its coherence here in Pennsylvania, described great hillocks and cones near by, and in the south showed the blue promontory in which it crossed the free-State line, and then swerved irresolutely away."

Those interested in Snow Hill have reason to take a certain amount of pride in the fact that George Alfred Townsend should have chosen this spot for the exercise of his descriptive powers. He has not overdrawn the picture for, in years gone by, the Nunnery was one of the cleanest and best kept places in the Cumberland valley. And those who drove there by horse-and-carriage, going thirty, forty or fifty miles, at Annual Meeting time, went not so much to attend the services, but to see again the well-kept grounds, the white-washed fences, the freshly painted buildings and the other attractive surroundings.

It is sad to reflect that these old buildings are slowly going to decay and, like the members of the monastical society themselves, they will become merely vague memories among the older residents in the neighborhood; and finally there will be no first-

hand knowledge of the quaint old place and the simple and unassuming life of its members.

Orderliness and devoutness characterized the life of these people. They sang their hymns, engaged in their devotions and performed the work assigned to them day after day without let or hindrance. And thus throughout the years, in the even tenor of their way, they led a quiet, simple and unostentatious life.

Several times, however, in the course of their existence as a society or as a congregation, their peaceful life was disturbed by court proceedings, not however, by their own seeking, but because some of their neighbors believed they were violating a commandment in giving over the first day of the week to work. One of these cases began in an office of a Justice of the Peace and did not end until it reached the Supreme Court. The history of the case in brief is this: John Lidy charged that Jacob Specht, a cooper, had on the 16th day of August 1846, which day was Sunday, engaged in hauling manure. George W. Toms, a local justice of the peace issued a warrant for the arrest of Specht, who was taken before a justice by Hugh M. Sibbett, a constable, and was fined \$4 for violation of the Act of April 22, 1794.

The Franklin County Court affirmed the action of the justice and Specht carried the case to the Supreme Court which sustained the decision of the lower court. Specht contended that he was commanded in the Bible to work six days of the week and rest on the seventh; that he had rested on this seventh day, and that it was necessary for him to work six days in order to comply with the commandment to work six days.

The Supreme Court in its decision stated that members of a society who conscientiously observe and keep the seventh day of the week as the Christian Sabbath, can be convicted if they work on Sunday, because Sunday is the day set aside by Act of 22nd April, 1794, as the day of legalized rest. One is led to wonder what the decision of the courts would be today if such a case were brought before them for judgment. It is interesting to know that Thaddeus Stevens, the great "Commoner" conducted Specht's case, for him and the arguments he presented to the court make very interesting reading.

About thirty years ago—to be exact, August 24, 1899—the members of the Snow Hill congregation, were again haled into the Franklin County Courts. This time it was not because of any infraction of the law, but because the State of Pennsylvania claimed through its attorneys that as there were no members of the monastical society then living—Obed Snowberger having died a few years previous—the organization had no heirs, and consequently the lands, buildings and other belongings should revert to the state.

There were still quite a good many adherents to the faith living in the neighborhood and services in the little white church

continued to be held at stated intervals. The members of the Snow Hill congregation asserted that the society is an integral part of the Seventh Day Baptist church and that the farm, mill, shops, etc., belonged to the church which had in great part created them.

The State invoked the "Doctrine of Cypress," which has seldom, if ever, been applied in the local courts, and persons not of the legal profession hardly know its meaning. In brief it is the power of a court to substitute for a particular charity which has failed another of the same kind, an nearly as may be. In other words it is the substitution of a legal for an illegal arrangement of carrying out a testator's intentions and allow the essential part of the expressed intention to stand. This time the Commonwealth failed in its claims; the property did not escheat to the state and it was decreed that it was part and parcel of the Seventh Day Baptists.

Efforts to purchase Ephrata by the State of Pennsylvania are under way at the present time and it is to be hoped that Snow Hill can at some time be taken over in the same way. The plan of the State is to care for and preserve historic properties, such as these, and to restore them as nearly as possible, to their former glory.

Should Pennsylvania at some future time take over this property by purchase, the transaction would be a fine substitute for the plan of endeavoring to acquire it by escheat proceedings. Snow Hill and Ephrata are old landmarks. They are unlike any other communities in the country; they are worth preserving for the benefit of future generations, and Pennsylvania is the best agency to accomplish this purpose.

Those who have been taking these rambles with us may think we have over-stayed our time at the Nunnery, but our excuse for lingering there is, that it is such an interesting old cloister and we are loath to leave the place. But, without any further delay, we will go up the Nunnery hill and proceed on our way to Waynesboro.

When leaving this quaint old place we must part company with the Antietam for the stream takes a more direct course, by keeping to the low ground, while we are obliged to veer to the left and mount the hill by a long sweeping curve. Thus far we have been close companions with our stream and with the railroad and cannot help but note how nearly straight and direct are the railroad tracks, how gracefully curved is the roadway and lastly, how much more winding than either is the course of our stream which finds its way about by force of gravity. Unappreciated perhaps by us, all of these features—some natural and some artificial—are the things which lend so much charm to the meadowland through which we have just passed. In fact it is these works

of God and the works of man, which add interest to any landscape.

We are not abandoning the dear old Antietam at this point as those who have been accompanying us might suppose, but of necessity we have to keep to the roadway. We promise, however, to meet the stream again in a few days. In the meanwhile we will proceed on the road to Waynesboro, passing on the way objects of interest, or at least giving us an opportunity to view unsurpassed scenery and to discuss several interesting features which will come within the range of our vision.

Just as we reach the top of the Nunnery hill where the road turns toward the east, there stood until a few years ago, a little one-room school building. Like thousands of others it has served its day, and served it well, but with its companions—thousands of them—it has succumbed to the inroads of the larger units of educational facilities, the consolidated schools. These schools are springing up everywhere and are typical of what is going on in all lines of endeavor.

But not without a struggle has the little red school house given way before the encroachments of the new day. They are symbols of the Public School system, which has been in existence in Pennsylvania almost one hundred years. Here again we may mention Thaddeus Stevens, known as the "Father of the Public Schools" in our state who, when its enemies tried to repeal the law of 1834, delivered one of the greatest speeches that ever rang through the halls of legislation. There is just room here for one of the many eloquent sayings of this great advocate of universal education:

"Cast your vote that the blessing of education shall be conferred on every son of Pennsylvania—shall be carried home to the poorest child of the poorest inhabitant of the lowliest hut of your mountains, so that even he may be prepared to act well his part in this land of freemen." His burst of eloquence and truth on that occasion, undoubtedly saved the school system of Pennsylvania.

When the Nunnery Hill school was closed and the teacher locked its doors for the last time, the pupils were not deprived of school facilities, but they were merely transferred to more commodious quarters in the consolidated school at Quincy.

At this point may we digress just long enough to note that the people of Quincy township had a penchant for selecting high places for the location of their little school houses or, possibly it is more correct to say, that they invested them with names suggesting high places. This is not without precedent, for some of the world's most notable places of learning have been set on hills or mountains. The compound word designating the names of the school districts are interesting, for the reason that they indicate the distinguishing feature of the several hills at the time

the districts were formed and consequently, the reason for selecting such names as Fox Hill, Polk Hill, Rock Hill, Oak Hill, Opossum Hill, Pigeon Hill and Nunnery Hill, were more apparent than they are now.

At the top of the hill a panorama of rare beauty unfolds on the left and one should slow down and prepare to gaze upon the superb view. Many persons when they reach this point, have acquired the habit of stopping as they never seem to tire looking at this beautiful pastoral scene. The South Mountains are but two miles away and form a pleasing background. They are not crowned with rugged tops or with frowning cliffs as the Rockies and Sierras are, but they have smooth sides and rounded tops. They rather beckon us to come and enjoy their friendly shelter, and one becomes curious to learn whether there are not some shady retreats in their fastnesses where one might spend a pleasant afternoon.

The view from the roadway overlooks the low-lying valley close at hand. Groups of comfortable homes are nestled here and there among the well-tended rectangular fields. Trees are lined along the fences and these, together with vines, shrubs and grass distinctly mark out the boundaries and decorate the limits of these large geometric figures.

Against the side of the mountain are the villages of Toms-town, hugging its foot and Fairview perched above. Most of the buildings are painted white and surrounded by whitewashed fences. They stand out clearly against the green of the mountain and form a picture not soon to be forgotten. The view from Fairview overlooking the valley is even more entrancing but few except the villagers know about it. These are wonderful views and photograph, or camera or even artist, cannot make pictures so intimate and so real as those you obtain by looking at them direct with your own lens in your own eyes.

It may be of interest to know that during the Civil War, when there were rumors of Confederate raids, the farmers in this vicinity drove their livestock to the top of Fairview mountain to save them from being confiscated. They were relatively safe up there, for the owners could easily observe the movements of the troops at a great distance and besides the enemy would scarcely think of looking on top of the mountain for booty.

A peculiar condition existing on the summit of Fairview mountain, which has often been commented upon by persons who have seen it, and which might with propriety be noted, are the large banks of pure sand scattered about here and there. It is not uncommon, however, as sand is frequently found on mountain tops. The presence of sand in such large quantities, at so great an elevation, is certainly curious and may be accounted for in several ways. This condition may have been brought about by some great convulsion of nature; or it may have been

a slow process which may be going on even at the present time. Some earth movements are so slow that they are not perceptible to us, for it should be remembered that the second hand of the geological clock requires centuries to make but one revolution.

It has probably been noticed ere this, that one digression after another halts us on this journey. The explanation for these detours is there are so many things of interest to be told that it is difficult for an untrained mind to keep close to the text and to the roadway at the same time. But with the risk of becoming tiresome let us delay for a moment in order to put in this record the story of a little stone church standing over against the mountain at Fairview. There is nothing peculiar about the building itself that it should be mentioned except that it is interesting because it is the first house of Mormon worship in Pennsylvania. It was erected a little more than ten years ago and at present time it has a congregation of 40 or 50 earnest adherents. It does seem strange that Quincy township, of all other places, should be selected as a center for the promulgation of that faith.

The presence of Mormons in this locality may be accounted for in this wise: it appears that nearly 100 years ago—to be exact in 1846—Sidney Rigdon, a prominent leader in the Mormon Church, bought a farm of 400 acres along the Conococheague creek, near Greencastle, with the intention of establishing a Mormon colony in Franklin county. It is said that Sidney Rigdon frequently came to Snow Hill, hoping to persuade these people to join his movements. In this he was not successful, but it appears he did succeed in interesting a few people, living near what is now Tomstown, in the new doctrine.

There were at one time more than 200 members in this Conococheague settlement, but owing to the disaster which overtook the Mormons at Nauvoo, Illinois, or for some other reason, Rigdon's scheme did not work out financially and in 1850 the former owner repossessed the property. But from that day to this, the spirit of Mormonism has never entirely died out in Franklin county. This answers in a more or less indefinite way the question often asked why there happens to be a church of the "Latter Day Saints" in Tomstown.

Resuming our journey, we have to make a right-angled turn at the boundary between Washington and Quincy townships. In another moment we will pass on the left a grove of three or four acres of large native trees which some farmer, with an eye for the fitness of things, allowed to stand as a monument to the primeval forests. They should never be cut down. Quickly topping the next hill; when lo! the spires and stacks of Waynesboro, the terminus of our trip comes into view. All know Waynesboro and it needs no comment here.

Until a few years ago the roadway had only a macadam bed and poor at that; and it was not smooth traveling, either in wet or

in dry weather. Now it has a concrete bed and is everything to be desired except that it could be driven with more comfort if it were several feet wider. One wonders what the condition of this road was a hundred years ago. There were no bridges over the little streams then and doubtless deep wagon ruts marked its course most of the way. And again one wonders what will be the condition of this road a hundred years hence. By that time for economic reasons, the hills may be trimmed down and the graceful curves straightened out, or it may be every one will be traveling in the air and roads will not be necessary.

In those days, over roads such as this, Conestoga wagons, equipped with axe and all sorts of tools, not forgetting the tar-bucket, slowly carried their burdens—the commerce of the valley—to the larger centers of population. Occasionally color was added to the scene when four-horse coaches went whisking by with ribbons and the six-foot horn calling the people to their front doors. And then the big six-horse teams, smartly harnessed, wended their way over the mountain roads carrying charcoal and pig to the forges and blooms and nails and other iron products away from them. Altogether living, in those days, was of the quiet sort compared with the rushing life of the present day. But it was pleasant and colorful and satisfying.

If permissible let us take a backward glance and have one more look at this delightful stretch of four or five miles of meadowland through which we have just passed. The district bordering on the West Branch of Antietam creek is surely replete with historic memories and with scenic beauties. If this statement does not meet with hearty approval in the mind of the reader, the review of this road and this stream is failing in its purpose. It may just be a figurative tour to some. To such it is suggested that they plan to travel this road and view this stream every once in a while and become more intimately acquainted with their charms.

One is impressed with its variety of interest and it is not fanciful to say that this section, with its blend of hill and valley and winding stream, can scarcely be excelled anywhere. Many things to be seen along the stream are of nature's molding, and many more are of man's contriving, both adding zest and flavor to the scene. A famous landscape artist once said, "These things are worth more than money can buy." They are striking and fascinating even to the untrained eye and their beauty may be sensed even if one does not have the vocabulary to tell about them.

It cannot be said however that the oil stations along the way add to the beauty of the scenery, but it must be admitted they do add color. Big billboards flare up every so often and one can only wonder what beautiful scenes are hidden behind these roadside monstrosities. There is one thing to be thankful for and

that is this road is not distressed with antique stores, nor coffee shoppes, nor hot dog stands. There are places though where one may obtain a good meal and a good bed and if, while driving along, the odor of country ham is wafted across the way it is difficult to withstand the temptation to stop at any of the neat houses and ask for a bite even though the standard invitation "Rooms and meals" is absent. The majority of the houses are just the sort where one would expect a good Pennsylvania dinner.

The people driving along the road and along the stream have, at various times, throughout the year been brought into touch with men and events of more than local interest. In this respect they are favored far above the average community and they have reason therefore to be proud of their little corner in the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The more one studies the section traversed by this road one reaches the conclusion that it is a neighborhood of variety and interest. It is also a neighborhood of possibilities and may be the young folk brought up here should not be so eager to go elsewhere for the exercise and development of their talents. They might easily go farther and fare worse.

Before leaving the so-called "Quincy Road," let us be reminded that in a few years, a certain anniversary will occur which should be of much interest to Quincy township citizens. There is in fact a double reason why this year should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. It will be remembered that Frederick Fisher, the first settler in Quincy, came here in 1737. And then again Quincy township was organized in 1837. There are the two most important years in Quincy township history and they are just one hundred years apart. The year 1937 is therefore important, because it will be the bi-centennial of the first settlement in Quincy, as well as the centennial of the incorporation of Quincy township.

It is not too soon to begin preparations for such a celebration, nor is it too early for those interested to organize themselves into a historical society. Such an organization should aim to compile everything, historical and otherwise, concerning pioneer days, together with all that has happened since. One of the features of such a celebration which at once suggests itself is a historical pageant. It should traverse this road from the Guilford township line on the north to the Washington township line on the south. Including that portion of the road through Mont Alto the distance to be traversed is six miles or more. There are two good reasons why such a pageant should be staged on this road, first, because it bisects Quincy township, almost equally, from north to south and second, because it is the most important highway in the township.

Other things to be done on that occasion will come to the minds of those who may have the celebration in charge. One

feature that should not be omitted will be to extend an invitation to all former Quincy township residents and their friends to come and enjoy the festivities with the home folks. Let it be a homecoming week and a reunion of all Quincy township families. If Quincy continues to add to its population its citizens might be ready to incorporate the village into a borough by 1937—a very suitable date indeed for such an important step in the life of the village. Then Quincy people can afford to look Mont Alto citizens in the face again.

It may be of interest before leaving the Quincy road to read the following description of three towns along this road as noted in a history published by Daniel Rupp in the year 1848, eighty-three years ago:

"FUNKSTOWN, in Quincy township contains 12 or 15 dwellings. Alton Furnace is a mile from this village. North of Funkstown are the Pine Lands.

"QUINCY, a post village consists of some 12 or 15 dwellings, one tavern and a store; about 3 miles from Hughe's furnace.

"Waynesboro, formerly called Waynesburg, a post town and borough, in Washington township, on the turnpike road leading from McConnellstown, Bedford county, by way of Mercersburg, Greencastle, Waynesboro, to Emmitsburg, Md. It is a flourishing town, situated in a very fertile, cultivated, and very productive limestone country. It is only 2 miles from the Maryland line, 9 miles from Greencastle, 15 from Chambersburg and 19 from Mercersburg. The borough contains about 100 dwellings, 4 taverns, (one temperance house) 4 stores, 4 churches, viz: German Reformed, Lutheran, Presbyterian and Methodist. There are 2 public schools, and an academy, here. A weekly paper—Waynesboro Circulator—is published by M. C. Grate.

"A Mr. Wallace laid out the town, about 45 years ago, and for some time, it was named after him—Wallacetown. It is said the first house of the town, occupied by Messrs. Tritle and Davidson, was erected by Michael McCoskrey."

Trego's geography printed in 1843 describes Waynesboro as follows: "Waynesboro is a neat town in the southeast part of Franklin county having a number of good brick houses and a population of about 800. It is in the midst of a country not surpassed in Pennsylvania for well cultivated and productive farms." A fine tribute to the infant town eighty-eight years ago and we who live here can confirm what this geographer was pleased to put in his book.

A history published in the year 1843 by Sherman Day has this to say about Waynesboro and Snowhill:

"Waynesboro is a large borough 15 miles southwest of Chambersburg in the midst of a rich limestone region. A turnpike runs from this place through Mercersburg to McConnell-

town. Population in 1840 was 799. Churches, a Presbyterian, Lutheran and German Reformed.

"Snow Hill, on Antietam creek near the South Mountain, is now since the decline of Ephrata (in Lancaster Co.) the principal settlement of the Seventh Day Baptists. They keep up the institution as originally established at Ephrata and the settlement is said to be in a flourishing condition."

Nearly all histories and geographies published in the early half of the last century mention Snow Hill, showing that it was recognized as an important institution. These two communities—Snow Hill and Ephrata—were interesting, because of the simple unostentatious life led by their people.

The U. S. Census of 1840—the first census of Quincy township—reveals some information that should be of interest to the Quincyites of today. At that time the township is credited with one furnace, 3 forges or rolling mills, 6 flouring mills, 2 grist mills, 8 saw mills, 2 tanneries and two distilleries.

For the sake of comparisons, it should be noted that on the same date Washington township had no furnaces or forges, but did have 6 flouring mills, 1 grist mill, 14 saw mills, 3 tanneries and 7 distilleries. It should be said in this connection, that Waynesboro at that time was counted with Washington township.

Other statistics furnished by the census of 1840 for Quincy township record that it had 657 horses and mules, 1483 neat cattle, 1428 sheep, 3240 swine; that the township raised 48,765 bushels of wheat, 13,835 bushels of rye, 37,447 bushels of Indian corn, 29,690 bushels of oats, 23 bushels of buckwheat, 4,488 bushels of potatoes, 1643 tons of hay, 2,912 pounds of wool; value of dairy products \$2,822.

Again the records will hardly be complete without giving corresponding information for Washington township which in that year had 1038 horses and mules, 2,349 neat cattle, 1,716 sheep, 7,981 swine; raised 75,282 bushels of wheat, 13,990 bushels of rye, 67,725 bushels of Indian corn, 46,310 bushels of oats, 56 bushels of barley, 259 bushels of buckwheat, 9,174 bushels of potatoes, 1,952 tons of hay, 3,864 pounds of wool; value of dairy products, \$3,416.

The population of Quincy township as recorded by the 1840 census was 2,502 of whom there were 245 boys and 217 girls under the age of five years and four adults over 80 years of age. At that time there were 19 colored males and 12 colored females in the township. The corresponding information for Washington township was: Population 0,000 of whom there were 213 boys and 231 girls under five years of age and four adults over 80 years of age. There were 17 colored males and 16 colored females in the township at that time.

It will be noticed from the foregoing information that,

within the past 100 years, there has not been very much change, one way or another, in the production of cereals and livestock in Washington and Quincy townships. Barley and buckwheat were grown in small quantities then, but it is doubtful if either of these grains are produced here now. It is known that considerable flax was raised in Franklin county in olden times, but it is not mentioned in this report. In this district, composed of Washington and Quincy townships, ninety years ago there was one furnace, three forges or rolling mills, five tanneries and ten distilleries. Now there are none of these. The report discloses that there were 15 flour and grist mills and 22 sawmills in the two townships, all run by water power, furnished by Antietam creek and its branches. Now there are about 5 grist mills and only a few sawmills doing duty here.

That man would be an over-bold prophet, indeed, who would be willing to predict what will be the principal occupation of the people of Quincy and Washington townships a hundred years hence. It is more than likely that some pretending scribe will do then, what we are trying to do now; explain about our lack of facilities and our crude way of living, but none of us will be present to correct his inaccurate statements or his errors of judgment; just as those who have lived along our stream a century ago cannot be here now to defend themselves against our misstatements of fact and our wrong inferences in regard to their so-called quaint practices and simple manner of living. But to be long faced about it one surely does wonder what sort of a civilization there will be in the world a hundred years from now?

After going over this stretch of roadway from Mont Alto to Waynesboro one is moved to make the assertion that there is no subject more interesting than the study of roads and, there might be added, the study of trade routes which are constantly shifting from one highway to another. When a new country is being developed the means of communication are one of the first considerations of the pioneers. In the beginning they were not roads, hardly more than trails or bridal paths, winding around the hills and avoiding the marshes. When it became necessary to widen them for wagon transportation, the work was done by neighborhood cooperation without the formality of legal proceedings. It is difficult for us at the present time to visualize, while traveling over our smooth asphalt highways, that less than 200 years they were just beginning to be used by wheeled vehicles.

As before noted, horseback riding was the universal mode of traveling in colonial days. Wagons were used, after the roads were wide enough, in hauling grain, merchandise, etc., but no vehicle for personal transportation was known to our early settlers. On errands of pleasure or business everybody traveled on horseback. At funerals the coffin was placed on a farm

wagon and a similar conveyance carried the family of the deceased, while the relatives and friends followed on horseback like a troop of cavalry. Such a procession on our roads today would excite comment and curiosity and, even in backward foreign countries, it would be an unusual spectacle. And so it is, that not more than three or four generations ago, customs were, because of necessity, widely different from what they are in our time.

As previously stated three important trade routes originally crossed Antietam valley, leading over the mountain at Nicholas's Gap, with Baltimore as their ultimate objective. They furnished a trade outlet from three important settlements in the Cumberland valley, namely: Hagerstown, Chambersburg and Greencastle. At that time these places were called Elisabeth-Town, Chambers-Town and the Conococheague Settlement.

In early times these three roads were known as The Old Hagerstown Road, The Georgetown Road and the Nicholas Gap (Mentzer Gap) Road. The oldest is believed to have been the Old Hagerstown Road, having been laid out about 1747. It led from Hagerstown, through Leitersburg, Ringgold, Midvale and and connected with the Georgetown Road—now the Buchanan Highway—at the upper part of Rouzerville, but of course none of these villages were in existence at that time. This road was the most direct route to Baltimore for persons living in Hagerstown and points in northern Maryland. In 1821 a daily stage coach line was inaugurated and plied back and forth over this road between Hagerstown and Gettysburg, connecting at the latter place with other toaches on the Philadelphia-Pittsburg Pike and at the former with the Baltimore and Wheeling Pike. In Hagerstown it was called, as was the custom in those days, the Gettysburg Road and in Gettysburg it was known as the Hagerstown Road.

The next road to be laid out was the Mentzer Gap road, leading from Chambersburg, passing through Five Forks, Quincy, Tomstown, Black's Corner and connecting with the Georgetown Road near the top of the mountain close to John Brown's toll-gate. It began to be used in the decade between 1750 and 1760 and bid fair to become one of the main traveled roads in the county. It was the most direct route from Chambers-Town to the seaboard at Baltimore but, on account of the vagaries of transportation, it early lost its pre-eminence as one of the important arteries of trade in the Cumberland valley. Now it is used only in a local way by the farmers living along its course. The portion through the mountain to the old toll gate is now known as the Bear Town Road.

The third trans-valley road to be laid out was the one known in Colonial times as the Georgetown road. It first appears on the records in 1761, but it did not receive official sanction until 1768, when the people of Peters township petitioned

the court to lay out a road so as to give them access to the port of Baltimore. It led through Greencastle, Waynesboro and Nicholas's Gap. In 1816 it was incorporated into the Mercersburg, Greencastle and Waynesboro Turnpike Road Company. In 1903 the turnpike was sold to the Chambersburg, Greencastle and Waynesboro Street Railroad Company and tracks were laid on its right-of-way from Greencastle to Rouzersville. In 1917 this road was conveyed to the State of Pennsylvania and is now known as Route No. 16 in the State Highway System.

There were no towns along its route when it was authorized by the Cumberland County Court. Neither was Quincy, Ringgold nor Rouzersville in existence then. Only Nicholas's Gap; the name given to the region on top of the South Mountain, appeared on the maps at that time. Several years ago the Franklin County Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at one of its meetings passed a resolution recommending that the road be known as Buchanan Highway, in honor of James Buchanan, fifteenth president of the United States, who was born along the route of this road at the foot of North Mountain.

It will be noticed in this account that these three important trade routes over the Antietam valley in early times all converged at Nicholas's Gap, now Monterey, near Mason and Dixon Line, thus accentuating the importance of that point. The cause of the concentration at this point was, that of all the gaps or depressions in the range from the Potomac to the Susquehanna, it is doubtful if any other place possessed equal importance for commercial purposes.

The Western Maryland railroad, the most important rail communication between the Cumberland valley and the city of Baltimore found its way across the mountain barrier through Nicholas's Gap in 1875. In the same vicinity, but constructed forty years earlier, may still be seen the embankments and bridges of the "Old Tapeworm" railroad. Here again, Thaddeus Stevens comes into the historical picture; for he it was, who sponsored this road—which was destined to be a failure because of the "Panic of 1837."

As a side-light on this enterprise it might be stated here that "A half million dollars were expended in grading the road before it was suspended or perhaps abandoned. A writer at the time stated that on account of its circuitous route, some styled it "The Tape Worm," and facetiously said their optics may have been "vermiculated." There is frequent occasion, in these sketches of Antietam valley, to mention the name of this somewhat erratic, but wonderful statesman and politician. No greater friend of poor people ever lived in the State of Pennsylvania than Thaddeus Stevens. He was a citizen of this state by adoption, having been born in Caledonia, Vermont, which fact doubtless accounts for naming his iron furnace, "Caledonia."

From the very beginning the Buchanan Highway apparently was destined to outstrip its competitors for public favor. The cause may have been topography, but it is doubtful. Possibly it was destined to be a main thoroughfare over these South Mountains when the citizens of Peters township assembled in 1761 and asked the Court of Cumberland county to ordain this road. Or it may not have shown the characteristics of a main highway until the people of Antrim township held a meeting and started sentiment to organize it into a turnpike road. Accordingly in 1768 it undoubtedly drew transportation away from Mentzer Gap road; and in like manner in 1816 it drew business away from the Old Hagerstown road.

It would be interesting indeed if one had all the facts at his command in the study of the struggle of these three roads for the capture of the trade of southern Cumberland valley. One thing is sure the Nicholas's Gap road early dropped out of the contest and became a road serving only the local communities through which it passed. The hope of gaining through traffic has probably been lost forever, but strange things are happening in this day of rapid change and it is not safe to make predictions. The Old Hagerstown road for more than a hundred years was also relegated to a local road, but it is interesting to note that it has lately been improved and Maryland people are again using it to reach the metropolis of their state.

Possibly it might be conjectured that Ringgold and Quincy—both older than Waynesboro—should attribute their failure to keep pace with Waynesboro, to the fact that the roads which served them were only by-roads or secondary roads as it were. In this as in many other cases one is apt to take the effect for the cause, and reason the wrong wayaround. However, there are many things to be considered when one is seeking excuses to make comparisons in growth, prosperity, etc. Let a community show its disposition to get along and roads, to reach that town or village, will surely be built and transportation lines to serve it, will just as surely be established. Quincy and Ringgold and Mont Alto have plenty of time in front of them during which there will be opportunities to retrieve their former prospects. Communities like families, it should be remembered, have their ups and downs.

The Old Hagerstown road and the Buchanan highway both figured in Civil War history and this may be the proper place to note that on the night of Saturday, July 4, 1863, the people along the former were awakened from their slumbers by noise, confusion and excitement, such as has never before or since been heard and seen in this locality. It was occasioned by the destruction, by Union troops, of General Lee's wagon train nine miles in length reaching from Monterey to Leitersburg, and the capture of 1300 Confederate troops which, after the Battle of Gettysburg,

were detailed to guard this supply train. On the turnpike the next day our citizens beheld another spectacle wonderful to look upon—the orderly retreat of nearly fifty thousand Confederate soldier's under command of that gallant officer, General Robert E. Lee.

Though it has been our aim to keep in sight of our stream most of the time, no doubt it has been observed that our travels of late have been confined to a highly improved roadway. The stretch we have just passed over—Mont Alto-Waynesboro—is the only concrete highway entering Waynesboro. It would be interesting to know the history of this road from the time of its inception until the present day. No doubt it was a means of communication long before it received official recognition.

Every curve and turn on the Mont Alto-Waynesboro road is where it is for some well preconceived reason. The considerations in laying out a road are first, its terminals, which naturally fix its general direction; next is the contour of the country through which the road passes as, in former times, the makers of roads avoided both the high and the low places along the route. Land boundaries also had to be considered when roads were originally laid out. Occasionally political and other influences were brought to bear, some of them above board and some below; so that the history of almost any road, if the facts could all be laid bare, would furnish most interesting reading.

As noted previously, many of our main highways—the Quincy road among them—were first paths of wild beasts or trails of savages, both good road engineers in their times. The course they unconsciously marked out, as a connecting link between two points, cannot be much improved by the white man of today with his superior engineering knowledge. So it is that most of our roads curving this way and that over the undulating country side, have proved to be the most suitable route for horse-and-carriage traffic.

In early days and even up until a comparatively short time ago roads were constructed at an average cost of three or four hundred dollars a mile. Now the cost of a road, to meet the requirements of present-day travel, reaches thirty to forty thousand dollars a mile and sometimes even more than that figure. No matter how hard our fathers might have thought, they could not possibly have conceived their succeeding generation would see their governments constructing roads at a cost exceeding one hundred times as much as they were paying for them at that time. Their wildest dreams could not have been extravagant enough to picture the transportation and travel facilities afforded the people of this day.

Rip Van Winkle-like we are awaking in a new world and sometimes we have almost to pinch ourselves to find out whether the things we see and hear are realities. Roads are in the fore-

front of all modern development. They represent great activity and, believe it or not, motion is the symbol of the age we are living in. Other lines of endeavor are also going forward by leaps and bounds, but because all have not progressed at an even pace, may account in great part for the troubles that are now besetting us. It is very easy during these times to drop into a discussion of economics but we will refrain and go over to the East Branch of our Antietam creek.

BLACK CORNER AND OTHER PLACES

Where the Antietam creek leaves the mountain and enters the valley is a section that appealed to the early settlers as having very productive soil. A considerable portion of this land was taken up by John Snowberger, (Schneeberger in early days), about the middle of the Eighteenth Century. A small part of this original tract belongs to members of the Snowberger family to this day. It is surrounded on three sides by mountains and at the northern limits where the mountain begins is the little village of Glen Furney. Nearly all the houses of this town are in Washington township.

South of Glen Furney, about half a mile, where the road from the White Mill intersects the road leading from Buchanan highway, is a district called Black Corner. In fact the whole of this section or gap was known by that name. Many years ago several houses were located at these crossroads, but there are none here now. One of them was a hotel kept by a man named Black, hence the name Black Corner. There was an old graveyard close by but now the plow of the husbandmen has completely wiped it out as it has been farmed over for many years. This old burial place has met the fate that has overtaken many country graveyards and the same fate awaits the few that still remain.

There are other undefined districts along the Antietam. One of them is the Wharf at Five Forks. Why it was given such a marine name in this inland neighborhood has never been explained, unless it is because at one time it contained a loading or unloading place. Five Forks by the way, is so named because five roads radiate from this point. Another pentadactyl village was Turkeyfoot (now New Guilford) which also has five roads, like five toes branching from the foot of a turkey.

The district known as The Marsh covers also an undefined area along Marsh Run, branch of Antietam, just north of Mason and Dixon Line. At one time it may have been a low and swampy place, but it does not have that appearance now. Whether jocularly or not a good many people used to call it "The Mash." These place-names—Black Corner, the Marsh and the Wharf—are not much used now. They show the tendency, in

times past, to invest certain places with names even though they had no official sanction.

It is interesting also, to note that the mountains of our Antietam valley although not inhabited, are literally covered with names. Nearly every peak and range, hollow and gully, spring and stream have names, which were given to them by the early settlers who doubtless wandered through them in quest of game, etc. There are such names as Hanging Valley, Loop Mountain, Yellow Ridge, Wolf Hill, Curve Mountain, Table Mountain, Big Pine Flat, Buzzards' Roost, Eagle Rock, Bald Hill, Sandy Ridge, Snowy Mountain, White Rocks, Raccoon Run, Kettle Spring, Deer Lick Run, Knob Spring, Pond Bank, Tumbling Run, Devil's Race Course, Claremont Crags, Chimney Rocks, Pine Mountains, etc. To these could be added hundreds of others without nearly exhausting the list. It will be noticed that these place-names are all suggestive, and it is gratifying to know they have been adopted by the Forestry Department of Pennsylvania and most of them appear on its maps and in its literature. It is an actual fact not even appreciated by those of us living in Antietam valley, that many excursions could be taken in the South Mountains without going over the same ground twice. New forest roads and paths are being laid out, some of them suitable for automobile travel so that these places are being made accessible to the lovers of outdoors.

Have you ever followed a path through a woods or through a mountain forest? If you have not, do not let another season go by without enjoying that pleasant experience. There is nothing more interesting than strolling on a pathway through a shady wooded section. Notice how it finds the easiest way around the high places and the low places, weaving between clumps of bushes and other growth leaving all obstructions to the side and gently curving most of the way. Some one started that path but when he did, he was not aware that others would follow him. Originally woods were everywhere and the road—rather the path—from Mont Alto to Waynesboro led through a wooded district. Now our valley is practically all cleared of woods and it is almost necessary to go to the mountains to find a forest path.

LEITERSBURG, MARYLAND

Pardon the invasion of Maryland while we slip across the Line and visit the interesting little town of Leitersburg. It is situated two miles from the state boundary, and hard by the Antietam which loses none of its charm as it flows southward.

While it is outside of the bounds contemplated by these sketches, one cannot refrain from going out of the way a trifle to pay respects to this quaint old village. It has several hundred

people and boasts of a public square just the same as towns of larger size. The exterior of some of its shuttered homes is such that one has a feeling there may be stored within their walls antiques of curious design and one is tempted to try to gain entrance, but the doors seem always to be closed even in summer time.

Leitersburg is old enough to have its traditions, but its greatest claim to attention is that it is sort of a second cousin to English royalty, for the daughter of Levi Z. Leiter—whose family the town has honored with its name—married Lord Curzon, and she became Lady Curzon. Her husband was appointed viceroy of India and she lived a number of years in that country.

Another of Leitersburg's ambitious sons crossed the continent when it was necessary to keep a sharp lookout for Indians from the Missouri river westward. Henry Yessler finally reached the Pacific coast where Seattle now is and grew up with that hustling northwestern metropolis. He became one of its wealthiest citizens and after his death it appears there was some difficulty in settling his estate. It seems he had been married several times, and his first wife was an Indian squaw. The settlement of his estate should have been in peace, for doubtless he had troubles enough during his lifetime to maintain harmony in his mixed household.

But a hundred years ago—now as then—the houses of Leitersburg were clustered around two cross-roads and the town has shown little growth ever since. But with its old dwelling houses, with its scores of little out houses, with its neat gardens and with its big over-hanging trees it is a homey old place and its people always have the appearance of being happy and contented.

It is difficult for people living hereabouts to realize that this little valley—of the Antietam—has witnessed more events of great moment than any other rural spot of like area within the bounds of these United States. It should be remembered that all the recorded happenings in this valley, have taken place only since the White Man has made his appearance, or during the lives of five generations of men. In addition to these recorded events are the legends and traditions which have come down to us from the Indians themselves, indicating that they too had their troubles and disputes along our Antietam creek. These lands were, from all accounts, coveted hunting grounds and from time to time the Indians met here to determine their ownership—in the usual way—by the shedding of each others blood.

Other than Indian raids and wars, the first armed conflict that engaged the attention of our early settlers, was a boundary dispute—the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland. This boundary contest, between people of the same blood, lasted through a

period of more than fifty years and aroused enmity between neighbors which took a long time to heal.

BOUNDARY DISPUTES

Long before slavery was ever thought of, or because a debatable question, Colonel Thomas Cresap and his fellow Marylanders were bent on having the boundary line between the two colonies fixed on or near the Fortieth parallel, while Colonel Benjamin Chambers and his Pennsylvania friends were just as insistent that the line be fixed farther south. During the height of this controversy Colonel Cresap occupied Longmeadows Farm, a tract of more than one thousand acres situated just a few miles below the present state boundary line and extending from Marsh run to Antietam creek. Here he built his Fort-House, here he gathered Indian warriors around him, and here with the help of slaves he entertained them in sumptuous style. It was from this point that he waged his boundary dispute campaign.

Had Colonel Cresap been successful in this controversy a belt of territory nineteen miles wide adjoining the present Mason and Dixon Line on the north and extending almost 300 miles west from the Delaware river, would now be an integral part of Maryland and the whole valley of the Antietam would be included in the domain of that state. This strip would have covered more than two-thirds of the area of Franklin county and those of us, living within the bounds of that belt, instead of being residents of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania would most likely be residents of the state of Maryland and the query arises what might have been the result of such a shift of ownership of territory? In that case the territory south of Mason and Dixon Line, would be considered southern soil and we who live here would naturally be looked upon as southern people. Whether we care to admit it or not, we human beings are products of the soil and it requires no stretch of imagination to visualize our fathers and our grandfathers growing up with their sympathies educated to accept the southern viewpoint. In the Sixties during the "War between the States" they might have been wearing the gray instead of the blue and they might have been found marching north instead of marching south to meet their worthy foes.

Although the Mason and Dixon Line is an invisible boundary line yet there is no doubt that sentiment divided at that point and the sympathies of the residents in this valley depended largely on which side of the Line they lived. If it were a natural boundary, such as the middle of a river or the crest of a range of mountains, one could easily account for such a diametric attitude in sentiment. But where the Line runs straight-a-way, across cultivated fields and orchards, over hills and hollows, it is difficult to understand how it can divide the sympathies and senti-

ments of people living above and below. It is well known there were numerous instances of farmers, living as neighbors, but on opposite sides of the Line who were in accord on almost every other subject except the one raised by the issues which brought on our Civil War and which for four years, divided the American people into two hostile camps.

Those of us who live in Antietam valley, do not appreciate the fact that less than two miles south of Waynesboro extending due east and west for 267 miles is the most celebrated boundary line in the world. Although it is just an invisible line on the other hand it is an important land mark. The citizens of two states cross it nearly every day, without giving it a second thought and scarcely realizing that there was a time when people living in this disputed section, did not know for a certainty, whether they were Marylanders or Pennsylvanians. This Line represents the conclusion of a controversy which continued through several generations between the successive Proprietaries of Pennsylvania and Maryland.

By way of explanation it should be said that two streams of emigration, seemed to converge on the disputed boundary. The English, many of them Catholics, came by way of Baltimore and the Quakers, together with the Germans from Switzerland and the Palatinate, landed at the port of Philadelphia. The latter were regarded as a peace-loving people; in their border contests, however, they were materially assisted by the Scotch-Irish who also settled here in large numbers. More border troubles occurred in the decade between 1740 and 1750 than during any previous or subsequent time. The Temporary Line which had been agreed to by the Proprietaries in 1732 was not run and finally determined until 1738. This unsettled condition of affairs served to perplex the land owners and caused an endless amount of trouble for a period of more than 40 years.

Neither William Penn nor his sons, John, Thomas and Richard were ever willing that settlements should be made in their possessions without the consent of the Indians or until their claims to the soil had been satisfied. The lands of the Kittochintny or present Cumberland Valley were not purchased from the Indians until 1736 and were not therefore, before that time, open for sale; but for several years prior to that period the agents of the proprietors knowing the feeling of the Indians to be favorable, had encouraged settlers to come hither and had issued to them, not deeds or warrants, but special licenses for the settlement of such tracts of land as they might desire. The Maryland authorities however were not so particular in respect to the claims of the Indians. Accordingly the territory on both sides of the Temporary Line rapidly filled up with settlers. Some of them received grants of land from the Baltimores, others from the

Penns. Their titles frequently overlapped resulting in numerous disputes.

The disputed titles and doubts as to the location of the boundary led to a condition of lawlessness throughout the debatable ground. Tenants refused to pay rents or taxes alleging doubt as to who was the lawful Proprietary and under which colonial government they lived. Sheriffs took with them armed posses to enforce payment of public dues and occasionally the aid of militia was invoked. The natural results ensued—arrests, bloodshed, reprisals, burning of homesteads and all the incidents of border warfare. The Marylanders called the Pennsylvanians "quaking cowards" and the Pennsylvanians called the Marylanders "hominy gentry." Even the gentler sex became involved in the disputes.

Then again there were the time-servers of those days, the men who "carried water on both shoulders," to use the phrase that has come down to us; and with a patent from Lord Baltimore and a grant from Penn, obtained exemption from all service by being Marylanders when called upon from Pennsylvania and Pennsylvanians when called upon from Maryland.

It is interesting to know that two of the most active partisans of Maryland had their homes for several years in the Leitersburg District a few miles from Waynesboro. These men were Captain John Charlton and Colonel Thomas Cresap. The former lived along a branch of the Antietam, known as "Tipton's Run," which crosses the Smithsburg road near Martin's school house. Colonel Cresap, as is well known, owned the place called "Longmeadows" close to the Marsh turnpike on the Marsh run. His house built of stone served the triple purpose of residence, fortification and trading post.

Captain Charlton was a courageous individual. His most daring exploit was the liberation of four Maryland prisoners from the Lancaster jail. With a small body of men, he appeared before the jail sometime in 1737, at midnight and overpowered the warden, beat his wife and children and left with the prisoners before an alarm could be given. This proceedings is described as follows, in an affidavit of Richard Lowdon, keeper of the county jail in Lancaster:

"On Wednesday the 29th day of October, 1737, about 12 o'clock in the night, John Charlton, captain of the Maryland garrison, with sundry other persons unknown to the number of about sixteen, armed with guns, pistols and cutlasses, broke into the house of the said Richard Lowdon adjoining the prison of the said county, and getting into his bed chamber where he and his wife lay, pulled them out of bed and presenting cocked pistols to their breasts demanded the keys to the jail, that the doors might be set open and sundry prisoners who were therein confined, to wit, Daniel Low, George Bare, Philip Yeiger and Ber-

nard Weymer, to be set at liberty, for, that they belonged to the province of Maryland; threatened to shoot the said Lowdon if he disputed doing what was required of him; that amongst said armed company was one Frances Lowe, sister of the aforesaid Daniel, who by frequent visiting her brother in jail becoming acquainted therein, and having observed where the keys were put at night, undertook to show the company where the keys were, and accordingly opened several drawers until she found them; whereupon the said Charlton and his associates required the said Richard Lowdon forwith to take the keys, open the doors himself, and to dismiss the aforesaid prisoners upon pain of instant death, which he peremptorily refused to do, even though they should carry their threats against him into execution; that one of the company took the said keys, unlocked the jail doors, and calling to the said four prisoners they came forth and with the said armed company rode off towards Maryland; that Lowdon's wife and maid, endeavoring to escape in order to give the alarm were seized by some of the said company, kicked and beat, and the whole family were held and detained, so that no timely notice could be given in the town of Lancaster of this action until the rioters were all gone off."

After that attack on the Lancaster jail Governor Logan of Pennsylvania, wrote to Governor Ogle of Maryland: "We find your Captain Charlton is that lawless person who depends so far on you for support that there is nothing too heinous for him to undertake." Some of Captain Charlton's descendants are still residents of Washington county, Maryland.

Colonel Thomas Cresap, the other Leitersburg resident, was by far the most notorious of all the border disputants and was an outstanding figure among Maryland partisans. Living first in York county, Pa., along the Susquehanna river, then in Washington county, Maryland, afterwards he moved to Old Town, Md., in Allegheny county. Later he settled in what is now West Virginia, keeping close however, to the boundary so that he could always be in position to annoy the Pennsylvanians.

Colonel Cresap was born in England about the year 1702 and came to America at the age of fifteen. In 1732 he secured under Maryland grant a tract of several hundred acres on the west bank of the Susquehanna river just south of the 40th parallel. He at once became the leading partisan of the Maryland interests. The region in which he first settled was disputed ground and circumstances soon brought him into collision with Pennsylvania claimants. One of his neighbors John Hendricks, a German, had made valuable improvements on a tract secured by a Pennsylvania patent.

In 1734 Cresap had the same tract surveyed under a Maryland warrant, and employed workmen to build a house within a hundred yards of Hendrick's door. Upon the complaint of the

latter, the sheriff of Lancaster county crossed the river and arrested the workmen but Cresap was prudently absent and escaped. The guards left by the sheriff at his departure, went at night to Cresap's house for the purpose of arresting him, and in the melee that ensued, Knowles Daunt, one of the attacking party, was mortally wounded.

In 1736 a group of Germans, who had settled in Cresap's vicinity, also acknowledged the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania. This was construed by the Maryland authorities as an insurrection, for the suppression of which, the sheriff of Baltimore county hastened thither with several hundred men and established his headquarters at Cresap's. After the departure of this force he converted his house into an arsenal and received ample supply of arms and ammunition from Governor Ogle of Maryland.

For five years Cresap was the terror of the Pennsylvanians and was prepared to maintain his position with greater security than ever. On the night of November 23, 1736, the sheriff of Lancaster county crossed the Susquehanna to arrest him on a warrant, issued two years before, for the murder of Knowles Daunt. His posse numbered twenty-four men, and at daybreak on the 24th they surrounded Cresap's house. A furious fusilade ensued and continued at intervals throughout the day. The termination of the affair is thus described in a dispatch to the Provincial Council:

"The sheriff and his assistants having waited until sunset and finding they must either return without executing their warrant, or destroy the house to come at him, they set fire to it, but offered to quench the fire if he would surrender. He nevertheless obstinately persisted in his refusal, neither would he suffer his wife and children to leave the house, but shot at those who proposed it. When the fire prevailed and the floor was ready to fall in, he and those with him rushed forth loaded with arms, which, as they fired at the sheriff and his assistants, they threw away and in this confusion one of Cresap's men, Michael Reisner, shot down by mistake by another of the gang named Lachlan Malone, Cresap was at length apprehended and it has since appeared that he intended to have had his wife and children burned in the house, and that during the time of action he set his children in the most dangerous places and had provoked the sheriff's assistants to shoot at them. Of the six persons who had thus joined with Cresap one got out at the chimney and another was killed." This affair was deemed of so much importance that the Pennsylvania Assembly was summoned in special session.

Cresap with four of his companions were hurried into the jails of the Province and according to the Maryland account one of them actually perished. The jail to which Cresap was carried was in Philadelphia, and as he was borne through the city, it is said the streets, doors and windows were thronged with

spectators to see the "Maryland Monster" who taunted the crowd by exclaiming, "Why this is the finest city in the Province of Maryland!"

Within a fortnight two commissioners from Maryland, Edward Jennings and Daniel Dulany, Secretary and Attorney-General, respectively, of the Province, appeared to demand the release of Cresap and the delivery of his captors to the Maryland authorities for trial. The sheriff and his posses were denounced as "incendiaries and murderers," and the capture was characterized by such expressions as "horrid cruelty," "savage violence," a "barbarous transaction," etc., but the Pennsylvania authorities were firm in their refusal to release the prisoners. Cresap was at first put in irons. These were later removed, but he refused to be liberated except by order of the King of England, which order was eventually issued.

Many warm supporters of the border controversy lived in Franklin county as well as in Washington county. Among them was Colonel Benjamin Chambers, founder of Chambersburg, who was just as active in the interest of Pennsylvania as was Colonel Cresap in the interest of Maryland. As evidence of his familiarity with border conditions, he was at one time sent by the Proprietaries to England to represent Pennsylvania in the border controversy. Colonel Chambers was an experienced military man also, but he was not the dare-devil type of Colonel Cresap with whom he frequently came in contact.

On one occasion Chambers attacked Cresap while he was surveying in the vicinity of Wrightsville in York county, and drove him and his party of thirty men away from their work. At another time he went as a spy among the Marylanders and was detained as a prisoner by some of Cresap's men, but his natural wit helped him out of his dilemma.

It is difficult to make an appraisal of Colonel Cresap as his enemies, the Pennsylvanians, were very bitter against him and his friends, the Marylanders, were most loyal to him. While we do not call him names, as was done 200 years ago, the feeling undoubtedly still persists that he was an over-zealous partisan of our Sister State. His biographer, Jacobs, says he was one of the foremost men in the development of Maryland and frequently represented his county in the legislature. George Washington, when a boy only fifteen years of age, visited Cresap for several days and later, during his surveying expeditions, frequently stayed over night at Cresap's home. As a surveyor he was associated with General Washington in the organization and development of the Ohio Company. Colonel Cresap was an outstanding figure among Maryland partisans. He was the most notorious of all the border disputants and as such, he was the terror of the Pennsylvanians.

On the other hand, Sherman Day, in his "Historical Collect-

ions of Pennsylvania," calls Cresap "a blustering desperate bully," who had volunteered his services to the Governor of Maryland to raise a party of marauders for the purpose of driving off the Pennsylvania settlers. Cresap lived to be one hundred and five years old. He married the second time when he was eighty. It should be remembered that Day was a Pennsylvanian and his estimate of Cresap should be taken with a grain of caution.

One may be sure that Colonel Cresap was no ordinary man. He was forceful and energetic, and those in authority in his colony relied on him in many ways and on many occasions. When in need of some one to go on an expedition requiring courage and cunning he was the one selected to undertake the work. On one occasion he was sent to England to present Maryland's side in the boundary dispute to the authorities over there, just as Colonel Chambers was sent over to present Pennsylvania's side.

The Penns and the Lord's Baltimore were playing for big stakes, bigger than either side had any idea of at the time. Had they sensed the rich territory that was in dispute the struggle might have become much more serious. The difficulty between the two states began in 1682 when the King of England granted William Penn three degrees of latitude, and it continued until a few years before the American Revolution. There was an apparent over-lapping of grants, consisting of a strip of territory almost nineteen miles wide covering the larger part of Pennsylvania's lower tier of counties.

The trouble started because immigrants were given permission to settle in this district before any surveys were made and before either side realized the importance of the territory in dispute. Several times the two Colonial governments attempted to settle their difficulties, but without success, so in 1732 they agreed to abide by a certain temporary line which was to be run by a joint commission. This survey however was not completed until 1738. In the meantime partisans on both sides were active in bringing its settlers and colonizing the new territory. While not having the official support and recognition of their respective colonial governments, they felt that any advantage gained by them would be approved by their superiors and any mistakes made would be condoned by them.

It can hardly be said that Cresap and his followers were outlaws, yet they were looked upon as such by the Pennsylvanians. Marylanders, for similar reasons, had the same opinion of the Pennsylvanians. In some respects it may be regarded as a "Sheriffs' War," as they would appear with a posse of men and, with great show of authority, try to eject occupants from their lands. It is amusing, though, that sheriffs from opposing sides never happened to meet each other in conflict. When a con-

stable, or collector, appeared with a bill for taxes a controversy was started which was not always settled by mere words.

Colonel Cresap was the arch-partisan of Maryland and devoted the greater part of his active life toward extending the boundary line of his state. He was an energetic and a forceful man, absolutely without fear and always surrounded by devoted and daring followers ready at all times to do his bidding. His adherents strange to say, were composed of three races—red, white and black—all working together because of their devotion to their leader.

The slaves were his house-servants. They prepared his meals and raised his crops. The Red Men kept his larder filled with game which they brought in from the chase. When he was in the Philadelphia jail, the Indians sheltered his wife and children and took care of them until he came back. The Whites were always armed and ready at a moment's notice to go with him on his semi-military excursions. These three races, each knowing their own place, lived in harmony with one another in his establishment, either because of love or fear of their master and chief. On the surface they were all as loyal as they possibly could be.

While Colonel Cresap had inveterate enemies, he also had hosts of friends, for he was generous in his hospitality. The Indians called Cresap "Big Spoon," as he always kept a kettle filled with water and wood beneath ready for their use. He continued on terms of intimate friendship with them until the French and Indian war, when he and his sons turned against them and became relentless Indian fighters. His home must have been a colorful place. It is not known whether it was palisaded or not, but doubtless a due watch was kept by night. As was the custom in those times, no one went any distance from the house without a sufficient party well-armed and no one went out into the fields to do any work without arms or with a sentinel on guard.

It certainly would be interesting to look in on one of those frontier places, situated, as it was in the wilderness, surrounded by trees and other growth. There would of course be a few cleared or open spaces on which to raise corn, potatoes, etc. No wagon roads leading to it—only narrow trails or paths through the woods and winding over the hills and across the hollows. Supplies were brought in on packhorses each carrying about 150 pounds of needed merchandise, while furs, etc., were taken away in the same manner.

When streams were high especially in the springtime, crude rafts were sometimes constructed, and heavier articles of merchandise such as wheat, corn, etc., would be floated down the Antietam to the Potomac, thence on the river to the bay where it would be loaded on ships for export. A round-about, tedious

and sometimes a dangerous way to market their goods. Because of these handicaps, it is no wonder that the people in this valley had under contemplation the construction of canals along the streams, for the purpose of carrying their heavy produce to tidewater. Before spending very much money on canal schemes the railroads came along just in time to save them from putting their money into unprofitable enterprises.

Longmeadows farm, in the Leitersburg district, a large estate even in Colonial times and was, in 1738, acquired by Thomas Cresap as vacant land. It was described in the deed as situated "on one of the branches of Antietam." When Colonel Cresap decided to move to Old Town in Allegheny county, Md., he sold it to Daniel Delany in 1746 who in turn sold it to General Henry Boquet the celebrated Indian fighter. At that time, in 1763, it contained 4163 acres, probably the largest single tract of land in the Cumberland valley. After General Boquet's death the property came into possession by will of Colonel Frederick Haldeman. In 1773 he sold it to Joseph Spriggs who, in 1779, sold 1300 acres of the tract to Samuel Hughes, afterward owner of Mont Alto furnace. Part of the same tract consisting of 781 acres was sold to General Thomas Spriggs. In 1779 Hughes sold his tract of 1300 acres to Thomas Hart. In 1794 Major Hart, removing to Kentucky, sold 510 acres to Thomas B. Hall, who was connected with the Internal Revenue service of the United States as collector. Unfortunately there was a deficit of \$17,916.-68, found in his accounts for the years 1815-16, for the recovery of which, the United States Marshal levied upon the Longmeadows farm. It was sold at public outcry, March 30, 1827, and purchased for the United States, to which the Marshal accordingly executed a deed, February 15, 1831. From this circumstance it was long known as "the United States farm," and such in fact it was. In 1831 Richard Ragin and William D. Magill, purchased it from Virgil Maxey, Solicitor of the Treasury of the United States and the deed representing the transaction—it is interesting to relate—was "signed, sealed and delivered" in the presence of John Marshall and Joseph Story, Chief Justice and Associate Justice, respectively, of the Supreme Court of the United States.

It should be of extreme interest to persons living in this corner of the United States to read George Washington's opinion of our valley. It should be mentioned in this connection that Washington was almost as much of an agriculturist as a soldier. Whether or not he actually set foot on Franklin county soil other than during the Whiskey Rebellion, he certainly had an intimate knowledge of farming conditions in this neighborhood for in a letter written December 5, 1791 to his friend Arthur Young in England he stated "the counties of Berkeley in Virginia, Washington in Maryland and Franklin in Pennsylvania are inferior in

their natural state to none in America. This is a broad assertion and it should please us to confirm the stately Washington's complimentary opinion of the district in which we, by choice or chance, happen to live.

Washington dearly loved the Potomac river and in another paragraph in the same letter he wrote "If I were to commence my life anew I should seek my residence not more than twenty-five miles from the margin of the Potomac. It is the center of the Union, for it is between the extremes of heat and cold and it is not so far to the south as to be unfriendly to grass, nor so far north as to have the produce of summer consumed in the length and severity of winter." It may be observed that our county is partly within the bounds cited by Washington.

From the contents of another letter addressed to the same person he shows intimate knowledge of our county and from its wording one can almost infer that he spent some time here. This letter by Washington reads as follows:

York Town, September 26, 1791

"Before proceeding to Franklin county, I would observe that the great South Mountain, or Blue Ridge as it is called in Virginia, divides York from Franklin county, and is from seven to ten miles in breadth; a very small proportion of it can be cultivated.

"Franklin is a compact county, including Cumberland Valley, between the South and North Mountains for upwards of twenty-five miles, and part of the rich settlement of Conococheague and Antietam; few situations in America can claim a superior soil, it is nearly all limestone land. The quantity of meadow as to arable land, may be counted in the same proportion as in York county, about one half of the improvable land is cleared. The residue abounds in the largest locust, walnut, hickory and oaks. The county town is Chambersburg, distant eighty miles from Baltimore, ninety from Georgetown, and twenty-four miles from Potomac river at Williamsport. Green Castle is a handsome village, situated eleven miles from Chambersburg, nearer the Potomac, on the road to Williamsport, and seventy-five miles from Baltimore, and seventy-nine from Georgetown. In several of the settlements, lands bear a high price, but when I came to average for the county, I estimated the acreage at 41."

From these letters of Washington one gleans that he had intimate knowledge of Franklin county and because of his inclination for details he prepared several tables on the productiveness of Franklin county farms. One of these shows the yield per acre of farm products in bushels: wheat 15, rye 20, speltz 35, oats 30, corn 25, buckwheat 25, potatoes 75 and turnips 150.

Another table shows the prices per bushel: wheat 5s 6d, rye 3s 6d, barley 2s, oats 2s, 3d, buckwheat 3s 9d, corn 2s, speltz 1s 1d, potatoes 9s. Still another shows the prices of stock: work-

ing horses 17£, pair oxen 15£, milk cow 4£, 5s, sheep 10s, turkey 2s 6d, goose 2s, duck 9d, fowl 6d, pork per lb. 3d, beef 2d, mutton 3½d, veal 2½d, butter 8d, cheese 6d.

His reference to Franklin county farmers seems to have been written yesterday instead of 140 years ago, for he says: "I imagine if the farmers were to cultivate fewer acres and attend them well, they would succeed better; a greater regard should be had to collecting proper manure."

His observations as to taxes reads as if it applies to the present time also, for he says: "by the laws of the Union we pay a duty upon foreign importations and an excise on wine and spirits of all kinds. He that drinks must pay."

Washington wrote that the Conococheague was capable of improvement to a degree which will be beneficial to the inhabitants of Maryland and parts of Pennsylvania. He evidently refers to the navigation of this stream, a proposal which would not for a moment be considered today. On the other hand he said there was a rage for mills in Washington and Franklin counties. At the present time nothing more than the foundations of most of these mills remain.

Incidentally Washington mentioned that bar iron was priced at 28 to 30 English pounds that is \$140 to \$150 per ton. Now it is quoted at ten or twelve dollars a ton. It is no wonder that iron masters were considered nabobs in those days.

Farm laborers were hired by the year in Washington's day and were paid 20 pounds or about \$100 and found, everything but clothes. When the dollar became the unit of value in Washington's administration, a shilling was worth 13 cents; today it is worth about 17 cents. Two years ago when England was still on the gold standard it equalled 24½ cents.

In these letters written by Washington, among other things he mentions speltz, madder, hemp and flax as products of the soil in this valley. None of these are grown here now and few people know what they are.

There are few farm properties that can boast of having the Federal government as owner, but it is doubtful whether there is any other deed for farm land that contains the names of two such important personages as witnesses.

It will be noticed that nearly all the owners of Longmeadows farm had been military men. Generals, colonels, majors and captains have taken their turns in its ownership. General Spriggs, one of the owners, represented his district in Congress and it is worth noting that the election in 1792 showed that he was the unanimous choice of the voters in Washington county, as there was not a single vote cast for his opponent. An unusual record and one wonders whether it has ever been duplicated anywhere else in the United States.

Longmeadows, when occupied by Cresap was more than a

home, it was his headquarters and no stranger could approach without being identified or approved by those on guard. This place between Antietam and Marsh Run, was selected by him as a base for his operations because it was barely within Maryland territory and because it was regarded as a strategic location in the Cumberland valley. Here he was in position to better watch the movements of his adversaries. Colonel Cresap was the actual leader in the Maryland side of the controversy and he came to the Leitersburg district deeming it a good place in which to further the interests of his state in the Boundary dispute.

Trading posts on the frontier, such as Cresaps at Longmeadows, were usually busy places. Either by foot or on horseback men came for miles around for food, clothing, etc. Two articles seldom missing on list of things wanted by these pioneers, were salt and tobacco. The posts served as a place for gathering and disseminating news. Rumors also circulated freely and there was an air of suppressed excitement among the habitués of the place. Cresap's place was regarded as a fort where settlers in the neighborhood could gather for protection in case of threatened danger from which point, if necessary, his followers would go forth on their expeditions. There was usually a good supply of firewater at trading posts and because of liquor there were sure to be disputes. An argument often ended in a fight—not a free-for-all-fight—but usually a regular set-to between two acknowledged and blustering bullies. The by-standers were always ready to egg on the fray and saw to it that the fight had to be fair and carried on in the approved style of the times.

It is worthy of note, while passing, that Colonel Henry Bouquet, second owner of Longmeadows, was the hero of Bushey Run. At this battle the great Indian chieftain Pontiac bowed in defeat and it is asserted by historians that the battle of Bushey Run settled once for all the pretensions of the French to land east of the Mississippi river. This battle paved the way for the Anglo-Saxons to possess the Mississippi Valley and it truly was the first cause that later bound our country into the harmonious whole we see it today. Unfortunately General Bouquet because of his service to his king, never was afforded an opportunity to live at Longmeadows. He died in Florida and his body rests in an unknown grave.

And again it should be mentioned that Lucretia Hart, the talented daughter of Colonel Thomas Hart, became the bride of Henry Clay and doubtless on their trips back and forth over the National Pike they may have visited Longmeadows, the place of her birth. While it seems strange on the other hand it is fitting that Henry Clay, the great exponent of compromise on the slavery question, should have chosen a girl born on neutral ground to become his helpmate for life. What may have impelled Henry Clay to turn his thoughts to Antietam and to Mason

and Dixon Line? Who knows but that the marriage of Henry Clay to this girl from the Antietam valley, and living along the Mason and Dixon Line, had something to do with his efforts in the Halls of Congress to settle the slavery question by means of compromise?

It is not generally known there is a local touch to the speech of Logan, the great Indian Chieftain. His speech he sent by messenger to Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia. It has long been one of the favorite selections for school declamations and is remembered for its noble and pathetic sentiments. Michael Cresap, the youngest son of Colonel Thomas Cresap, was the man accused by Logan of killing his wife and children. This incident is of special interest to us in this valley, because Michael Cresap was born at Longmeadows farm, just across the Franklin county line and along Marsh Run. The speech, in part, is as follows:

"I appeal to any white man," said Logan, "to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat, or if he came cold and naked and he clothed him not." Further on in the speech he said, "Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man, Colonel Cresap, who in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This has called on me for revenge. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace, but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? No one."

Michael Cresap was only fourteen years old at the beginning of the French and Indian War, but before its conclusion he was engaged with his father in the bitter warfare with the Indians, where quarter was not asked or given. During the Revolutionary War he was Captain of the Maryland riflemen and was with Washington before Boston. He died in New York City and was buried in Trinity Church Yard. Two of his sons were members of Congress and another descendant, John J. Jacobs was Governor of West Virginia.

Thomas Jefferson in his "Notes on Virginia" referring to this incident, wrote: "Captain Cresap was a man infamous for many murders he had committed on the much injured Indians." General George Rogers Clark, who afterward distinguished himself by the conquest of the Illinois country, wrote "The conduct of Cresap, I am perfectly acquainted with and he was not the author of the murder of the Logan family." The question was greatly discussed for many years, especially by Cresap's descendants, and they seem to have proved that it was not Cresap who killed the Logans.

Because of his border activities, there is no other man in Pennsylvania or Maryland, who had so much to do with the border dispute as Colonel Thomas Cresap; and because it was his home, there is no other farm that is so intimately identified with the border dispute as Longmeadows farm. This tract at one time extended from Marsh creek to Antietam creek and consisted of nearly seven square miles of farm land.

This farm is interesting to us because it is situated just a few miles south of Waynesboro and only a short distance south of Mason and Dixon Line. It is undoubtedly the most historic farm in the Cumberland Valley. The property is still known as "Longmeadows," but it is much reduced in size. A portion of the old Indian Fort-house built by Thomas Cresap still remains and will be shown by the present owner, Edwin Young, to inquiring visitors.

In every dispute there are at least two sides and the controversy over the Pennsylvania-Maryland line is no exception. Inasmuch as Pennsylvania was the gainer, naturally some criticism was heard from her opponents. As evidence of this it is enough to quote statements from two sources:

Latrobe in his history of Mason and Dixon Line wonders "How Lord Baltimore could have remained ignorant of the geography of his province or be so misled as to the location of its boundaries." He says, "It seems incredible and is a mystery which cannot now be solved."

In the Maryland Historical Society is a manuscript written by the notorious Colonel Cresap, in which he says, "The Lords Baltimore in their disputes with the Penns on one border and Lord Fairfax on the other, had long and deep heads to contend with and did not get their full rights."

During the Waynesboro Centennial Celebration in 1897, the Governors of Pennsylvania and of Maryland were present. As invited guests, it is remembered that Governor Lowndes of Maryland twitted Governor Hastings of Pennsylvania, by saying that instead of celebrating the Centennial of Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, we should instead be celebrating the Centennial of Waynesboro, Maryland, and, before the assembled multitude, he proceeded to prove his case. From this circumstance it is taken that the idea still persists in some quarters, that in the Boundary Controversy, Maryland did not get all that belonged to her.

Possibly we ought to go back and follow the two English surveyors—Mason and Dixon—as they measured their course over the Antietam valley. It is easy to trace them in their journey along the Line as they kept a log or a minute record of all their findings. On April 4, 1764, they began running this historic line which has ever since been associated with their names.

From an examination of their records it is found they reach-

ed the Susquehanna river on the 17th day of June 1765, and crossed the South Mountain about the first of September. The following entries occur in their journal during the survey across Antietam valley:

"September 4. At 93 miles and 63 chains, crossed the first rivulet running into Antietam. At 94 miles 62 chains, crossed a second rivulet running into the Antietam. This rivulet is at the foot of the South Mountain on the west side.

"September 5. Brought the sector to this side of the mountain.

"September 6. Set up the sector in our direction at the distance of 94 miles 63 chains 10 links from the post marked "west" in Mr. Bryan's field and made observations. (Supposed to be on farm now owned by John A. Johnson.)

"The journal from September 7th to September 18th consists entirely of astronomical observations based thereon for the purpose of determining the true parallel.

"September 19. Packed up the instruments, etc.

"September 20. Began to run line in the direction found per stars on the 9th instant, corrected so as to be in the parallel at 20 minutes west (supposing us to change every 10 minutes as usual).

"September 21. Continued the line. At 95 miles 38 chains, crossed a brook running into Antietam. (This brook is near the present residence of Wilbur H. Stevenson at Midvale Station on the Western Maryland Railroad.

"September 23. Continued the line and crossed the Antietam creek at 99 miles 35 chains.

"September 24. Continued the line. At 101 miles 71 chains, Mr. Samuel Irwin's Spring House 2 chains North (The spring is on the farm now owned by Ira Miller near the intersection of the line with the Greencastle and Leitersburg road.) At 102 miles 67 chains, a rivulet running into the Antietam. (This is Marsh Run). At 102 miles 70 chains, Mr. William Douglas's house 4 chains North (near the present residence of Harry Hykes.

"September 25. Continued the line at 103 miles 69 chains and crossed a road leading to Swaddinger's Ferry on the Potomac. (This is probably the road laid out under the direction of the Frederick County Court by Thomas Cresap and Thomas Prather from the Potomac River to the Pennsylvania line "through Salisbury Plains."

The vista of the Line was opened twenty-four feet wide throughout its whole course by cutting down all the trees and large bushes which were left to rot where they fell. In the beginning the Line looked like the present path of the oil pipe-line over the mountains near Mont Alto, but much wider; and for many years evidences of this wide path through the woods and

mountains could still be seen. Mason and Dixon Line is called an astronomical line, the first of its kind ever attempted. When the surveyors came to this side of the mountain, they set up their instruments on the farm now belonging to John A. Johnston, from which point they took numerous observations. Owing to the deflection of the magnetic needle, especially in the mountains, Mason and Dixon did not depend on the ordinary surveyor's compass. They used, instead, a sector and run their parallel by means of observing the fixed stars. They also took frequent note of the eclipses of Jupiter, so that many of their observations had to be made at night.

In its course from east to west the Line undulates somewhat now to the south, then to the north, but in general it keeps quite close to the curve. It was resurveyed in 1903 and the engineers found that as a whole it showed remarkably accurate work. They acknowledged, that even at this day, it is impossible to avoid slight errors. Mason and Dixon Line is on the parallel, 39 degrees, 43 minutes and 26.3 seconds north latitude and Waynesboro, slightly over a mile distant, is the only town of any size so near this historic parallel.

The stones placed by Mason and Dixon to mark the Line were all cut in England from limestone, the kind used over there for building purposes. No stones of a similar nature can be found anywhere along the boundary. They are about two feet above the ground and a foot square with a rather flat pyramid at the top. Four-fifths of them are marked with the letters "M" and "P" on opposite sides and the remainder with the arms of the proprietors in place of the letters. These latter commonly called "Crown Stones" along the Line were placed at every fifth mile on the boundary, counting from the starting point at the northeastern corner of Maryland.

Although living within a mile or two of this celebrated line, not very many persons in this neighborhood have ever seen any of its stone markers. The reason for this is that they are set exactly a mile apart and it happens that most of them are in out-of-way places. They represent the conclusion of a controversy which greatly concerned Pennsylvania, when it was a mere colony, and consequently they are monuments of unusual interest. They were set in place 166 years ago by surveyors from England. There are eleven of these stones in Antietam valley!

The stone near the summit of the mountain stands a short distance east of Blue Ridge Summit. This is not the original monument placed at this point by Mason and Dixon. No trace of the monument could be found at the time of the re-survey of the Line in 1903. The position was then re-determined and a stone obtained near Clearspring in Washington county was placed over it.

The next monument is a Crown Stone. It stands in the

village of Pennersville and is covered with a strong wire cage to protect it from the attacks of relic hunters. The next stone stands a short distance east of Pen Mar Station. This monument has been badly mutilated and is now also protected by a stout wire cage. The next is in a field at the base of the South Mountain and the next one is near Midvale.

The five mile stone number 95 is a Crown Stone and stands between the farm of William H. Hoffman in Maryland and that of Clifford Biser in Pennsylvania. Numbers 96, 97 and 98 are standing as originally set. The next number 99 stands by the side of the road leading from Greencastle to Leitersburg. It is not the monument placed there by Mason and Dixon. The original had disappeared, having apparently been broken up as small pieces of its peculiar material were found in the vicinity. The position was re-determined and another stone supplied when the line was resurveyed in 1903.

Mile Stone 100 is a Crown Stone and stands on the north side of the road leading from Reid Station to Marsh Run. The stone placed by Mason and Dixon had disappeared and it was said to have originally stood in the middle of the piked road. A stone obtained in the vicinity of Clearspring, Md., was set in 1903 by the Resurvey in its present position. Here it might be said that a number of the Mason and Dixon stones were found near Clearspring and had been utilized as doorsteps, horseblocks etc., at various farm houses. Some persons were of the opinion that all these had been removed from their places on the line. That supposition may have been true in a very few instances, but it seems more probable that these monuments had been brought thus far on their way to the western part of the boundary, and owing to the difficulty of transporting them over the mountains they had never been set and were left at the point which they happened to have reached. Most of the monuments which were found under such circumstances by the Resurveying Commission in 1903, were used to fill gaps in the old series six, which were built into the walls of houses and barns, could not be recovered.

Number 101 is in open ground about three-quarters of a mile west of Altenwald Cutoff Railroad.

The Line continues without deviation in a western course, over mountains and valleys, across rivers and rivulets, through fields and forests, hesitating at no natural obstacle. Mason and Dixon did not finish their line to the westernmost limits of Pennsylvania for the reason that when they reached 230 miles, from the point of beginning, they were stopped by the Indians. They became threatening for they thought this little army had evil intent. Their untutored minds could not comprehend the nightly gazing at the stars through gun-like instruments and the daily felling of forest trees across their path. They forbade any further advance and had to be obeyed. The Line was therefore

not completed until 1785 when the colonies had become states in the new republic. It might be mentioned here that the width of a degree of longitude varies according to the latitude it traverses, expanding toward the equator and contracting toward the pole. In this latitude it is approximately 58½ miles. The surveyors consequently made Penn's five degrees of longitude from the Delaware to the western limit of the state 267 miles and 195.6 perches.

Mason and Dixon Line is called an astronomical line the first of its kind ever attempted. All the boundary lines of Pennsylvania are now astronomical boundaries, except of course in the Delaware river and along lake Erie. There is perhaps no line real or imaginary on the surface of the earth whose name has been oftener in men's mouths, especially during the period immediately preceding the Civil War.

The map of the boundary line was not completed until after the field work had been terminated. It goes very much into detail and shows all the natural as well as many of the artificial features. This survey cost the proprietaries fully \$75,000. How much more was spent in lawyer's fees, the gathering of testimony, prosecution of trespassers and worry will never be known. Mason and Dixon were each paid 21 shillings or about five dollars a day for their services from the time they came to this country until they went back to England. The only person in this neighborhood who is recorded as assisting Mason and Dixon in laying out their line was David Schreiber, great-great-grandfather of the late Adam Forney of Waynesboro.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way" and with it went our boundary troubles. After Pennsylvania was through with her controversy with Maryland she had to settle with Virginia. As school children we did not then comprehend that, when Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia sent young George Washington out on his surveying expedition, it was a scheme to attach southwestern Pennsylvania to Virginia as well as to wrest it from the French. Colonel Cresap, always on enemy of Pennsylvania, was out there to assist Virginia in her claims.

The natural connections of Southwestern Pennsylvania were in early days with Maryland and Virginia. These were greatly strengthened by the old road known as "National Trails Road," which afterward became the National Turnpike. The position was taken that the Penns by suffering the French to establish themselves at Fort Duquesne, forfeited the right of their charter to that extent. The Governor of Virginia offered land around Pittsburgh as an inducement to those who would enlist in a campaign against the French. The settlement of the controversy in 1784 with Virginia resulted in a compromise by which, the "Panhandle" still rears its head above the 40th parallel, otherwise we might have had the Ohio River as our western boundary.

The contest was a matching of wits between Penn, the Quaker, and Calvert the Catholic. Penn having taken an inland position, desired a water front on the south. In this he was thwarted, but in most other respects he was the gainer in the controversy.

After the settlement of the boundary dispute, the proprietors remained in peaceful possession of their governments scarcely five years until the encounters between the colonists and the English soldiery which marked the opening of the American Revolution. This resulted in wresting these princely domains from their European owners—the Penns and the Baltimores—and now the citizens of Pennsylvania and Maryland, on both sides of Mason and Dixon Line, have forgotten their differences and are living together in uninterrupted peace and harmony.

INDIANS OF ANTIETAM VALLEY

That we may obtain a clear conception of the Indian troubles in the Antietam valley let us freshen up our studies of colonial history. In the first place it should be understood that there was great rivalry among the European nations especially between the English and the French, for possession of the North American continent.

The Spaniards, of course were first on the ground, but they confined their colonizing to the south and the southwest. The English also were early on the scene and naturally came into possession of the seaboard which the Cabots had discovered. They laid claim to the narrow strip along the sea and held all of it except one small area at the mouth of the Hudson river, occupied by the Dutch, and another at the mouth of the Delaware river which the Swedes held for a short period.

The French were rather late in colonizing but, without losing much time, they established themselves on the St. Lawrence river and started a settlement at Quebec. From this point they worked their way up the river and along the Great Lakes over to the Mississippi river, erecting forts or trading posts at various points. Thus they had a network or chain of communications across what is now the northern part of the United States.

The next move of the French was the starting of a settlement near the mouth of the Mississippi river which they called New Orleans. From this point they extended their explorations up the river with the idea of establishing a chain of forts and trading posts from the North Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico.

While it is true that the English knew what was going on in the backwoods of America, at the same time they did not seem to realize that a great empire was at stake. At that period they were satisfied with ownership of territory along the seaboard and looked upon the Allegheny mountains as an insuperable barrier.

Both sides, however, began to cultivate the friendship of the Red Men, the French, however, appeared to be more successful in acquiring their confidence than the English. They even went so far as to adopt their forest ways and in many cases French men took Indian women to be their wives.

When the settlers learned that the Indians were beginning to leave the valley, the assumption that they had taken sides with the French was only too true. The French becoming more aggressive, then prepared to establish trading posts along the Ohio river. Indeed they had a comprehensive plan for occupying the greater portion of the American continent, and had their plans worked out, they would have become masters of the Mississippi valley. Then it was that the English as well as the colonists realized the advantage of making alliances with the Indians, but in so far as the larger and stronger tribes were concerned, the French had seen them first.

Up to this time the proprietaries of Pennsylvania had not taken much notice of what was going on within the western bounds of their colony. Virginia, always ready to extend its colonial bounds, asserted that because the Penns did not take steps to protect their territory from the encroachments of the French they had in fact forfeited their charter rights so far as the southwestern part of the colony was concerned.

Pennsylvania, it should be remembered, was settled largely by Quakers, Mennonites, Schwenkfelders and other non-resistant sects, and the Penns together with those in immediate authority were possibly too slow in opposing the French in their efforts to acquire a foothold on their domain.

The Virginians however, were most alert and Governor Dinwiddie sent young George Washington out to western Pennsylvania to learn what all this activity of the French actually meant, and to protest in the name of Virginia against their occupancy of this territory. Washington found that a fort or blockhouse had been erected at the headwaters of the Ohio with a troop of soldiery in charge, ostensibly there to protect the traders from the Indians but really for the purpose of taking and holding the surrounding territory in the name of the French king.

Washington was sent to southwestern Pennsylvania a second time by Virginia. This time it was a military expedition instead of a scouting expedition. It should be mentioned here that if Virginia's plans had succeeded the southwestern part of Pennsylvania, including the land on which Pittsburg is located would, in all probability, have become Virginia territory. In fact there were two chances for Pennsylvania to lose part of her territory--from the French on one hand and from Virginia on the other.

July 4, 1754, is an important date in American history and it is an important date in the history of Antietam valley, for it was on that day that George Washington, out along the National

Pike, surrendered Fort Necessity to the French, the only time he had ever laid down his arms to a foreign foe. When the news of Washington's defeat reached our valley, there was a great consternation and excitement among the settlers and they began the erection of forts and stockades at various places in the valley. Fort Stauffer, about four miles north of Waynesboro, was one of these. It is in Quincy township at the headwaters of Marsh run and is the only fort in Franklin county which looks now much as it appeared 175 years ago.

When an Indian raid was feared, these forts were usually manned by colonial troops and sometimes there were a few English "Red Coats" present also. The stockades afforded a place of comparative security for the women and children while the husbands and sons were absent.

During the summer of 1754, after Washington's defeat, the settlers in the Cumberland valley became suddenly aware that the Indians had disappeared, as it were, over-night. They had known for some time that the French were inciting them to go to war, but so no French emissaries had been seen in the valley, they consequently had felt comparatively safe.

The friendly red men had disappeared, not so much because they had become enemies of the whites but because of the excitement among the settlers they feared for the safety of their women and children. At once every Indian, in the estimation of the settlers, was regarded as a "Bad Indian" and the whites, sorry to say, also began to slay and scalp men, women and children. In fact there was a period in Pennsylvania's history, and a dark page it is, when its government offered a bounty for Indian scalps, fixing a scale of prices for those of men, women and children. The younger Penns, apparently, did not inherit the kindly disposition of their distinguished ancestor. Perhaps this despicable order was issued in retaliation, for it is recorded that the French were the first to offer rewards for the scalps of their enemies. It is difficult to conceive that fewer than 175 years ago, bounties were paid for the killing of human beings, just as we now pay bounties for the killing of predacious animals.

Be it said however to the credit of the Germans and the Scotch-Irish living in the Antietam valley that there is no recorded instance of any bad feeling on either side until the time of the French and Indian war. They lived in peace with each other and strong personal friendships developed between families of the two races. In this war the Indians in western Pennsylvania took sides with the French and then it was that the settlers hereabout became suspicious even of these friendly Indians and in fact began to look upon all Indians as enemies.

This struggle between the two races was a relentless one. The whites were fighting for room and opportunity to live and thrive, and the reds were striving to retain their own soil and

hunting grounds. A cruel and furious warfare it was, that existed between the red possessor and the white invader. It was a death struggle, much like—and for the self-same reasons—the struggle between the wanderers in the wilderness and the nations beyond the Jordon. The contests were fierce, dogged and desperate. In both cases it was a war of extermination and the invaders won. In the one case the Jews, in the other the Scots.

Only strong men could have won the land of Canaan from the strong tribes which occupied it and likewise it required strong men to win the Cumberland valley from the Red Men. History has repeatedly shown that the God of nature prepares land for its occupancy and at the same time, raises up people who are to occupy it.

Those hardy Scots, soon to be joined by the Germans and Swiss, were raised up to drive the aboriginies beyond the setting sun. For quite awhile prior to the Seven Year's War, the settlers and the Indians lived together on friendly terms. One factor, it should be noted, which greatly aided the settlers in their conquest was that just previous to the historic period several Indian tribes, among them the Delawares and the Catabas, contended for supremacy in two desperate battles, one along the Antietam and the other along the Conococheague, and in their warfare they almost exterminated each other.

When the Israelitish hosts crossed the Jordon it was then just a narrow muddy creek as it is now—a trifle larger than our Antietam—and at that time little was thought of the incident. That crossing probably would have been forgotten, had it not a historian described in detail the circumstances of the event for future peoples to read. The hills and meads of Scotland are only ordinary hills and valleys as are thousands of others, when along came a poet who invested them with things beautiful and historical and they are now a mecca for the votaries of literature and romance. So it is that the Antietam valley also deserves a poet or a historian to sing its praises that the world may give it the place in history to which it is entitled.

The Seven Years' War between the French and the English began in 1756. It eventually became a world-wide war as most of the nations of Europe became involved, and soon extended to their Colonial possessions. Here it was known as the French and Indian War—the French and Indians on one side and the English and colonists on the other. The continent of America was the stake. The English and French had been watching each other's movements for a long while, but up to this time had managed to avoid open hostilities on this side of the sea.

The question may arise in the mind of the reader what had these world movements to do with Antietam valley? It is enough to say that when the French decided to consolidate their claims, they forced their way into Pennsylvania and took an advanced

stand at the junction of the Allegheny and the Monongahelia rivers. As soon as it was discovered that a blockhouse had been built at this strategic point and occupied by French soldiers, the people of the valley realized that, situated between the two eastern ranges of the mountains, they were in a dangerous position.

Unprincipled men in the cabinets of Europe, under the guise of diplomacy, were scheming to upset the balance of power and when the Seven Year's War broke out, women and children in our Antietam valley were murdered to gratify the ambitions of the effete monarchies of the Old World. It was said by McCauley, that a shot fired in the forests of America was heard around the world and history actually records, that that first shot was fired by young George Washington himself when a colonel in the Army of Virginia.

It requires no extraordinary intellect nor does it require any great spiritual insight to conceive that events so shape themselves that, viewed either in the light of the past, the present, or the future, they come hurtling down the trails of time with eternal certainty. So in the Cumberland valley, when the white men met the red men their part in the conflict was mapped out for them. They were pawns on the chess board, advancing and receding not by their own volition, but in accordance with a plan which they were in no way responsible for forming. While the actors in the drama were unaware of the final purpose of their playing, it is now plainly to be seen that the foundations of our republic were laid not in 1776, but twenty years prior to that date.

Too often American history is read as a thing apart from our daily interests and without the knowledge that happenings of great moment, are more often closely related to local happenings, and have more points of contact with our immediate environment, than most of us think they have. Especially is this true in regard to the Antietam valley. As we go up and down this valley and study its background, we learn that from the day the white men stepped on its soil, until within the memory of persons now living, momentous happenings have centered here.

This long and rather tiresome prelude to the Indian troubles is written to show what relation this valley bore to the great struggle between the English and the French which, if perchance the tide of war had turned the other way, no stretch of the imagination is required to conceive that we, now living in the Antietam valley, might be conversing in the French instead of in the English language.

About the year 1764, when the Indians climbed the Tuscararas for the last time and gazed at this wonderful valley which had been the home of their people for untold generations, it is no wonder that a few of the vengeful young braves broke away from

their elders, came down into our valley and pounded out the lives of ten children at Guitner's schoolhouse and of two little girls along the Antietam creek. These massacres, resulting from the aroused passions of the Red Men, are regarded as the most cruel murders of that war. The former has often been written about and needs no comment here, but the latter deserves mention because the tragedy occurred on the banks of our stream.

The murder was undoubtedly committed by two Indians from the western part of the state. It took place in July 1764 along Antietam creek on what is now the Strickler farm and it is believed to be the last time Indians came this way with hostile intent.

After the Indians had killed the two little girls, as was their custom, they removed their scalps which they took with them to be exhibited to their tribe as trophies of their expedition; or to be shown to the French authorities for the purpose of receiving a bounty. This action of the Indians was not generally approved by members of their own tribes, some of the older members of which denounced it in strong terms. The perpetrators of the crime, however, as will be seen, paid the penalty with their lives before they even succeeded in carrying the little scalps back to their own people.

It is related that as soon as the murder became known, two brothers, by the name of Harn, and said to have been experienced hunters living in this neighborhood, started in pursuit of the red fiends and traced them across the North Mountains into Bedford county. When they approached Sideling Hill they noticed the dead leaves on the trail had been lately disturbed which indicated to the keen eyes of the hunters that they were coming close to the object of their pursuit and they became more cautious. They then got down on their hands and knees and stealthily worked their way along until within gunfire range of their quarry.

Lying close to the ground they were just able to see, in a small open glade containing several plum trees, two Indians under the trees eating wild plums. The extreme caution exercised by the savages while eating was curious and showed their hereditary training. They were perfectly quiet. Each would cautiously reach up for a plum, pull it off, then glance around the open area, at the same time listening, and then ate the plum.

The hunters in a whisper arranged their plan. They agreed not to fire until near enough to see the plum seed drop from the mouth of each savage. Then stealthily creeping on the ground they advanced near enough when, at the signal agreed upon, they both fired, and springing up rushed forward to complete the work, if need be, with their knives. It needed no completion. Each bullet had sped with deadly aim. The two savages were still in death.

The men obtained the scalps of the two slain sisters, and

scalping the two Indians, they rapidly retraced their steps with the four scalps. They reached the house, where the Renfrew sisters had lived, just as the funeral train was about to leave for the place of burial.

At the grave the hunters approaching the coffin, tenderly laid the little scalps, each where it belonged, in the open box. The box was then closed and lowered into the grave. Again the hunters stepped up and producing the scalps of the two Indians, they cast them on top of the closed coffin, by which token the assembled neighbors knew of the absolute character of the revenge which had been meted out to the fiends.

The young girls were both buried in one plain box. Up until about thirty years ago their grave could still be identified by a flat stone, set edgewise which marked the place of their burial, but there was no inscription on it except the family name of "Renfrew" to tell whose remains were beneath. The names of the young women were Sarah and Jane.

The little double grave—exact spot not uncertain—in the old Covenanters' burial ground, several rods west of Antietam creek and a few rods south of W. S. Bostwick's home, is mute evidence of the sufferings and hardships of the early settlers of this valley. The place along the Antietam where the murder occurred should be indicated with a suitable marker while it may still be identified.

This massacre, inhuman though it was, was an aftermath of the French and Indian War. Few people today realize that the Cumberland valley suffered more depredations from the Indians than any other section of the state, unless perhaps, it was the ill-fated Wyoming valley. The blame should not however, all be laid to the Indians, for there were reprisals on both sides.

The records indicate that during the French and Indian War, about twenty-five men living along the South Mountain were either killed or captured by Indians. On July 9, 1757, a young man by the name of Wilson was killed at Antietam creek. The circumstances of his death are as follows: An old Indian known as Mus-sook-Whese related to a friend that while wandering along the creek he heard a deer rustle in the leaves close by him. While getting ready to shoot he saw a white man creeping towards the deer also. An old man, whom he supposed to be the father of the slain man, came running towards him hallowing and asking if he had killed a deer; as the Indian could speak a little English he answered, "Yes, by—", and if you do not believe me, here is the skin," shaking his son's scalp at him; the old man then quickly made his escape.

There were many other sad experiences of the settlers at the hands of this treacherous and alert foe, and they show to us what fearful sacrifices our forebears were compelled to make, before it was possible for this beautiful valley to become fit for the peaceful occupation of the present day. The causes which cer-

tainly had much to do with bringing about the inflamed condition of the savage mind and resulting in these massacres were laid at the feet of those in authority at the time. It is alleged that the men at the head of governmental affairs temporized with the danger and permitted the angry passions to arise in the minds of the Red Men as well as in the minds of the White Men.

There is a story of Indian courtship which had its setting on what is known as Red Hill, along Antietam creek, some distance below Mason and Dixon Line in Maryland. It is a tale of Indian courtship so terrible that it almost causes one's blood to run cold in the telling of it. As the story goes it took place just after the desperate battle between the Delawares and Catawbias on Antietam creek in or about 1636.

The account, as set forth at the time by the scattered neighbors, is well vouched for, although not one of the characters remained to relate the facts. As the story is told there was a beautiful young French girl, with her father and mother and little brother, living in a small log house on the hill just a short distance above the creek.

During the fury of this dreadful Indian battle the father and his family fled to the South Mountain where they hid until they thought the Indians had all departed. Due to exposure the mother and little boy succumbed and died of a fever. Rosaline also becoming ill went to stay with friends. After she became strong and well again she went back to her father and kept house for him in the little log cottage. That she had the grace of her countrywomen and had become attractive enough to inspire a savage passion it is learned from the shocking story.

Imagine Rosaline's terror when a Catawba chief, a tall and handsome young savage appeared one day in front of the cottage and demanded her in marriage from her father. From that time on she never stayed alone in the cabin, but kept close to her father, following him to the fields and wherever he went; and would go and stay with her neighbors whenever hunting or trading took him away from home.

The trembling girl lived in daily fear for she had reason to believe that the Indian was constantly shadowing her from the edge of the forest. This state of affairs continued until one evening while she and her father were sitting at an open window in their cabin, when without any warning, a sudden shot struck her father and he fell dead at her feet. Hardly realizing what had happened, the tall Indian lover appeared and triumphantly bore the beautiful and terrified young girl away to his tribe.

There was no one to help or save the poor girl and nothing more was ever heard of her. She was no doubt condemned to a life of wandering among the Indians, an experience that happened to many other captive colonial women. There is this to be said about many of these unfortunate women that they became

reconciled to their new life and many of them—especially those that were taken in early life—did not wish to return to civilized ways. One notable example of these was Mary Jemison who when a little girl was captured in Buchanan valley and lived a long and useful life among the Indians. In her memory a statue in marble was erected in Letchworth Park near Rochester where she died and another stands in Buchanan valley near the point where she was taken by the Indians. It is hoped that the life in the woods became endurable to lovely Rosaline, that she became accustomed to Indian ways and finally reconciled herself to a wandering existence.

The peace and quiet of this valley today is quite in contrast with what it was in Indian times. It is difficult, for us Twentieth Century folk of today, to envisage that less than two hundred years ago, the conditions existing in our peaceful neighborhood and the distressing and dreadful existence of its inhabitants. During the hostilities of the French and Indian war there was no time when lives in the Antietam valley were safe from marauders and murderers. The only time they had no fear of attack was in the dead of winter when the Indians lay quiet or dormant in their forest towns. As soon, however, as the wild geese were seen steering their way to the north, or the frogs were heard piping in the pounds and marshes, then a great dread came over them. The customary harbingers of spring, were by them regarded with the most gloomy forebodings for they suggested lurking red men in the edge of the forest.

That the Indians were not all fiendish and were susceptible to kindness is proved in the story of Jacob Holsinger, a young man, 24 or 25 years of age, who came here from Lancaster county in the 1750's. It appears that he was employed by David Stoner who lived in the old stone house at Welty's Mill, a mile south of Waynesboro on the East Branch of Antietam creek.

During one of the Indian raids in this section Holsinger was left in charge of the mill, farm, horses, cattle, etc., while Stoner sought a place of safety for his family. The young man was careful to have a musket by his side all the time and he determined, if possible, to make friends of the marauders.

Some of these Indians had learned to speak broken English, so when they came prowling around and making threats what they were going to do, young Holsinger invited them into the mill and proceeded to allay their wrath by giving them presents. The things he gave them were not of much value, but doubtless they were things of novelty and bright colors. It is said the Indians gathered around him and showed their affection and delight by asking for more presents. His treatment of the Indians succeeded—as kindness nearly always does—and they left the Stoner home without taking or destroying any of his employer's property.

Jacob Holsinger was no relative of David Stoner but so well pleased was he with the tact displayed by his young employee, that he presented him with a tract of land containing 180 acres lying along the West branch of Antietam creek and about one mile northeast of Waynesboro. This gift embraced practically what is now the farm belonging to Beverly A. Foltz.

David Stoner mentioned above was the great-great grandfather of Harrington L. Stoner and Watson C. Stoner; and Jacob Holsinger, the young Indian tamer, was one of the ancestors—five generations removed—of the Fahrney family living on East Main street in Waynesboro.

There is a tradition in the Stoner family that on one occasion, John, infant son of the aforementioned David Stoner—was lying in a cradle on the porch when a strange Indian wandered out of the woods one day and came over to where the sleeping child was laying, but without saying a word he just as quietly walked away. The mother who was the only one in the house at the time was uneasy, but at the same time she was not particularly scared, for this occurred some years previous to the outbreak of the French and Indian War, and the settlers were accustomed to see the Indians come and go in this fashion.

The Indians' idea of the ownership of property was not the same as that of the whites. It was not unusual for several Indians to wander into a settler's house and if hungry help themselves to any food that was to be found then depart without uttering a word or even a grunt. On the other hand the whites had the same privilege to go to the Indian tepees for anything they might need. In Pennsylvania, possibly more so than in any other state, this free exchange without consent or compensation, prevailed to an unusual degree among the settlers and the Indians and they carried community ownership almost farther than it was practiced by the apostolic Christians themselves. This attitude of the whites and the Indians toward each other is attributed to the fair treatment accorded the Indians by the Quakers from England and the plain sects from Germany and Switzerland.

It requires no great stretch of the imagination to people again the Antietam valley with Red Men; to see them wandering along its banks hunting for game or fish; to see the young braves swiftly paddle their canoes over its tortuous course; to see the Indian maidens gaze upon its glassy surface and to behold their own features as in a mirror. One can almost see the bedecked warrior as he goes out to meet his worthwhile foe; almost hear the swish of the bowstring as the arrow speeds to its deadly mark and then almost hear his whispered words of love when he returns and lays his proud trophies at her feet. Here and there along the banks of our stream in one's imagination there are to be seen Indian villages with their smoke curling up to the blue

sky, and the dusky squaws going in and out of their tepees while their little ones play around without fear.

When the white man came into this valley the red man welcomed him and his family into their midst. They gave him grain from their fields and meat from their chase and they lived in peace with each other along our Antietam creek. But across the sea in the capitals of Europe designing men were playing the game of diplomacy as it was played then and the white man and the red man unwillingly and without any seeking of their own were divided into hostile camps, the two races became enemies instead of friends and the cruelties that go with war devastated our Cumberland Valley.

While this was going on the white man carried his gun to his field and to his church, and wherever he went he was on the alert for impending danger. The red men too skulked along the edge of the woods watching for his chance to slay. Murders were committed and women and children were ruthlessly slain. On one occasion near Fort Loudon in this county twenty-seven settlers were either killed or carried away into captivity. All told more than one hundred settlers were slain during the French and Indian War and many were carried away into captivity for this valley was the frontier of hostilities from 1754 to 1763.

The Cumberland Valley however was an area of dispute long before the coming of the white man. The Indians had their leagues and covenants with each other just as nations have today. The Iroquois in the region now known as New York state and the Susquehannocks in Pennsylvania, endeavored to arrive at an agreement as to the distribution of territory, but the latter proved treacherous. After a long war they were brought under subjection and later by the white men they were completely exterminated. This resulted in opening up central Pennsylvania for the western migration of the peaceful Delawares who had occupied the eastern portion of the state. The Delawares were the friendly Indians, known to our early settlers as such, prior to the French and Indian War. As soon as that war began the friendships between the white man and the red man became strained and finally turned to hatred. That war caused the Delawares to hurry westward with the result that this part of the country was cleared up for settlement, materially aiding the extension of the white man's frontier toward the west.

Most of the school histories which were in use up to the time of the Civil War had their origin in New England and dealt largely with such events as King Philip's War, the Deerfield Massacre, etc., which, important as they were in themselves, had no such influence upon the future of our country as did the campaigns of Generals Braddock, Forbes and Bouquet in the southern and southwestern parts of Pennsylvania. Here in the Cumberland Valley the early settlers suffered untold hardships, be-

cause the ownership of the wide open spaces of the Mississippi Valley were in question; and in later years our valley was trampled over again and again by great armies because the theory of federal government was to be weighed in the balance. And so for many years the hills and mountains, through which Antietam creek courses, echoed with the war-cry of Indians and in more recent times they resounded with rattle of musketry and the bomb of cannon.

Even before immigrants from Europe roamed through these forests, our beautiful stream had its days of tragedy. It is well authenticated that the Indians went up and down the Shenandoah and Kittochtinny Valleys and with their tomahawks and bows and arrows decided their disputes by shedding of each other's blood. On two occasions, once on the banks of the Antietam and again on the banks of the Conococheague creeks they met in deadly conflict. When the white man arrived he too had his problems to settle and the fortunes of a third race actually depended on the outcome of the great struggle, waged between 1861 and 1865; so the Red Man, the Black Man and the White Man each took turns in going up and down this mysterious stream.

Battles were fought in southern Pennsylvania first between the Indians; then between the Colonists and the Indians; next between the French and Indians on one side and the British and the Colonists on the other; then the British against the Americans with Indians as allies of both, and lastly Americans fought Americans with the most deadly weapons the civilization of the time could devise. Old forts, arrow heads, spears and other relics bear mute testimony to the fighters of long ago.

The Indians did not have the same rules as the Europeans in regard to the holding of property. When they signed away their rights to the land in the Kittochtinny valley (now Cumberland Valley) they did not realize that they were finally to be deprived of the privilege to hunt and fish and camp along the streams. There were practically no limits or bounds to their hunting grounds and in their primitive way of living they were not backward in entering each other's cabin when hungry and helping themselves to any food that was lying around. Their theory seemed to be that one had as much right to provisions as another and they took them. It was the law and custom of the tribes. In one respect they compared favorably with the whites; they were more honest and had no locks on the doors of their houses or wigwams and fear for the safety of their property never entered their minds. When an Indian left his home he merely leaned a stick of wood against the door as a sign of absence.

Before the White Man came into the valley the Indians did not know anything about theft as we understand stealing. They did not become drunk as they had nothing to make them drunk. They never told falsehoods because they had no temptation to

lie. They did not swear because they had no words to express an oath. They needed little, for the forest supplied them with food and raiment and, once a year in appreciation of their benefits, they kindled fires the smoke of which ascended to the Great Spirit as a thankful sacrifice.

While wandering along the banks of this beautiful stream sad thoughts come, for one cannot help but call to mind that this quiet stream, winding its way through the countryside, is the same stream that was so dearly loved by the red men. They naturally had an ardent desire to retain possession of these regions from which the pioneers were slowly but surely forcing them to give up.

Tales of heroism and sacrifice could be told of every mile along our stream—on the one hand of settlers who made the country—on the other, of Indians who helped them or harassed them in turn. But the time finally came, and a sad time it was, when the Red Men were compelled to give way to the onward and relentless march of European civilization. Their hunting grounds and fishing grounds passed into other hands. This happened about seventy-five years after William Penn founded his colony.

Possibly too much has been said about the cruelty of the red men as compared to that of the white men. As long as William Penn lived the Indians were honestly and kindly treated and they honored and respected him highly, but as immigrations increased they gradually were dispossessed of their choice hunting grounds. The Indians had no conception of thrift or of the importance and proper use of wealth. Unprincipled men often took advantage of this trait and took articles of value without giving them anything in return. By shrewd traders they were cheated by exchanging their furs for trinkets of little value. By government agents they were tricked of their lands by signing deeds when they did not understand what the transfer of property implied. Not content with cheating them in trade, evil-minded men cultivated their appetite for ardent spirits and some times took advantage of their women.

Finally the Indians were compelled to abandon these unbounded hills and valleys and accept in their stead prairie hunting grounds; then because of the advancing tide of immigration they were obliged to give up the prairie lands and move farther west. Now the small remnants are confined within narrow limits on government reservations, a declining and spirit-broken race. And so they are all gone from these parts, their wigwam fires are out, an old cabin, or the spot marked by one, and about four hundred paces with the Country Road a short distance below the Iron kind situated alongside our creek.

Within the past few days I have chanced across a contribution appearing in the June 3, 1843, issue of the Waynesboro

Circulator, written 88 years ago, by one who signs himself "D. O. B." One wonders who D. O. B. was who claimed to have visited among the Indians. His article is very pertinent to these sketches at this time and two paragraphs of it follow:

"Towns and villages have sprung up. Farms upon farms have been opened; and now all is one continued field and meadow, interspersed with groves. The Indian warriors, their squaws, their children, and their game, have all gone to their long homes. Their bones lie mouldering beneath the clods of these valleys—these fields and meadows are some of their graveyards. Poor mortals, I pity them. Hard, hard, has been their fate; they were driven from their homes, their wigwams were consumed, their children were made beggars, and thus they pined away, and died. And the few remaining children of the forest that yet linger on our frontier, seem destined to a similar fate. Most of them have become slaves to the vices of the times. Intemperance, that king of evils, and source of misery, is working his work of death among them. Wretchedness, misery, and woe, hover around their forlorn and gloomy retreat.

"I have visited them, I have lived among them, and know full well their lamentable condition. A melancholy sorrow rests upon their countenances. They seem to reflect continually upon the wrongs which they and their ancestors have received at the hands of the white man; no joyful prospects brighten before them—not a ray of hope tells them of a future restoration to their former possessions; but a gloomy presentiment of a final extermination seems to be ever present to their minds. But we hope that when the Great Spirit in whom they confide, shall call them to their homes, they will go to a fairer and a happier land than this."

FORT STAUFFER IN QUINCY TOWNSHIP

It is well known that numerous forts were erected in Pennsylvania by the pioneers during the French and Indian Wars but strange to say the only one that has so far survived the ravages of time is Fort Stauffer located in Antietam Valley at the headwaters of Marsh creek. It is built of limestone and measures ninety-six feet one way and one hundred and ten feet the other. The walls are ten to twelve feet high and two feet thick. There were six openings on the sides about 12 by 15 inches, and shoulder high from the ground, through which a gun could be used on the assailants. These openings are now closed by masonry.

The fort was erected by Reverend William Stauffer, or Stover, early in the 1750's as a defense against the Indians, for his family as well as for his neighbors. Its walls were strongly built and are almost in as good condition now as in the be-

ginning. The wooden covering for the protection of the walls, was put there a good many years ago by Charles M. Lecrone, to replace a former coping that had practically all rotted away. It is not in good condition and is again in need of repair.

On the south side of the fort, built against it, is a stone dwelling house and connected with it by an entrance through a flight of several limestone steps. The building is a large one and still shows evidences of good workmanship. At the farther or north end of the fort from the house, an entrance wide enough to admit horses and wagons led to a stone barn which had been built against the fort. The barn was destroyed many years ago.

Many persons in the community in which this fort is located, know it only as high stone wall surrounding a garden, and some of them have no knowledge even of its existence. It is remarkable that it should never have had any mention in any history relating to this section of the State. But there it stands, almost unknown, and in almost as good condition as when it was built.

When approaching this property from the south—the direction most persons take to reach it—one is more or less disappointed especially if it is his first visit. Persons have been known to enter the house and leave it again and not be aware that there is such a structure as a fort on the premises. Indeed there are persons who, after seeing the walled enclosure declare that it is no fort, just a high garden wall. In the first place what would anyone want with a garden wall tenfeet high and two feet thick? In the second place what do the six holes, built into the walls, three on each side mean, unless they were put there for the purpose of using them to shoot through? These openings are now closed up, but their location can still be traced out. The house standing beside the fort and joining it is an interesting old structure. There are cubby-holes and secret compartments doubtless built in for the purpose of concealing valuable property in case of attack.

Probably the present occupants of the house are not aware of the existence of these secret places. There is a sub-basement in this house, one story beneath the usual cellar, in which the family would take their last stand in case the foe had battered their way into the fort enclosure. It was provided with a fire-place for cooking which could have been used in case of an emergency. The ceiling above this under-room is supported by heavy timbers of yellow-Pine still in good condition and rare in this neighborhood. This under-ground room is now used as a storage place for vegetables, fruits, butter, milk, etc., and obviates the necessity for an ice-box.

The erection of a fort such as Fort Stauffer was more than likely a community affair. It contains nearly a thousand perch of stone and it was too large a task for one man to undertake. As in the case of other forts in the county, the neighbors came

together and built it just as they were accustomed to conduct barn raisings in former times.

To the casual observer Fort Stauffer does not appear to be located in a very strategic place. It is not on top of a hill as one unacquainted with such structures might suppose. There are hills nearby from which an enemy, with the sort of firearms in use at that time, would be supposed to have command of the situation.

The location of the fort can best be accounted for in this way: there is no doubt that the farm buildings—the house and barn—were erected by William Stauffer some years before the French and Indian War, that is sometime before any one ever thought of Indian raids. When danger from that source threatened he would naturally plan the fort so to connect the house and barn which were about 100 feet apart. In case of such an attack such a scheme would afford access from either end of the fort and if necessary, the cattle and other stock, as well as the members for his family could all be assembled within the four stone walls of the enclosure.

Another consideration which probably aided Mr. Stauffer in determining the location of his fort and doubtless caused him to choose low ground for the site of the fort rather than high ground, was on account of the water supply, always an important consideration, as both humans and beasts could not long survive without water and would soon be over-powered if the supply gave out. While there is no spring close to the house or barn, there is a never-failing spring a short distance away; and it is said that in early times some of the water from this spring was conducted underground in wooden pipes to the Stover property. These have long since decayed and have been replaced by iron pipes.

There were probably a score or more forts or stockades erected in the Cumberland Valley during colonial times and the spots where they stood has in most cases been marked by some organization such as the Daughters of the American Revolution or the Kittochtinny Historical Society of Franklin county. The cost of marking historical sites is not much, as the Pennsylvania Historical Commission will, if it finds the place worth commemorating, furnish the bronze marker.

Fort Stauffer was erected as a precautionary measure and there is no record that the neighboring settlers were ever assembled in it for protection. Whether it was ever attacked by Indians or not, one cannot refrain from trying to visualize the suppressed fear which prevailed at all times, and how the settlers were always in readiness to flee to the forts for protection.

The farm on which the fort is located now belong to George H. Stewart of Shippensburg, Pa., and is tended by Roy Cordell, the members of whose family will show it to visitors. This fort is believed to be the only relic of colonial times in the Cumber-

land valley still intact. Within but four miles of Waynesboro, the existence of this colonial relic, should be known to every one, especially to children of school age. There is no doubt but that if this old fort were located somewhere else—in the New England States, for instance—it would be exploited and become the mecca of thousands of tourists and visitors every year and would be exhibited as a Colonial curiosity.

A LONELY OLD GRAVE

Two miles south of Waynesboro on land belonging to S. Edward Kline high up on a hilltop, overlooking the Antietam creek from the east, lies the body of one whose name is supposed to be Charles Gans. The headstone is somewhat dilapidated and therefore the given name cannot be accurately made out.

Resting obliquely upon the stone at one end of the lonely grave lies a rough slab, the one side of which has been smoothed by the hand of some one who has been sleeping for a long time. The other side is rough. Between indented horizontal lines can be seen the date of death and part of the inscription crudely but legibly marked. Time and the elements have been wearing upon it yet they have failed to obliterate all its marks.

A part of the slab containing the first name of the deceased has been broken off, but from the letters that remain it is supposed to be Charles. The last name is fairly legible and is G-a-n-s. One account of this old grave, written nearly fifty years ago, states that the date, August 24, 1684, was quite legible at the time and cannot be mistaken.

A close inspection of the stone recently made indicates that the date is more likely to be 1794 than 1684. In either case it is one of the old graves in Washington township. The supposition is that he was some kin to old David Gans who lived near Welty's mill and who died many years ago. Another supposition is that he was a hunter killed by Indians and buried on top of this hill in rude style by some of his companions.

If the earlier date is the correct one, Charles Gan's death occurred just two years after the founding of Pennsylvania by William Penn in 1682 and nearly forty years elapsed before this county is accredited with a settlement. It is possible, but not probable, that because of the proximity of the grave to Mason and Dixon Line that he might have been a settler from Maryland as that state was occupied much earlier than Pennsylvania—as early as 1639—yet it is very doubtful.

The lettering on the marker indicates that it had been done fairly well and it is evident that it has never been moved since it was planted there. The grave is covered with a stiff blue grass sod, which has overgrown a space about ten feet long and five feet wide. The earth is solid and leaves no mark or traces of

ever having been turned over and over and cultivated for many years. At the base of the hill can still be seen the remains of an old cabin, or spot marked by one, and about four hundred yards west of the grave are indications of old Indian paths. Nothing therefore is known of this old man of the forest and it is doubtful whether any further information will ever be unearthed concerning him.

After reaching this elevation one cannot help but wonder what possessed the friends or relatives of this pioneer to carry his body to this spot, so difficult of access, for burial. If it was their desire to place his mortal remains in a commanding location, all right and well, for there is surely a fine prospect from this lofty eminence. At that time when forest-covered areas were greater than they are now the scene from this hill must have been simply wonderful. Even at the present time, a grander view, other than from the mountain tops, can scarcely be had anywhere. Although the grave is in Pennsylvania, Mason and Dixon Line is only a short distance south, so that the view from this vantage point is principally a view of Maryland with its fields of green, or yellow, or gray, depending on the season of the year.

Some one long ago must have had an eye for beauty or a heart for sentiment. Either old Mr. Gans himself requested that he be buried here or his neighbors interred him at this spot knowing his love for the place. Another conjecture is that the people of the neighborhood may have intended this elevated knoll to be made into a cemetery. If so, they must have changed their minds as the project seemed to get no farther than this single grave. No one else, so far as can be observed, has ever been buried on this rounded hill, and Charles Gans has had no companions in his long silent rest.

Any one desiring to visit the lonely old grave on the hilltop should take the State Road leading south from Waynesboro and turn to the right a hundred yards or so beyond the overhead railroad crossing. This road, about three miles in length, connects with the Country Road a short distance below the Iron Bridge. It leads along the Antietam all the way, sometimes very near and at other times it is the width of a field away, but always in sight. Take this short trip, if you will, a distance of three miles and you will take it again, for it is surely a fascinating stretch of roadway.

Just before reaching the bridge, where the Antietam crosses from the left to the right side of the road, stop, climb the fence and cross the meadow to the other side; then up a steep high hill until you come to another fence. The grave you are seeking is just a few rods north from the fence over in the field. After having gone thus far you should climb over the fence and go into the field a few rods. Without much difficulty you will come

upon a little patch of green which farmers have reverently plowed around and preserved during four or five succeeding generations. On this plot is a broken headstone one end standing upright in the ground and the other leaning up against the upright stone. The foot-stone may be covered over with soil for it is nowhere to be seen.

It should be remembered that as soon as one is off the public road he is on some one's private property. So if you go to visit the grave in summer time, you should be careful of growing crops; or better still, ask permission of the owner before entering the field where the grave is located.

If it is not at variance with your sense of the fitness of things, why not plan to have a picnic while on an excursion to seek out the location of this old grave. There is no better place to have it than in this shady meadowland spread out before you. The Antietam—our Antietam—curves its way gracefully around. Elms and oaks and willows and sycamores are scattered along its banks, not in rows as man would plant them, but standing here and there in irregular fashion. Interspersed with these are clumps of elders, hawthornes, hazelnuts, chinquapins and other plants of shrubby growth. Hugging the hill are more trees and shrubs forming a green background to the scene which is most satisfying to tired eyes.

The whole area has a park-like aspect and while passing by on the unfrequented roadway, one is almost, but not altogether, tempted to leap over the fence and romp on the thick soft turf. Turf, smooth and inviting, although it has never felt the sharp knives of a mechanical mower. It is laid out and tended by a master hand and no golf artist could do it any better. Man just has to acknowledge the superior skill of nature as a workman, when it comes to landscaping the countryside.

WALTER'S MARBLE WORKS

Let us take time enough, after visiting the lonely grave, to stop a few moments and see what we can of the old plant known by the citizens hereabouts two generations ago as Walter's Marble Works. It is situated about a mile farther down the creek. This former industry—run with power furnished by the Antietam—was the last mechanical work done by our stream before it crossed Mason and Dixon Line into Maryland. Few persons know about this industry now as it ceased its operations more than fifty years ago. It was last known as Walter's Marble Works and it is interesting because it was the only industry of its kind situated alongside our creek.

The marble works were first owned by William Loughridge, who he was and where he came from no one seems to know. Enough to say that in 1850 he sold the plant, and farm of 46

acres connected to it, to John Walter. He in turn sold it to his son Henry Walter in, 1861, who operated it twenty years longer. The elder Walter, it should be noted, was of a mechanical turn and for a time was successfully engaged in building revolving hayrakes. When but a young man in his "twenties," in company with General James Burns, son of the cannonmaker, he invented a sausage cutter which proved to be so successful that he secured a patent for the device. This was during Andrew Jackson's administration.

The marble works were located about three hundred yards up the East Branch from the two iron bridges. There is now scarcely any evidence that such a plant was ever in existence and it is doubtful whether the present owner of the property knows anything about it. Even the dam, which furnished water to run the plant, has been partly washed away by floods and there is scarcely one stone remaining on top of the other to show where the little industry was located. And it is doubtful whether there is any one now living who can describe, with any degree of accuracy, the buildings of the former plant. Picture-making was not so common fifty or a hundred years ago as it is today. It is necessary therefore to depend on the memory of the older folk for a description of old things and often they fail to furnish a true picture of the places they knew so well in their boyhood years.

It is difficult to convey in words a fairly accurate description of this cutting mill which did duty along our Antietam creek so many years ago. According to the best recollection of my informants, the driving power of the plant was provided by water conducted from the dam through a wooden trough or forebay to the penstock, a box-like arrangement, in which the undershot waterwheel was installed. Strange to say, the waterwheel was only a small affair, about five feet in width and less than two feet in diameter. The shaft of the waterwheel extended beyond the bearing to which a crank was attached. By means of a connecting rod the power was conveyed from the revolving crank to a sliding cutting bar. The cutting bar was a piece of iron about one-eighth of an inch thick, three inches wide and four, five or six feet long, depending on the size of the stone to be cut.

The stone to be operated upon, or severed into two pieces, was placed on a platform, but was not clamped down as its weight held it in place. The waterwheel was set in motion, by opening the floodgate, when the iron bar, with the narrow edge resting on the stone, would slide back and forth. A pile of sand was put on the stone and a little stream of water was conducted from the forebay so as to keep the sand moist or wet and the iron bar would be driven back and forth over the stone through the wet sand.

A small groove in the stone would soon appear, which gradually became deeper and deeper as the work progressed, finally

dividing the stone into two parts. It will be noticed from the foregoing description that there were no gears or complicated machinery, just a small waterwheel operating a cutting bar direct from the crank was attached to the shaft of the wheel. The speed of the operation was hastened or retarded by the simple device of raising or lowering the floodgate.

The waterwheel was constructed altogether of wood, so was the crank and so was the connecting rod. The only iron about the whole equipment was the piece of bar iron. This bar, by the way, was not tempered hard, but only a soft piece of ordinary iron. Neither was it notched or saw-toothed, as one would suppose, but merely a straight edge which, while wearing a groove through the stone, would also wear itself down and have to be replaced at frequent intervals.

It is difficult to form an estimate of the time it took to cut stone by means of this simple contrivance. Suppose, with a hundred revolutions of the waterwheel, the groove in the stone could be reduced one-eighth of an inch, it would take 9600 revolutions to cut through a block one foot thick. Making two complete turns to a second, would require 4800 seconds, or one hour and twenty minutes, to cut a stone one foot thick into two pieces. A slow process compared with the rapidity by which stone is cut now. Today the modern stone-cutting machine will move possibly ten times as fast as Walter's wheel and instead of one cutting edge there will be ten or twelve cutters ranged in a gang or row. Such a machine accomplishes at least a hundred times as much work as the old method—one of many striking illustrations of the changes which have taken place within a period of fifty years.

But only half the story of the marble works has been told. To continue, it should be stated that the shaft of the waterwheel also extended a short distance beyond the bearing on the other end, to which a crank was attached in the same manner as the crank on the cutting side was attached. By means of a connecting rod, this crank moved a gritty stone of considerable size back and forth over a slab of marble, held in place by its own weight. This operation was for the purpose of smoothing down the marble slab and polishing it. The process was called rubbing, while the other was called cutting—two operations independent of each other, but both driven by power from the small waterwheel. As on the cutting side, the speed of the operation depended on the size of the opening of the floodgate, thus admitting more or less water from the forebay. But there was no way by means of which one side could be made to run slower or faster than the other—both had to run at the same rate of speed.

On one side of the waterwheel, the stones were cut into slabs, then they were removed to the other side, where they were rubbed and smoothed down to the proper thickness. After these

machine operations, the stones were dressed, by use of hand tools, into tombstone shapes. Walter's mill was the simplest mechanical device ever constructed for the cutting and polishing of stone and doubtless it was the same as that used centuries ago. To present day mechanics or engineers its operations would appear crude indeed. The process of doing handwork on stones, however, has not changed very much since ancient times.

The plant was housed in an unpretentious frame building erected over the waterwheel and doubtless, as the business grew, during the course of forty or fifty years, it was enlarged from time to time. In its absence one can visualize it as a rather squatty structure with its lean-tos and open sheds built against the original building.

Mr. Walter sometimes had to run his little plant day and night in order to meet the needs of his trade. The operation was practically automatic and required no attention of the operator except when beginning or ending a piece of work. Too bad that all trace of this cutting machine is gone. It would be a fine museum piece for Waynesboro, to be shown beside a modern cutting tool, as manufactured by one of the Waynesboro tool companies. Quite a contrast, it would be, in comparison with the present day precision tools, accurate to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

Most of the stone shaped and dressed at Walter's Marble Works was taken from a quarry at Edgemont and brought to the works by horse-and wagon, a distance of six or seven miles. Another quarry, where the same kind of stone is to be found, was on the rear of Philip Reed's farm, two miles east of Waynesboro. This farm is now owned by John H. Frantz, but the quarry has not been in operation for a hundred years or more. While the stone taken from these quarries was known at that time as marble, it is actually only a very good grade of white limestone. It has a fine grain and dresses up very nicely, with clear-cut edges, but time has demonstrated that it darkens with age and that in the course of years, it is subject to much greater erosion than that of real marble.

After the Western Maryland railroad crossed the mountains, Mr. Walter sometimes purchased Italian marble in Baltimore and had it sent by train to Pen Mar. This stone also came to him in the rough which he split into slabs and dressed and shaped at his mill.

There are other quarries in this section where this mongrel marble has been taken out. Its trade name is Potomac marble and it has often been used in construction of public buildings. The doorsills at the Strickler building, Center Square and at the Hicks' building, East Main street, are of this stone and may have been shaped at Walter's Marble Works.

After knowing more about conditions surrounding Mr.

Walter's business, along the creek, it is learned that he owned and conducted a sawmill as well as a stone mill, both operated by water from the dam with its five foot head. So it is found there were two waterwheels running side by side, an unusual condition and it is doubtful whether it was ever duplicated anywhere else along the creek. The work done here was the sawing and shaping of wood and stone, the two most common and plentiful raw materials on the face of the earth.

Stop some pleasant day, run up along the creek and see the spot where all these activities of other days were going on. Go along the left hand side and notice how with a large sweeping curve, the Antietam flows with hurrying pace as it approaches the Iron Bridge. One can imagine that for untold ages its waters have been slowly but surely cutting this big arc into the hill on the other side, may be at the rate of only three or four inches in a hundred years, for it is a wall of hard rock thirty or forty feet high, with trees and shrubs growing out of the cracks wherever there is soil enough to sustain them. From the rock face to the top of the hill is a fringe of trees, thickly set, extending the whole distance of the curve and giving finish to the picture. On the near side of the stream the bank is covered with a blanket of grass clear down to the water's edge and not even a tree or a shrub is there to obstruct the view of the other side. There are other places along the Antietam patterned after this, which holds one in rapture as he goes along its banks, but none are more intriguing.

A short walk brings us to the breast of the dam erected by hands which have long since done no work. The wall appears useless now for there is no water in the dam, only the stream flowing rapidly through a break in the retaining wall about twenty feet wide. Big stones which, at one time formed this broken portion of the wall, are lying around in confusion, indicating that during some great flood, possibly at the time of the Johnstown flood, they were ripped out of place by the seething, rushing waters. That was the biggest flood within the memory of man and Mr. Charles Smith, the present owner of the property who lived at the time, says the waters filled the whole space, between his house which sets high on the hill, clear over to the rock wall on the other side of the creek.

But we have come to see the place. The house built of stone, brick and wood, was doubtless erected at different times. The main part is rough-cast, white as the whitest marble. From the front porch, one has an unobstructed view of the meadow, rimmed and bounded on the other side by miniature palisades of stone and greenery. There is no other house like it. From the front gate leading to the porch, is a wide marble walk of fine white stones lying there without a break or crack, just as the Walters placed them seventy-five years ago. A marble walk

also leads to the side of the house. There is marble coping on the walls and one stone, resting on the ground in front of the marble steps is a large piece—nine or ten feet long, three feet wide and nearly a foot thick. It is a fine specimen of native marble.

A visit to the house discloses the fact, not apprised of before, that there was a third industry—a hemp mill—run by the waters of this dam. The only visible evidence of this mill is a large circular stone something like a millstone, lying half buried in the ground.

Nearly all the buildings connected with these industries have succumbed to the ravages of time. The last to go was the saw-mill. It must have been a quaint old structure, for it was covered with a thatched roof of rye-straw, probably the last of its kind along our stream, common sights though, in olden times.

The title to this property, consisting of 46 acres, is now in the name of Charles Smith. He purchased it nineteen years ago from the executor of the estate of his father, Peter Smith, for the sum of \$3500, or at the rate of \$76.00 per acre, the same sum that Peter Smith paid Henry Walter for the tract forty-nine years ago.

Although the property is located a short distance north of Mason and Dixon Line, in Pennsylvania, an examination of the original deeds brings to light the surprising fact that it was then in Frederick county, Md., as Washington county had not yet been severed from Frederick county. Just one more reminder of the controversy over the boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania. This property was evidently located on the strip of territory in dispute and was claimed by both provinces.

The old Walter farm is part of two original tracts granted to George Burkett by Letters Patent from the Province of Maryland, one under date of March 8th, 1750 and the other March 13th, 1750. The first plat contained 31 acres and the second, 100 acres. The deeds or warrants for these two tracts are written on parchment—sheepskin—and are still in good condition, although discolored with age; the writing is plain, showing they had good penmen in those days, and they used good ink for the deed is as legible as the day it was written.

The seals are attached to the deeds by a cord and are impressed on some substance, possibly clay taken from the soil of the tracts themselves. A number of clauses in these old patents are interesting, because of their quaint language. They open in the following language: "Maryland, S. S., Charles, absolute Lord and Proprietary of the Province of Maryland and Avalon, Lord Baron of Baltimore, to all persons to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting in our Lord Everlasting, Know Ye," etc. They close in the same sententious flow of words: "Witness our truly and well-loved, Samuel Ogle, Esquire, Lieutenant-General and

Chief Governor of our said Province of Maryland, Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal thereof."

It is noticed that these patents were not deeds, but rather perpetual leases, providing for an annual rental to be paid on the tracts, in one case, four shillings, in the other, one shilling and three pence, together amounting to about \$1.30, payable in two installments, set forth as follows: "At the two most unusual feasts of the year viz: the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of St. Michael, the Arch Angel, by even and equal portions."

Counties in Maryland at that time were subdivided into "Manors" and these two tracts, according to the warrants or patents were situated in Conogochee Manor—notice the spelling. One of these tracts was known as "Addition to Blair's Forest" and the other as "George's Fancy." While scanning these deeds it is found that both refer to a paragraph of instructions, bearing date of 1738, issued from the City of London, and it is difficult to resist the impulse to say: it is a far cry indeed from King George's metropolis in England to "George's Delight" along the Antietam in the United States.

By way of explanation it should be stated here that a peculiarity of the warrants, issued by the Maryland authorities at that time was, that in addition to a description of the property, names were also given to the tracts. Some of them more or less amusing, such as Dear Bargain, Stony Batter, Almost Night, All That's Left, Jack's Bottom, Corker Hill, Katie's Memorandum, Scant Timber, Father's Goodwill, Rich Barrens and many others.

In the surveyor's description of the boundary contained in the warrant for "Addition to Blair's Forrest," one of the corners is designated by "a white oak tree standing in a fork of the Antietam"—again note the orthography—"about twenty perches from the Temporary Line." Fortunate it is, that this warrant has come out of its hiding place, the first warrant, thus far discovered, which contains any reference to the Temporary Line.

As a matter of history, it should be mentioned here that the boundary controversy between the Penns and the Calverts gave them much concern. Accordingly in 1733 they appointed a joint commission to run a temporary line, (the line referred to in this deed) which should be recognized as a tentative line. The surveyors concluded their work in 1739 and their line was observed as the boundary between the provinces for thirty years, or until it was superseded by the Mason and Dixon Line in 1767.

The survey of "Addition to Blair's Forrest" furnishes the only clue to the location of the Temporary Line in Antietam Valley. Although the oak tree is gone there is every reason to believe that the fork of the Antietam is today practically at the same place that it was in 1750. It should be noted that the warrant does not state whether the Temporary Line ran north or

south of the fork of the creek; but evidently it was north, and now thanks to the newly discovered deed, the location of this hitherto evasive line has been found. It runs, therefore, across the County Road, formerly the turnpike, twenty perches north of the Iron Bridge or to be more exact, 330 feet north of the point where the two branches of Antietam creek come together.

It may enter the minds of some that too much attention has been given to this old Maryland deed representing the Walter property. It is assumed that the deed is important because it is apparently the only local documentary evidence of the existence of this line. It is possible there are Maryland "Manor Stones," or other landmarks on the Pennsylvania side which, if sometime discovered, will confirm the information contained in the deed.

The Temporary Line is a historic landmark because it represents a temporary settlement of a controversy which involved the peace and harmony between the states. The justness of the final settlement of this dispute is still questioned by some of our neighbors below the Line. Indeed Maryland had trouble over both her northern and her southern boundaries and it is asserted that between the Penns of Pennsylvania and the Fairfaxes of Virginia, the western part of her domain was squeezed down to a few miles in width.

Doubtless it would prove interesting to the traveling public on the County Road, if the "Temporary Line" should be designated in a manner corresponding to the marker of the Mason and Dixon Line, which is located about half a mile farther down the road. Perhaps this will be done sometime.

MANUFACTURING ALONG ANTIETAM CREEK

One cannot loiter around very long or talk very much about an old place, such as Walter's Marble Works, without trying to form a mental picture of conditions as they were some fifty or a hundred years ago. The life at these little industries, was more of a communal affair than most of us realize. The profits in the business, unless it was the iron business, were not large and the owner of the little plant, who had three or four, or eight or ten men working for him, when the year was up, did not have much more than a good living to show for his work and management. And the same might be said of the men who worked for him. They too had their living, in fact it was practically up to the employer to see to that.

If one goes up and down our stream and lists the number of little industries which operated in times past, along its banks, he will be surprised how many families in this valley depended on manufacturing of one kind or another for their living. There were a good many journeymen in those days, who worked under instruction three of four years, in order to acquire a working

knowledge of their trade. They made a scant living while doing it, often rooming and boarding with the family of their employer. If they proved to be apt and satisfactory workmen, at the end of the period of their apprenticeship, they would be given a bounty—a small sum of money—in appreciation of their services. They were then in position to earn eight or ten cents an hour, working eleven or twelve hours a day, and sometimes longer. Such a wage afforded them a comfortable living, for they supplemented it by feeding several pigs, keeping a cow, having a few chickens and, in a well-tended garden raising all the vegetables they needed. There was no necessity for them to visit a store every day or so. They did well if they got to town once or twice a month. The life they led was different from the life of today and it was almost impossible for them to experience hard times as we know them. In fact unless they were do-nothings, or idle worthless fellows, it was impossible for them to become hungry.

One is prompted to wander pretty far afield while going up and down Antietam, traveling in the past as it were, and accordingly may we be pardoned for making observations in reference to industry, among sketches which are supposed to be more or less historical?

While trying to visualize the "good old times," as they used to be called, one comes to the conclusion that Antietam valley certainly has had more than its share of smaller industries. A list of them will astonish anyone who has never taken the time or thought to investigate conditions as they were in this valley say, seventy-five years ago.

Such a list may as well begin with the Mont Alto furnace and its allied concerns—two forges, a rolling mill and a nail factory; at least fifteen or sixteen flouring mills—only four or five now; over a score of saw-mills—at one time there were counted fourteen along East Branch alone; distilleries, six or eight; tanneries, three or four; two woolen mills; two marble works; three cloverseed mills; two or three hemp mills; several planning mills; two or three carriage factories; two canneries; several creameries, and doubtless there were others but they cannot be recalled now. All told there were easily half a hundred plants of one kind or another operating with power furnished by Antietam creek before crossing Mason and Dixon Line. Below the Line there were probably twice as many more.

In addition to the foregoing there were scores of other small industries, some of them in Waynesboro and others in the townships, operated by owners with one or more assistants. Most of them required no motive power except possibly a lathe or some other simple device, run by hand or foot power. Among the smaller operators were blacksmiths, wagon-makers, coopers, furniture makers, gunsmiths, clockmakers, scythe and sickle makers and scores of other craftsmen.

There was also the itinerant blacksmith, who visited the farmers several times a year and, in an improvised shop, performed all the odd jobs that had been saved up for him from the time of his previous visit. The harness maker would do the same, so would the tailor, and even the school teacher would board around among the patrons of the district. This was called "whipping the cat."

Here is a partial list of men doing a manufacturing business of one kind or another in Antietam valley several generations ago; Henry Baer, Jesse Baer, John Bell, Henry Besore, John Bourns, James Burns, Jeremy Burns, William Dechert, John Downin, John Emmert, J. F. Emmert, Samuel Fahrney, John Fisher, George Frick, David Funk, H. G. Funk, John Funk, Henry Good, Samuel Gordon, Alexander Hamilton, Daniel Hughes, Holker Hughes, Samuel Hughes, George Johnston, John Johnston, Peter Lehman, Andrew McElroy, John L. Metcalfe, A. G. Nevin, John Nicodemus, Samuel Pfoutz, William B. Raby, J. W. Riley, Levi Sanders, Abraham Shockey, David Stoner, Henry Walter, William Weagley, Jacob R. Welsh, George B. Wiestling, William Wilson, Jacob Wolf.

The Antietam valley began to show signs of becoming a manufacturing district early in the Eighteen Hundreds when the Germans and Swiss appeared on the scene, and Waynesboro, the little metropolis of the valley, has naturally come into its position as a factory center. It has inherited its position in a direct line from the little shops, along the Antietam, which surrounds the town on three sides, and which holds it in its two arms with tender solicitude. It is no accident therefore that the town is blessed with big shops. Waynesboro's growth in industry is a marvel, compared with other places of like opportunities in southern Pennsylvania. This expansion is due, not so much to present day proficiency as it is to the scores of manufacturers who have gone before and blazed the trail for the town's prosperity.

The men who conducted these factories along our creek were administrators as well as manufacturers and they successfully managed their little business. They had men working for them whom they taught and developed into skilled artisans and who generally remained with them as long as their business continued. These men—proprietors and workmen—are the forerunners of Waynesboro industry, for they and their sons, and their son's sons, are today doing skilled work in the plants here and in some cases are managing them.

If one were engaged in making a survey of manufacturing, past and present, he could come to no better place to find illustrations for his subject than to the Antietam valley, as it is actually an epitome of what has happened and what is now happening in a large way throughout the land. Here little plants were

located along the streams; dams were built to make power available, and for seventy-five years or more a satisfactory business was conducted by these early captains of industry. When their trade increased, they raised the walls of their dams a little higher, in order to produce more power and they constructed larger wooden waterwheels, to meet the added responsibilities.

The steel age was now in the offing and along came George Frick, and others of his kind, who began to contrive and erect steam engines. Some of the mills and factories developed trade, beyond the capacity of the streams, and Frick's steam engines were set up to care for the shortage in power when the streams were low.

Plants continued to increase in size and consequently more men were needed to operate them. The steam engine demonstrated that it was not necessary to have industries alongside streams as engines could perform without the use of much water. And so industries were established wherever the owners pleased to put them, as there seemed to be no limit to the quantity of power that could be delivered by the steam engine.

The Civil War then came along, changes took place more rapidly and the plants, out in the country on the banks of the Antietam, losing in the battle for trade, one by one, gave up the struggle. The cluster of homes, which had formed the little community were gradually vacated and the occupants moved to town where they could live near their work. The factories, and the dwelling houses around them, eventually wasted away and now there is no one to point out even the place where these little hives of industry were at one time going concerns.

The field of endeavor having been transferred to the towns, they increased in population at the expense of the country. A hundred years ago there were actually more people living in rural Washington and Quincy townships than there are today. The flour mills out along the streams were the last to succumb to the changed conditions. A few of them—five or six—are still running in a small way, but their operations are confined mainly to grinding feed for stock instead of food for human beings.

The industries of Waynesboro by now—ignoring dates—had reached a stage in their growth whereby some of them were using several hundred horse-power delivered to them by steam engines, and they were building these engines too. Machines developed in efficiency and so did the men develop in skill. After awhile the combined efficiency of the man and the machine could scarcely keep pace in producing the quantity and quality of work demanded of them. But skipping many minor factors in this little world of change, it, was noticed that the steam engine, the powerful servant of man for two or three generations, began to show evidences of going the way of its predecessor, the water-wheel.

And now a new group of men—the devotees of power—have leaped to the front. The need for more power has come and these men are preparing to meet the need. The strange thing about the whole situation is that the power men are turning to water again for energy to run industry. Engines, or motors rather, have been installed in large plants situated along rivers. Rivers, mind you, are just the consolidation of thousands of small streams into one large stream. Nature has always been in the consolidation business but man didn't seem to know it. Now a great power-producing plant has been installed along the Potomac, just off the edge of Antietam valley. Speaking in the present—this power plant is prepared to meet any increased demand—and over wires, its energy with lightning speed, is conducted to the industrial plants of Waynesboro. It furnishes power to them, day and night, year in and year out, much or little, using what they need and collecting for the amount used, measured down to the last watt. But more than this, these sellers of power are continually knocking at the doors of homes and offering to do a hundred and one things to lighten the drudgery of housework. Even the small boy has lost his unwelcome task of turning grindstones and his big brother has lost a lot of hard jobs too. And the old saying, "Things will come to pass that philosophers never dreamed of," has actually come true.

And so we have practically come back to our own. We started to obtain power from the Antietam creek a hundred years ago and now we are receiving it from the Potomac river. It is unfortunate for this story that the Antietam does not join the Potomac above Williamsport for then it could be said that we are again obtaining our power from Antietam creek.

Who knows but that sometime—maybe in the near future—we will go again to the banks of our stream for power to do our bidding. It would be a rash statement for anyone to say that that is impossible. Nothing appears impossible these days and no one now even dares to predict what is going to happen in mechanical lines ten years hence. There are thousands of horsepower undeveloped and going to waste along Antietam creek and it is not improbable that engineers will some day come along and convert its potential energy into power again. It is enough to remind the unthinking person, that the Antietam reaches the Potomac by the force of gravity, and he who can economically convert that force, as it is exemplified in the flow of the stream, will have solved the problem of harnessing it.

What is the next turn in Fortune's mechanical wheel? The changes which have been wrought in this little valley have raised some men up, while they have pulled others down—no need to mention names. No matter how well the man of wealth tried to fortify himself within his accumulated profits, there are other

men constantly engaged in devising ways and means to relieve him of his savings. The engineers are engaged in this work, the legislators are doing it and the idealists have been talking about it for years. Not to mention the socialists all in one way or another, are engaged in this see-saw performance of lifting one man up by attempting to bring another man down. Better try to life all men up, and not try to pull other men down. The pulling down process takes care of itself.

It is believed that all, who are going with us on these excursions, will agree there is no better place than Antietam valley in which to study the movements of the times as illustrated and lived in this small area. This valley was at one time (in its simple manner of living, almost self-contained; now the countryman has more conveniences at his beck and call than any king or potentate ever had, up to twenty-five years ago.

The so-called captains of industry of other days had to give way to concerns operating larger units of production. Will Fortune's wheel make another turn and if so will present day operators have to give way in turn to still larger industrial organizations or will the smaller units come into play again? We will not press the query, as it is dangerous to predict what is going to take place at some future time. That sort of speculation will be left to the statistician and to the prophet.

THE FARMERS IN THE VALLEY

In pre-Civil War days there were greater differences in social rank among people in the United States than there is today and to a certain extent these differences existed in the Antietam Valley. The leaders here as mentioned before were the furnace men. Next in rank were the mill owners, the storekeepers and the farmers. Farther down in the social scale were the free laborers who owned no land. Still lower in rank were the indentured servants who had been sold into service to pay their ship passage to America; they were called "Redemptioners." Lowest of all were the slaves. All these classes were represented here but the great majority were farmers who worked long hours for the reason that the "Machine Age" with its labor-saving devices and its benefits had not yet reached the country districts.

The historical period dates from 1730, for it is unlikely that any white persons reached Antietam valley prior to that date. That was 200 years ago and within that period the landscape has greatly changed; the hills and mountains and valleys as we see them were, in the main, the same as they are now except the work wrought upon them by the hand of men. All the transformation from a wild uncultivated country to the highly developed region as we see it today happened within a period of time that may be spanned by the years of three long-lived generations of men.

It is almost impossible for us who live here now, to visualize the unbroken landscape as it appeared when our forefathers arrived upon the summits of the Blue Ridge and looked down upon this goodly land of promise. The first settlers in Antietam valley, like Abraham of old when he settled near Shechem, showed their knowledge of land. Their successors have, by cultivation, fertilization and rotation of crops, maintained the fertility of the soil to this day, thus preserving their legacy.

It is well enough to give credit to the man and his machine, for the wonderful development which has taken place, within the bounds of the Antietam valley during the past one hundred years. But after all that has been said in praise of the manufacturers, honor should be accorded to the men who came here and cut down the forests, cleared the land and turned over the stiff unyielding sod, thus converting the valley into the fertile area as we know it today.

It required more courage for the first settlers to come over the South Mountains and start homes in the wilderness, in those early days, than it did for other men to come here a generation or two later and harness the streams for the purpose of grinding grain, making iron, weaving cloth, tanning skins and shaping wood and stone.

The glory, if there is any, rightfully belongs to the farmers who came here first. They were the real pioneers of the Antietam valley, for they made the way easy for the artisans and the mechanics. In fact the farmers often became manufacturers in a small way, for the ingenious Germans were not here very long until they turned their attention to contriving simple devices, hooking them up to the streams, with the object of lightening labor and increasing production. As the years rolled along, farming and manufacturing became two separate vocations—part of the population working on farms, others working in factories.

During the period preceding and succeeding the Civil War farmers were still doing most of their work by hand, as machines for the easing of labor had not yet invaded the agricultural domain. At that time a large catalogue would have been required to contain a list of all the various kinds of work performed on a good-sized farm in the course of a year. Seventy-five years ago the farmer was the jack-of-all-trades, as indeed most farmers are at the present time. All members of his family worked and they worked hard. Of the thousand and one activities on an average farm in the Antietam valley, the major operation was the growing of grain. The men sowed their seed by hand, they cut their crops with a sickle or a scythe and they threshed their grain with hand-flails or tramped it out of the straw with horses. Their days were long and their working-day lasted from sun-up to sun-down.

The women labored hard too and they had the knack of

turning their hands from one task to another without loss of time or they never would have been able to keep up with their program of work. The housewives cooked and they baked; they scoured and they polished; the knitted and they quilted. They washed and ironed the clothes which they had spun and they mended them. They planted the gardens, they preserved fruits and vegetables for the winter months. They looked after the barnyard fowls. They gathered berries and dried herbs. They made candles of lard and tallow and they compounded their own drugs. Most important of all was the duty imposed on the mother of rearing and caring for their children, who in many cases numbered twelve or fourteen to a family, and they educated them. If it is not true now it certainly was true then that

"Man's work is from sun to sun

But women's work is never done."

For the boys there was wood to chop and carry into the house; cows to fetch and feed and milk; stables to be cleaned and errands to be run. During the summer months the boys worked in the field with the men. When they were half-grown, they could drive a nail correctly, saw a board to the line, mend breaks in harness and do other repair work about the premises. As recreation they set traps and shot game in the woods; they fished in the Antietam and its branches. They had jackknives and knew how to use them in making toys as well as useful things. But there was no play when work was to be done or lessons to be prepared.

By the time the boy in the country reached the age of thirteen or fourteen, he was expected to "make a hand" in the harvest field. When he started to rake and bind wheat after a cradler, it was considered a sort of promotion and his work of gathering sheaves and carrying water was relegated to the younger boys and the older men. It was a transition period for the boy and, like freshmen in school, he became the butt of good-natured fun by the other hands. Among other things they would declare in an off-hand sort of way, "he surely does make a good hand at the dinner table," and with some degree of truth, for it is amazing how much food a boy in his teens could store away.

A proud boy he was though when during the rest-hour after dinner, he could lie on the grass with the men and listen to them swapping stories, some of which he should not have heard. But on account of the wholesome surroundings and the teachings of his parents our boy somehow kept from stumbling, and with hard knocks and close shaves he usually found his way through. But by the time he was grown up, he knew what life was about and naturally he took his place among the older men and assumed his share of the various responsibilities of life. Yes, if it had not been for these sober-minded boys of other days, it is

doubtful whether we could now be so proud of the history of our valley.

The girls also learned how to help; they shared in household tasks and aided their mothers with cooking, baking, soap-making, cleaning, candle-dipping, laundering. They early learned to sew and mend their own clothes. Together with the boys they attended the public schools of those days and acquired an education adequate for their needs. They were in all respects fit companions for the boys and made excellent wives. In olden times it would have been a pleasure to wander through a Pennsylvania homestead and see the various processes that were carried on there. Today we are living in another age and most of these occupations are only memories among the older people.

JOHN BOURNS, CANNON MAKER

John Bourns, a soldier of the Revolution, figures largely in the history of Antietam valley. He was the son of Archibald Bourns who, with his wife and two young sons, accompanied by his wife's brother, Dr. John Cuthbertson, emigrated to America in 1751 from the county of Lanark in Scotland. They settled first in Lancaster county, soon removing therefrom to York county, and locating on "Carroll's Tract," now in Adams county. The son's names were James and John, the former moved out to the wilds of Ohio and came into possession of part of the land on which Cincinnati now stands.

John, the subject of this sketch, wedded a daughter of Jeremy Morrow, whose grandson became one of Ohio's early governors, and in whose honor one of her counties is named. With his young wife, John Bourns came across the mountains from Adams county and made his home on the Antietam, three miles east of Waynesboro, in the spring of 1773. The property was situated along an old road vacated about 150 years ago, over which soldiers of the Revolution marched; this road, known as Mentzer Gap road, previously referred to in these sketches, led across the Cumberland valley through Quincy to the top of the mountain at Nicholas's Gap—one of the main highways of the valley at that period.

This farm, deserving more than passing notice, lies just across the Antietam from the Country club. The land was taken up, September 6, 1762, by George Martin and named "Calidity." It passed into the possession of George Shilley January 14, 1772, who sold it to Robert Espey—two months later—March 11, 1772. From him it was transferred to John McGuier, July 28, of the same year. On April 17, 1773, a century and a half ago, it came into possession of the aforementioned John Bourns, son of Archibald Bourns. The farm now belongs to William S. Wiesner. The present commodious house, substantially built of brick, was erect-

ed by Jeremy Bourns, son of John Bourns, just one hundred years ago.

When it is remembered that less than ten per cent of the population having been born and reared here, do not know much and care less about local history, it is no wonder they have only a vague sort of knowledge of John Bourns and his cannon. It is no wonder that many of them think the story of his making a cannon is a figment of some one's imagination. And then again because his achievement is so far removed in time there is good reason to surmise that by repetition, through the years, the story grew into the narrative as we know it.

There is, however, no doubt about the veracity of the tale for we have a flesh-and-blood contact with the Revolutionary soldier now living in Waynesboro, in the person of the venerable Dr. James Burns Amberson, a great grandson of the patriot. There is also an account of John Burn's achievement in the Centennial History of Franklin County, published in 1876. The information for this chapter was furnished by the late J. C. Burns, a grandson of the patriot who undoubtedly received the account of the episode by word of mouth from his parents, or from the lips of neighbors of John Bourns.

The Antietam valley has never been peopled with patriots and in 1776 the Germans and the Scotch-Irish vied with each other in supporting the revolt against the Mother Country. There is no record of any sympathizers for the Royalists' cause here. Two of the most ardent patriots in this valley during the Revolutionary War were John Wallace and John Bourns, the former known as the founder of Waynesboro, whose land extended to the banks of the Antietam; the latter, a blacksmith and a farmer, who lived alongside the same stream and who was familiarly known as the "cannon-maker."

John Bourns had a shop and a sawmill along the creek and he established himself mainly in the manufacture of sickles. Patriot that he was, it is not strange therefore that he called his neighbors to his little smithshop on Antietam creek and asked them to assist in forging a cannon for George Washington's army. The story of John Bourns has often been told but it bears repeating as it is just one of the many individual acts of patriotism displayed in the struggle for independence.

John Bourns while hammering and welding shapes out of iron for use as implements of peace, conceived the idea one day that he could help the cause of liberty by fashioning a cannon for the Continental army. As it was impossible to do this single-handed he imparted his scheme to his brother James and to his neighbors who heartily joined him in the enterprise. So he proceeded to accumulate sufficient iron and charcoal out of which he hoped to make his dreams come true.

An extra pair of bellows was set up and these sturdy men

with their strong muscles and a right good will took turns in keeping up a continuous fire so as to bring the metal to an intense heat that it might be hammered into proper shape. A core was prepared and the red hot iron was shaped around it so that the bore of the gun was brought to a degree of smoothness and roundness as far as it was possible to do with the tools at hand. It was further reinforced by welding strips of iron around the barrel of the gun. This was repeated until they were satisfied that it was strong enough to withstand the sudden strain of exploding powder.

When our patriots began this task of making a cannon there was no stopping as the iron had to be kept hot until it was finished. Accordingly Bourns and his helpers with only a small smith-fire and the crude tools at their command were obliged to work without intermission day and night until their cannon was a reality. It is said that the women of the neighborhood joined their men in the spirit of the enterprise, brought food and refreshments to the little shop and stimulated them to do their very best.

This small cannon was then started on its long journey to the Continental army and later John Bourns himself left his home and joined his compatriots in the field. On the eleventh day of September, 1777, the battle of Brandywine was fought and as chance would have it, both John Bourns and his cannon were in the battle, but having enlisted in the infantry he did not have the privilege of witnessing his cannon's performance. Indeed he did not even know it was doing service in the same battle and doubtless felt very sad when he later learned that it had been captured by the enemy.

The story goes that the captured cannon was carried over the sea by the British and put into the Tower of London as a trophy of war where it remains to this day. This part of the story has been doubted by certain individuals who, while in London and having visited the Tower, were unable to find this particular cannon. This might well be true for the Tower of London is now a large museum containing thousands of implements of war and only the most exceptional exhibits are labeled and seen by those making hurried trips. While going through the Tower several years ago, I spied in an out-of-the-way place in the basement a collection of old wrought iron cannon, very much corroded and without any labels. The guides themselves did not know where these guns came from or how long they had been there. It is easy to believe that one of these might be Bourn's cannon.

Let us not become skeptical and spoil a good story unless there is actually sufficient proof to refute it. The fact that some one visiting the Tower cannot find a particular gun is no evidence that it is not there. Be that as it may, the story shows

the spirit of men of the Revolution and it is no wonder that England, with her trained legions, was no match for the ingenious patriotic Americans.

Here we might leave John Bourns but suffice to say that he came back from the war and resumed his occupation of making implements of peace. One of his notable works that interests the people of Waynesboro was the building of the little log house just east of Burns Hill cemetery in 1778 or 1779. For many years it was used as a school house and a house of worship. It is supposed to be the oldest house in Wayneboro.

John Bourns' body rests in the old Covenantanter cemetery about one mile east of Waynesboro on the Willow Glen Farm, belonging to the Strickler heirs. The spot is overgrown with briars, thistles and weeds, but the grave is clearly marked by a simple marble slab with the inscription; "In memory of John Burns who was born May 1747, and departed this life May 20, 1802." Note the dropping of the ancestral "o" in the name. Dr. John Francis Bourns, a grandson of John Bourns was the only one in the family who continued the old way of spelling the name.

In most historical sketches much is generally said of the men, but little is said of their women. Janet Cuthbertson, who became the wife of Archibald Bourns, was an estimable woman and was a fit helpmate for this sturdy pioneer who unfortunately died in early manhood. Esther Morrow, daughter of Jeremy Morrow was married to John Bourns, second son of Archibald and Janet Cuthbertson Bourns. She was a remarkable woman and a person of great strength of character. She was the mother of eleven children. Esther the youngest child, born June 4, 1792 was married to John Wallace, a descendant of John Wallace, the pioneer of the Wallace family.

It is related of Esther Morrow Bourns, wife of the cannon-maker, that on one occasion she displayed her ability to make a prompt decision in the face of great danger. It appears that one day she had gone horseback to visit a neighbor, taking Jeremy her second child, then an infant, with her. For some reason the horse became frightened and Mrs. Bourns, with the baby in her arms, lost control of it. At once she realized that she could not manage the animal and care for the child at the same time. She had either to drop the baby or let the willful steed have its way, with consequences which could be guessed.

But her mind worked rapidly and she determined to do both—save her child and conquer the horse—so she awaited her opportunity, and leaning far to one side of the animal, she dropped her baby gently as she could into a pile of brush while passing, and then proceeded very vigorously to teach the horse that she was master. The animal was finally brought under control by her expert horsemanship and then going back she found her

child cooing and laughing in his brush-heap cradle, whence the youngster was taken, and the journey resumed with the horse ambling in gentle spirit, the baby alive and unhurt, and the mother a heroine.

May we turn aside just long enough to tell of an interesting character connected with the Bourns family in marriage? When Archibald Bourns, his wife Janet and their two children came to America, as stated before, they were accompanied by her brother, Doctor John Cuthbertson. He was accordingly an uncle of John Bourns and undoubtedly often visited him at his home along Antietam creek. Doctor Cuthbertson was an itinerant preacher and traveled over southern Pennsylvania and northern Maryland for nearly half a century. He readily adapted himself to frontier life and endured many hardships while going from place to place on horseback. It was his custom to keep an accurate diary of all his travels, the original copy of which is in the Carnegie Library at Pittsburgh. It is prized as a historical document of great worth and is in constant use among genealogists. He did not hesitate to mention names in his diary even though the things he had to say were not always complimentary. There is a duplicate copy of his diary in the State Library at Harrisburg and should any one have occasion to look up his ancestors, he better go to Harrisburg and ask to see Dr. Cuthbertson's diary before giving up the chase.

One place along the Antietam where he frequently stayed over night or over Sunday, when in this vicinity, was the home of John Cochran, just east of Waynesboro. Here he conducted services, and the people in the valley, within a radius of ten or twelve miles, would congregate here. Dr. Cuthbertson was a forceful speaker and his sermons lasted sometimes an hour and a half to two hours. If any member of the congregation had died since the time of the doctor's previous visit, he would be quietly buried and the funeral services would not be held until his next visit. If any of his members wanted to be married they usually waited from him to perform the ceremony. Communion, baptisms and other services would also await Dr. Cuthbertson's coming. In case there were any recalcitrant members, or should any one conduct himself in an unbecoming manner, the doctor reprimanded them in open meeting; and if the offense was such he could not condone, the member was forthwith excommunicated from the church.

His itinerary through this section reached from March creek in Adams county to Cochran's home, along Antietam creek a distance of twelve miles thence to John McClenehan's on the Conococheague creek, near Greencastle, a distance of ten miles. The next place usually visited by him was Joseph Junkin's home along the Conodoguinet creek, in Cumberland county, about thirty-five miles from McClenehaus.

A STORY OF ROBERT BURNS

When young John Bourns and his wife came over the South Mountain from "Carroll's Tract," he must have grown to love Antietam Valley, for the tale bears telling that he almost persuaded one of his worthy kinsmen to join him in this new land of promise.

It is not necessary to go far from home for a theme when material for romance and speculation can be found so near at hand, for it is learned that our Antietam valley once became a lodestone that almost drew a prize. It is pretty well authenticated that John Bourns, of cannon-maker fame, was a cousin of Robert Burns the sweet singer of Scotland and it is surmised that they wrote letters back and forth to each other. Doubtless the cousin on this side of the water took occasion in his letters to relate in glowing terms the advantages of America in general and of the Antietam valley in particular as a suitable place to make his future home.

These letters must have made a deep impression on young Robert Burns's mind for it is related by his American kinsmen that he had a great desire to come to America and visit his cousin John Bourns. It is further stated that by the merest chance he was prevented from coming over here and making his home among the Antietam hills. It is well known that the Burns' folk were poor people and it is generally supposed that, the "merest chance" mentioned by his cousin, which finally determined him not to leave his native land, was the lack of passage money.

In regard to the kinship of the Burns families it has been pretty definitely verified by documentary evidence that Robert Burns of Scotland and John Bourns of Antietam valley were first cousins. The fact that the names are spelled differently, rather confirms than refutes the assertion that they were related. The biography of Robert Burns reveals that his father's name was William Burness and at once the question arises, how could he be the brother of John Bourns, having different surnames? With the same degree of credulity, the question may be asked again, how could Robert Burns be the son of William Burness, as there is little similarity in their names? Here then are three men, closely related to each other, but spelling their names differently. The spelling of surnames two or three centuries ago did not seem to be as well stabilized or as uniform as it is today, for it is said that Shakespeare himself did not always write his own name the same way. So if genealogists and historians are satisfied in other respects, the difference in names should be no hindrance in declaring Bobby Burns and our John Burns first cousins.

While thinking of green pastures and still waters one

naturally permits his mind to turn in retrospect to the period of his childhood when he played along the grassy banks of some shady stream. There are thousands of beautiful meadows traversed by inviting streams to be found everywhere but where is a more lovely landscape than the Antietam Valley as it stretches out on the east side of the South Mountain? It is a wonderful inheritance for any youth to live his young life along the banks of such a stream. Such contacts cannot help but bring out the best that is in him and the picture of those days never fades from his mind. Doubtless the psalmist must have had some such scene as our Antietam valley in mind when he acquired the impulse to write his wonderful song of hope.

It may with good reason be assumed: that had Robert Burns left his home in Scotland and had come here to visit his cousin John, the world might have been richer for his coming. Here along the foot of the beautiful Blue Mountains, with the exquisite Antietam gracefully tracing its course through this rich agricultural valley, he might have received even greater inspiration from the entrancing scenery and we might now be singing songs which would have equalled or possibly surpassed those he had written and sung among the Scotch hills. Those of us who dwell among our hills and dales firmly believe that the charm of Antietam Valley cannot be excelled and Robert Burns had he come here might also have become enthralled with us because of contact with the charming prospect.

However the future is yet to unfold and who knows but that some boy or girl now playing along our stream, may grow up and astonish mankind with his wonderful inspirations, begotten unconsciously by wandering up and down the "banks and braes" of our own Antietam creek.

THE COCHRANS AND JUNKINS

There are many old private burial ground in the Antietam Valley, for it was the custom of the pioneers to bury their dead on their own premises. These plots were generally about twenty to thirty feet square, surrounded in the beginning by a substantial fence, and kept in order by relatives of those interred therein. Now the plots are overgrown with briars, vines and poisonous weeds and the fences formerly surrounding them are gone. The farmers of the present day have lost reverence for these sacred spots and by degrees have kept reducing them with the plow so that some of the plots are completely farmed over and there is no evidence that they ever existed.

A visit to these old graveyards sometimes reveals interesting information and the records to be obtained there are often of value to historians. Usually they are located in the corner of a field some distance from the house, but the one we wish to tell

about is close to the house and shows that this particular family had loving respect for their dead and desired their bodies to be near even though their spirits had passed out. This plot is in the yard of Leslie S. Rinehart, half a mile from Waynesboro along the Roadside road. For many years it was called the Cochran Graveyard, but today its existence is known to very few persons indeed. It is said that sixteen bodies were buried there, most of them belonging to the family of John Coughrane, now spelled Cochran. Only the stumps of the gravestones remain to indicate that the place was ever used as a burial ground. One stone is still whole, but at some time or other, it toppled over and was removed to the side of the yard where it now leans against the fence. It is a well carved tombstone and the workmanship on it would do credit to present day stonemasons. This stone is interesting because, as the inscription indicates, it marked the burial place of three bodies. It reads as follows: "Here lies the body of Eleanor Coughran who departed this life the 28th day of February, A. D. 1791, aged 74 years.

"Whom silent abide,
With son and grandson by her side,
Let none molest their bones or clay,
Till they arise in eternal day."

It will be noticed that several words in the first line have not been deciphered. Whether the three bodies represent three generations of the same family interred at the same time or whether at different times, it is now impossible to tell. It is believed that the grandmother, Eleanore Cochran, was the wife of John Cochran.

This farm has been in the Rinehart family four generations coming into possession of the ancestor in 1826, or more than one hundred years ago. John Cochran settled here about the year 1750 and from all accounts he became in his later years a quaint and revered old character. He belonged to the Covenanter branch of the Presbyterian Church and was very strict in his religious views and practices. When he reached old age he was frequently seen reclining in an arm chair in his yard under a large walnut tree, and was nearly always engaged in reading his bible. He told his folk that after his death he wanted them to lay him to rest under this friendly old tree. His wish was doubtless granted, but as the tree is not there the exact spot of his grave is not known.

John Cochran had a large family. He was a man of exemplary piety. During the summer months in his active years he got up early and had family worship while it was still dark. Then all took a drink of whiskey before breakfast after which they went to work.

For many years church services were held in his home conducted by itinerant preachers. The most prominent of these was

Dr. John Cuthbertson who made his rounds on horseback, coming here possibly three or four times a year.

There was a Covenanter church at that time in Adams county along Marsh creek and John Cochran, together with all his family old enough to walk would attend services at that church. They would arise as early on Sundays as on week days and after tending the stock and eating breakfast, would start on their long journey over the mountains by way of Nicholas's Gap, now known as Monterey. There were no roads in those early days, only trails or bridal paths and their journey most of the way was through the forest. It is said, that so strict was old man Cochran in the observance of the Sabbath that he would not allow any member of his family to pick and eat huckleberries growing so plentifully along the way. He would brook no negligence or disobedience among his children or his employees. When John Cochran said "don't" nothing was done for all knew that he meant exactly what he said. We may smile now at John Cochran's strict observance of the Sabbath, while on the other hand, he had no conscientious scruples about taking a drink of whiskey before meals. One wonders how this quaint old covenanter would fit in now with the observance of the Sabbath and Eighteenth Amendment.

While John Cochran was quaint and curious in his way, it must not be supposed that because his name has never been emblazoned on the pages of history that he was a man of little consequence in his own neighborhood. He was a deep religionist and he also believed in education, two things which the Scotch Presbyterians invariably stood for. So it is not remarkable that he sent his daughter Eleanore one summer to stay in the family of his friend George Brown at Brown's Mill. She was sent there so she could have the advantage of schooling with Enoch Brown who taught a summer school at Guitner's schoolhouse, several miles northwest of Greencastle.

This story has been told before, but as it relates to a little girl born along the Antietam, it bears retelling:

It was during the summer of 1764 that Eleanore Cochran and her little friend Sarah Brown attended this school and it was on July 26th of that year when Enoch Brown and ten children were brutally killed by savages. Strange to relate Eleanore Cochran's life was saved as well as that of her little friend, Sarah Brown, for the reason that they were kept at home that day to mind the children while the older members of the family were engaged in pulling flax.

In the light of what is further to be told about this incident one cannot help but think that the two little girls were providentially absent from school that fateful day. What possibilities can be bound up in the life of one little child! Naturally enough, a school girl with the education afforded Eleanore Cochran, she married well, so it was that she became the wife

of Captain Joseph Junkin in 1779. He was a hero in the Revolutionary War whose right arm was shattered by a musket ball at the battle of Brandywine.

It is reliably stated in 1884 that amongst their descendants there were thirty ministers and still a larger number of ruling elders. According to this statement more than sixty of their descendants became presbyters. If the strain and family traits continue, by this time the list of presbyters could easily have reached into the hundreds. In 1844 one of Eleanore Cochran's sons, Dr. George Junkin, was elected Moderator of the General Assembly which met in Louisville, Kentucky. Two of his brothers and one nephew were also members of the same assembly.

Dr. George Junkin, the most distinguished son of Eleanore Cochran, was a widely known preacher and educator. In 1832 he was elected first president of Lafayette College and thus became the founder of that well known institution. In 1841 he was elected president of Miami University in Ohio, and in 1848 he was chosen president of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va. Being a pronounced Unionist, his experience in Virginia, when the Civil War broke out, was a sad episode in his life. His family had become rooted in the South for he had lived there thirteen years. Two of his sons being pastors had married into southern families. One of his daughters, Margaret, married Col. J. T. L. Preston, an instructor in the Virginia Military Institution at Lexington. The other daughter, Eleanore, named for her grandmother, became the wife of the renowned Confederate general (Stonewall) Jackson.

One morning on arising Doctor Junkin found a Confederate flag had been hoisted over the buildings of Washington College by the students. He immediately ordered it to be taken down which the students refused to do. In this they had the support of the faculty and the trustees of the college. On April 18th at a meeting of the trustees called by Dr. Junkin he presented his resignation as president of the college which, after a few kind remarks by several members of the board his resignation was accepted. He then shook hands with all the members who, with himself, were overpowered with tender emotions. Immediately he sold all his possessions and started north with several members of his family, going by way of Staunton and Winchester. When he reached Mason and Dixon Line between Hagerstown and Greencastle a peculiar thing took place. At this point in the journey the occupants all got out of the carriage and led the horse across the Line. Then they pushed the carriage across, re-hitched the horse to the vehicle and proceeded on their way. It is difficult to understand what Doctor Junkin wished to exemplify by this strange proceeding.

The next day he arrived in Chambersburg and remained a few days with his friend, Col. T. B. Kennedy, and while there he came to Waynesboro and spent a day at the Cochran home along the Antietam, the birthplace of his mother who had long since been dead. While Doctor Junkin visited in Colonel Kennedy's home he was called upon by the Hon. George Chambers. Naturally their conversation turned to old times and Doctor Junkin related the story of the miraculous escape of his mother and another little girl at the time of the Enoch Brown massacre. When he was through with his strange tale, Mr. Chambers turned to him and said, "That other little girl was Sallie Brown and she was my mother." They were two surprised men and in their new found relationship each felt a degree of tenderness and sympathy for the other which is difficult to describe.

Of all the refugees from the South perhaps none were more distinguished. Thus was Doctor Junkin's career as a school man abruptly ended. He had served as president of three colleges, an honor given to few men.

As the greater part of this chapter refers to a remarkable woman born near Waynesboro, one cannot do better than quote a few paragraphs from reminiscences which have been preserved from the writings of her illustrious son, Dr. George Junkin:

"I have no recollection as to the first religious instructions I received and the early influence of family worship. But from my mother's teachings of those younger than myself, which do not come within the scope of my memory, I infer what she had done for me beyond the range of memory." He then says, "This ought to be the case with all family training. It was careful, constant, kind, though firm, and it was Christian," and he continues, "Blessed is that family that is so trained. It cannot be that it should fail to rear a Godly seed. There stands the Covenant promise 'I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee.' It cannot fail, for God is faithful.

"My mother's religion, was characterized by unusual fervor of devotion and practical Christian earnestness. She excelled her husband in earnest and conscientious efforts to apply the principles in every day duties. She was indeed a woman of eminent godliness. She taught her children to do everything upon religious principle. She trained them in practical religion. In every community in which she resided she was remarkable as a successful peace-maker and earned the beatitude attached to that character."

Their children were accustomed to attribute much of what they were and what they were enabled to do, to early home influences and especially to a mother's love and faithfulness. What will now be said illustrates conclusively the character of the children reared by Joseph and Eleanor Junkin: Although eleven of their children reached manhood, it is asserted that there

never was a profane or ungodly word heard from any one of them. Much of this was believed to have been due to a mother's training, to her prayers and to her efforts in educating their conscience.

The last hour on earth of Eleanor Cochrane Junkin is told by her son in the following language:

"When I was told (this was in 1812) the sad tidings that my mother had fallen and broken her spinal column, and would probably die." Then describing in intimate detail the immediate cause of her illness Dr. Junkein feelingly continues: The family was standing around the bed as the last moments drew on; and after speech failed, she turned her eyes upon those on the right, and upon those on the left, looking each deliberately in the face, as if to look farewell, until she came to father, and on him she gazed to the last." Thus passed away this motherly character.

The Cochrans and the Junkins are part of the great past coming down to us through the years and exceptional must have been that man or woman whose achievements are remembered by more than one generation of men. All that is mortal of John Cochran and his immediate family rests under the greensward in Rinehart's barnyard, the yard near the barn, along Antietam creek. Wind and rain and weather have worn their names from the gravestones even as Time has wiped them from the minds and hearts of those of us who continue to live here.

THE REED FAMILY

Along the road to Monterey, half-way between Waynesboro and the mountain, is a colonial type of stucco or rough-cast house. The property is now in the name of the fourth generation of Frantz's having been purchased from the estate of John Philip Reed in 1838 by Rev. Christian Frantz the ancestor of the Frantz family in this vicinity.

There were scores and scores of pioneer families living in Antietam Valley whose stories are worth recording and the only reason for select the Reed family as a type of those early days is because information concerning it is still available, even though no descendants of the Reeds are now living here.

Although but several generations removed it is not possible for us, living in this valley of beauty and plenty, to portray in words the hardships and deprivations of those days. Still it should not be assumed their life was just one drab day after another; they had their pastimes and pleasures which were just as satisfying to them as our diversions are to us. If it were possible to transport them from their lowly cabins through the years and afford them the opportunity to view life as it is today, doubtless they would be amazed and dumbfounded and, in some cases disgusted, with what they see; and should we, in like man-

ner, have an opportunity to witness pioneer life, we too would be surprised and would probably learn that the half had not been told us by the so-called local historians.

John Philip Reed, son of Michael Reed, moved to this place early in the 1780's from Littlestown in Adams county. He married Elizabeth Horner when she was yet a girl 14 years of age. There is a tradition in the Reed family that the Horners objected to their daughter marrying John Reed because he was a poor boy, and they would do nothing for him. It appears the family wanted Elizabeth to marry a rich old miller living in the neighborhood. It would add interest to this story, if more were known about the Horners and the rich old miller, whom they wanted Elizabeth to marry.

The young couple struggled along as best they could in the earlier days of their married life. The first house they occupied, was without windows or doors and they had to hang quilts over the opening to keep out the cold and bad weather. One day when alone Mrs. Reed saw a large bear snooping around and was afraid it would come into the little house.

John Reed was a cabinet maker and when they went to housekeeping they had absolutely no furniture. They used a flour barrel for a table and had to make their bed on the floor which, in the beginning, may have been only the bare ground. In order to obtain some means he went out and worked for other people in the neighborhood, making furniture and doing other odd jobs; during spare time he built furniture for his own home. The first piece he made was a chest in which they put their clothes. He next made a stand which took the place of the flour barrel for a table. These two pieces are prized heirlooms among their descendants to this day. Next he made a bed, then chairs and his baby wife, who was a natural born artist, decorated or adorned the chairs and other furniture. Some of her paintings are still in existence.

The story is told that Mr. Reed coming home one evening from his daily toil at a neighbors, informed his wife that he had engaged a number of men to come and do over the house and they would be there for breakfast. She did not have enough bread, so had to stay up most of the night making and baking bread. He also had engaged a man to come early in the morning to kill a lamb so as to have meat for dinner, but Mrs. Reed got up early, and when the man had not arrived by seven o'clock she took a knife in hand and started out to kill the lamb herself. The man, however, had just arrived, and wondering what was up, stepped behind a big tree to watch. She went into the pen, caught the lamb and desperately tried to cut its throat with the butcher knife, but its strength was too much for hers. She did finally succeed in tying the lamb's feet, and seeing she was in earnest, the man came to her rescue and relieved her of all further

effort. In due time mutton was served and relished by the hungry workmen.

It appears that young Reed soon proved his worth as a son-in-law, for within three years after his wedding to Elizabeth Horner, her father, John Horner relented in his opposition to their marriage and on March 22, 1790, deeded the farm of one hundred and thirty-seven acres to him which he occupied to the end of his life. It was situated along the George-Town Road, now known as Highway Route No. 16, about a mile and a half west of the present site of Waynesboro, not then in existence. Some of his neighbors were John Cochrane, John Wallace, Daniel Royer, John Moorehead, James Coyles, Andrew McElvoy, Henry Nicely and David Snell—none of these are represented here now—doubtless the names, familiar to us now, will likewise be strangers to those who come after us.

During the early part of the Nineteenth Century from 1810 to 1840 the transportation of merchandise and produce over the highway past his house, grew enormously, so much so, that a great demand arose for convenient places, or inns, to accommodate travelers. Philip Reed's house was on the main highway between Baltimore and Pittsburg and, located, as it is, but a short distance from the mountains, it served as a convenient resting place for the heavy teams after the long and heavy pull over the South Mountain. In order to render this service Philip Reed converted his home into a wayside inn and he soon became a much patronized and a very popular innkeeper; his wife, who was a capable and obliging cook, was of great assistance and contributed much to the inn's popularity and success.

Philip Reed being a skilled mechanic, bore an enviable reputation in woodworking, so along the roadside, and near his dwelling he erected a workshop, in which he plied his trade and offered his wares for sale. When rushed with business he employed extra help to supply the community's wants. As soon as his sons were old enough, they also worked at the trade with their father and thus assisted in extending his business.

Michael Reed, the eldest son, frequently drove his father's six-horse team to Baltimore, laden with bacon and other country produce. Sometimes he took a load of flour to the city from one of the mills along the Antietam creek. On his way back, in order to have a load, he brought merchandise for the country storekeepers. These wagon trips to Baltimore—a distance of sixty-five miles—required six days for the round trip.

Philip Reed also had a blacksmith shop on his place, a useful adjunct to a hostelry in wagon days. John Reed, another son, run this business. He was a good horseman and it is said that on one occasion a six-horse team, after having rested for the night, started westward up the steep hill from the house with a heavy load and as the horses did not pull together, they soon

stalled. Young John Reed was asked to take charge. He went to each of the horses, talked to them, felt their noses, fingered the bits in their mouths; then mounting the saddle-horse he cracked the whip and with a sharp command away went the horses, tugging together, and they fairly flew up the hill—a great surprise to the on-lookers.

Philip Reed's place was of limestone formation and the stone was of such superior quality, that as an additional industry, he opened a marble quarry on the rear of the farm. The marble not only found a ready sale hereabout, but a demand was created for it in the eastern markets. Some of it was shipped by team to Philadelphia, but the greater quantity found its way into Baltimore, to be used for doorsteps and trimmings for buildings, etc. To meet the increased demand, he erected near the quarries suitable buildings in which the marble could be shaped for its various purposes. He had a number of men employed to do this work.

A letter written in 1819 by Philip Reed to his son Michael, postmaster at Schellsburg, Pa., is a reminder that our country periodically passes through periods of depression and that they usually occur several years after a war. The trouble Philip Reed wrote about was attributed to the war of 1812. A compensating feature of these depressing conditions as noted by Mr. Reed is that they are always succeeded by periods of good times. So far as business conditions are concerned this letter might as well have been written in 1931. It follows:

"Franklin County, April 15, 1819.

"A friendly greeting to you all. I let you know that we are all well and trust these few lines will find you the same. You wrote about money. I am sorry I cannot help you at present, as I cannot collect my money

"We have had the hardest times I have ever seen. If times do not improve half our country will be bankrupt. I count myself as able as any, but I cannot help you or I would. You must not be discouraged, times will improve again. There are many dollars' worth of flour in the mills, but people cannot send for it as the prices are. So much from your faithful father and mother.

"Philip Reed."

The address on the folded sheet of paper—no envelope—was sealed with wax and reads: "Mr. Michael Reed, Post Master, Schellsburg, Bedford County, Penn."

When Michael Reed left his father's home near Waynesboro and settled at Schellsburg in Bedford county it was said of him that he "went west." He must have done well too, for he married into the Schell family, founders of Schellsburg.

John Philip Reed called his home Reed Hall and it was thus known for some time after the property passed out of the family name. Now it is called White Hall, an appropriate name also, as it has always been painted white.

None of the Frantz's, whose family has lived here since 1838, know when the present dwelling house was erected, but it must have been standing when Philip Reed obtained possession of the property in 1790. It is evidently a very old house. A strange thing about this building is that no one, not even the present occupants know of what material it is constructed. On the outside it is stucco or rough-cast, but that can cover a multitude of materials—log, frame, stone, brick, etc. No doubt it was repaired at various times and, like as not, its outside walls are constructed of different materials. It is a fine type of Colonial house and presents a homey and comfortable appearance.

White Hall is an attractive place now, but, with the various activities going on there, it must have been even more interesting a hundred years ago. The late Hon. John Philip Reed, of Bedford, a grandson of Philip Reed in a letter written several years before his death said, "I spent some months there when a little boy, at the time grandfather kept the inn. I roamed with delight through the pleasant orchards and fields. Grandpa Reed was a stalwart man of great strength, a most kindly man and respected by all. It was said of him that on one occasion at a public gathering, two stalwart men were about to engage in a fight; he caught one with one hand and the other with his other hand and held them until they made peace. I love his memory; grandmother was a great helpmate and a kind mother. I am proud to know my ancestors were church people from the beginning, and were instrumental in building churches."

This chapter closes with John Philip Reed's death, which occurred December 17, 1836, a few years after that of his beloved wife. Their bodies were interred in the cemetery connected with Salem Reformed church, three miles west of Waynesboro. His father, Michael Reed, who came to live with his son in his declining years, is buried by his side. The old headstone bears this inscription:

"In memory of Michael Reed
Late of Bucks County, who
Departed this Life, Sept.
the 17th, 1807. Aged 79 years,
six months and one Day.

"You are old prepare to die,
For I am old, here I lie.
My resting place is in the dust."

MEN IDENTIFIED WITH SCHOOLS

A difficulty which confronts one who undertakes to preserve the annals of a community—even though it comprises but a small area—is not the dearth but the abundance of material which is presented for consideration.

The result often is that much is discarded that should be preserved and much is preserved that should be discarded. But having lately drifted more or less into biography there are several names which merit attention and should be noted here before wandering again into other channels.

South of the tract, formerly belonging to John Wallace and joining it, is the farm now in possession of the heirs of the late Christian W. Good. This property originally belonged to David Stoner, ancestor, four or five generations removed, of the Stoner family. Between the ownership of Stoner and Good the farm belonged to George Jacobs, grandfather of Mrs. John B. Lowry and Mrs. D. B. Snively. It may be noted as a curious coincidence that George Jacobs and Christian W. Good each had seven daughters and no sons in their family.

George Jacobs was a prominent man in his day. In 1857 he was chosen to represent Franklin county in the Legislature. This is noted because of the circumstances that, although a Democrat, he was elected as a Republican. This may not have been an unusual performance as that was a period in the history of our country when many men changed their political affiliations. George Jacobs deserves special mention because he was the first president of the first bank in Waynesboro.

Henry Jacobs, father of George Jacobs, was one of the founders of Jacobs church. The Jacobs family is brought into this record mainly because his younger brother, Reverend David Jacobs, in 1827 taught a small school in Gettysburg, which later developed into Pennsylvania College, now known as Gettysburg College. Although David Jacobs died when a very young man, he is generally recognized as the founder of this prosperous and influential institution. It was the first college in the United States under Lutheran auspices. His brother, Rev. Dr. Michael Jacobs, also born here, was a member of the first faculty of Pennsylvania College.

Henry Harbaugh, born and reared near the South Mountain in Antietam Valley, was one of the eminent theologians in the early history of the Reformed Church. He was a writer of hymns which are masterpieces of composition. One of them, "Jesus, I Live to Thee," is sung every morning at Mercersburg Academy and has the distinction of having been translated into more than twenty-five foreign languages. This hymn is written in simple language—mostly monosyllables. He also wrote many other poems of merit and his dialect verse in Pennsylvania Ger-

man was very popular. The Old Schoolhouse at the Creek ("Das Alt Schulhaus an der Krick") is still published and reread with delight.

As a preacher, Dr. Harbaugh was fresh, instructive and full of power; as an author, his books were well received, some of them passing through a number of editions; as a teacher in the Seminary of the Reformed Church at Mercersburg, his lectures showed deep study and the product of a versatile mind. He will longest be remembered as a teacher of practical theology.

This account of former men of Waynesboro brings to mind a man of affairs who, among other things, took a keen interest in education. George Besore, grandfather of H. C. Strickler, was known and appreciated throughout his county and throughout the length and breadth of his church, wherever it existed in this country. He was recognized as a successful business man who devoted a large part of his time and energy to his church. He never held any public office, though there were times when he was urged to enter upon that course. For almost a lifetime he was one of the leading business men of Waynesboro.

George Besore will be kept in remembrance as one of the original movers for Sunday schools. He was identified in an official way with the first Sunday school in Waynesboro from its commencement, in the 1830's, to the time of his death, save perhaps an interval of a few years near the end of his life.

His activity in supporting movements toward more liberal education in church and school resulted in the founding of Marshall College and the theological seminary of the Reformed Church at Mercersburg, mother institutions of that church in the United States. Mr. Besore was a member of the board of trustees of the seminary and was its treasurer for many years. He continued as such after the institution was removed to Lancaster and became Franklin and Marshall College. He was liberal in support of his local church, as well as the several institutions of learning, which leaned upon and found in him a strong and unwavering friend during the many times when they needed financial assistance.

There was also Doctor George Junkin, a noted educator, previously noted in these sketches. Although not born here, he was the son of Eleanore Coughrane Junkin and the grandson of John Cochrane, who dwelled along Antietam creek nearly two hundred years ago.

Let us take another look at these men of former days: first there is the aforementioned Doctor Junkin, first president of Lafayette College, a Presbyterian institution; next is Reverend David Jacobs, reputed founder of Gettysburg College, a Lutheran institution; then there is George Besore, first treasurer of the theological seminary at Mercersburg, a Reformed institution; lastly Dr. Henry Harbaugh, a professor of theology in the same school.

As a matter of record it is noted that George Junkin was born November 1, 1790, and died May 20, 1868; George Besore was born December 21, 1799, and died August 16, 1871; David Jacobs was born November 22, 1805, and died November 4, 1830; Henry Harbaugh was born October 28, 1817, and died December 28, 1867. It will be noticed with surprise that David Jacobs did not quite reach the age of twenty-five and Henry Harbaugh was barely fifty years of age when he passed away.

While no higher institution of learning has ever been located in or near Waynesboro, it is worth mentioning that its people especially in earlier years—were actually instrumental in the organization of three colleges whose reputation and patronage is more than state wide—Presbyterian, Lutheran and Reformed.

ANTIETAM CREEK IN HISTORY

The Antietam to the historian at once recalls the stirring events in the making and welding of America. For two hundred years it has figured in the destinies of our nation. It can truly be said that the Antietam Valley is the point where ancient landmarks unite with modern industry in making a neighborhood of surprising interest. There are thousands of streams other than the Antietam in the United States, but most of them are unknown to fame and few of them run through districts as distinctively attractive and historical as our stream does. Yes, the Hudson and the Connecticut and the Delaware are much bigger and grander than the Antietam, but it is a question whether they have a greater historical background and have more individual interest in ratio to the countryside they traverse than the Antietam itself.

Nature has been generous to this part of the earth's surface known as the Cumberland Valley; geography has favored it and history too has done its share, and from whatever light it is viewed it is found to be an intensely interesting land. For a long time this valley was a common meeting ground of the people from the east and the west; and today it has become the place where the North and South can come together with friendly understanding.

The Antietam is probably as old as the Thames or the Tiber, but it had no place in civilized history until its alluvial soil began to attract settlers from eastern Pennsylvania and migrants from Europe. The colonists who came to America, first occupied the costal plain, but the mountains were a hindrance which impeded their progress westward for nearly three quarters of a century. Eventually they braved their way over the South Mountain—the first barrier—in their efforts to establish homes in the wilderness.

These sturdy folk came from the "Old World" after toil-

some journeys from the interior to the seaports of their own country, whence they sailed overseas in slow going sailing vessels requiring several months to reach the ports of New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore. After arriving in America "the land of promise," they still had weeks of heart-breaking travel through the forests of the New World before coming to this verdant valley which was to be their future home.

The Antietam creek was seen by white men very early in the Seventeen Hundreds. The first glimpse of the stream no doubt was had by Marylanders, for that colony was settled quite a good many years earlier than this part of Pennsylvania, and it is likely that some of Clayborne's men wandered up along the Potomac to Harpers Ferry and to the point where the Antietam empties into that river.

Most of the early settlers in Antietam Valley were either Scotch from the north of Ireland or Germans from Switzerland and the Palatinate in Germany. The former came up the Kit-tochtinny Valley, now known as the Cumberland Valley. They had crossed the Susquehanna river at John Harris' Ferry now Harrisburg. Another stream of immigration mostly Germans and Swiss, crossed the South Mountain at Caledonia and at Nicholas' Gap. A few Germans came over from Maryland by way of the port of Baltimore. And thus our valley was eventually filled with a hardy race of pioneers, resulting in the wholesome citizenship of the present day.

Those of us who dwell in this neighborhood and those who live along its banks little appreciate the historic value of Antietam creek. Just a modest little stream flowing quietly through this land of beauty and plenty and no one here scarcely giving it a second thought. Had its course lain in an area in which no events of national significance had ever occurred, it might continue to seek its way to the sea and there would be no one to tell its praises.

It is not too much to assert that Antietam creek and Mason and Dixon Line have bulked large in binding this nation of ours into a harmonious and complete whole. Should any one write a history of the United States and not mention either of these he would fail in his purpose. Attention is called to the fact that the one is a natural feature and its course was laid out by the God of nature, while the other is an artificial line fixed and determined by the hand of man. The one has become a famous stream because it flows through a strategic valley; the other has earned its right to fame, because it too was projected across strategic territory. Let it be known to the world that Mason and Dixon Line and Antietam creek cross each other one and one-half miles south of Waynesboro.

Down through Colonial days and during the early years of the Republic, Antietam creek was only an ordinary stream as

hundreds of others are. From time to time things happened along its banks but they did not elicit any particular notice or comment. Though these happenings had historic significance, at the time they were scarcely recognized as such. Then without any premonition whatever the little stream suddenly leaped into fame; likewise in regard to Mason and Dixon Line. In the beginning it was merely a boundary line between two states and represented the settlement of a dispute by means of which all parties appeared to acquiesce.

During the period immediately preceding the war between the States, this couplet Mason and Dixon—having been almost forgotten, began to be bandied back and forth in the Halls of Congress by reason of the slavery question and it was not long until it was in every one's mouth. Now every one knows what Mason and Dixon Line stood for during that stormy period of our national life. So Antietam creek and Mason and Dixon Line have both become famous landmarks on account of their peculiar relation to the all-absorbing pre-Civil War topic—the slavery question.

But interesting as the Mason and Dixon Line is, as a subject for discussion, this account is obliged to give more attention to Antietam creek. It should here be stated that long before the white man ever crossed the South Mountains and looked out over this beautiful valley the Red Men were wont to meet in combat along Antietam and Conococheague creeks to determine who should hold and occupy these coveted hunting grounds. Tradition has it that the Shawnee, Delaware and Catawba tribes had frequently met in battle on the banks of Antietam creek. Just a few years after the first pale face stepped on this soil, a fierce and determined battle actually occurred along this stream between the Delawares and the Catawbias and the latter were exterminated down to the last man. The story of this last man is a tale of endurance and fortitude which if it were told in its entirety would constitute an epic in heroism equal to anything told in the classics.

From time immemorial the waters of Antietam creek found their way to the sea and one may be sure that if all the unrecorded history were to be written, there would be stories of ambition, stories of sacrifice and stories of endurance that would surprise the world beyond measure. As it is, within the span of two or three generations, the recorded happenings along this stream have given it a position in history, unmatched by any other small stream in the United States.

There is no doubt but that Antietam creek has been a lode-stone always attracting to itself a class of men distinguished for their devotion to a cause whatever that cause might be, and with ardent desire to solve the problems of the human race. Here soldiers fought to the death because they happened to espouse

different theories of government. Here devout men of different faiths came to establish churches so they might worship their God in accordance with their consciences. Here men of genius came in later years to devote their lives in contriving mechanical devices looking toward the uplift of humanity in a material way.

What is the explanation for this peculiar pulling power of our Antietam creek? There must be a cause and possibly in the future some philosopher of history will discover what that reason is. The Antietam creek, without question, is one of the noteworthy small streams in the world and it may well be placed in the same class with other historic stream such as the Rubicon, the Jordon, the Avon, the Tiber, and with them be known in history of all men.

The races of men took turns in trodding the banks of this unassuming stream. The Red Men for ages went up and down the Antietam creek in their yearly migrations to and from the Southland, and as they went they observed these choice and unequaled hunting grounds. They coveted them and they fought to the death for their possession.

In the fall of 1756 Colonel Edwin Braddock with his American and English troops crossed the Antietam and began his march against the French and Indians at Fort Duquesne. The expedition, promising so much, proved to be a failure and General Braddock never recrossed our creek. A solitary stone at Great Meadows along the National Highway marks his lonely grave.

While this failure of General Braddock was most disastrous in its immediate effects, there is no doubt but that it afforded the colony of Pennsylvania a breathing spell in its efforts to settle its southern boundary dispute, for not only Maryland in the east but Virginia in the west, were ambitious to push their boundaries northward into territory claimed by William Penn. Had the first expedition against Fort Duquesne proved successful there is a possibility that the Mason and Dixon Line might never have been run.

It should be remembered that several years previously George Washington, then just a young man, with a party of Virginians, marched up through territory rightfully belonging to Pennsylvania. He was sent by Governor Dinwiddie with the avowed intention of driving out the French, but his scheme also contemplated making sure Virginia's claim to the southwestern part of the colony of Pennsylvania. Maryland was also interested in the controversy and at the time she was not favorably inclined toward Virginia's pretensions. Accordingly it is seen that Pennsylvania's boundary dispute was actually a three-sided controversy.

Washington's expedition also proved a failure, for he surrendered his force to Jumonville, the French commander at

Fort Necessity—the only time George Washington ever lowered his flag to an enemy. These failures of Washington and Braddock opened the way for a more concerted effort to wrest the western territory from the French and undoubtedly was of benefit to Pennsylvania in the settlement of her boundary dispute. It is significant that George Washington's surrender occurred July 4, 1754, therefore the Fourth of July has a double significance to Pennsylvanians and should be better understood by them.

And then again Henry Bouquet's victory over Pontiac at Bloody Run in 1764, the final act in the French and Indian War, has a peculiar interest to the people of this neighborhood for he afterward acquired Longmeadows' tract, a large farm, lying between Antietam creek and Marsh run just south of Mason and Dixon Line. Sad to relate however he was never permitted to occupy the estate for, while serving his king, he was stricken with yellow fever and died at Pensacola in Florida.

No other stream in the United States is so intimately identified with the slavery question as is Antietam creek. For what we know possibly it may early have been destined to play an important roll in the history of our country. Having its source in the South Mountain it soon crosses Mason and Dixon Line, the accepted symbol of the division of the Free from the Slave States. Rising as it does in Pennsylvania, which before the Civil War was known as a Free State, continuing its course through Maryland, regarded in those days as neutral territory and emptying into the Potomac just across from Virginia the leader of the so-called Slave States, it is no wonder that it became the pathway of both the foes and the friends of slavery.

Its waters first seek the light of day in Adams county, the very county which was destined later to be the "High Water Mark of the Rebellion." Then dashing down the mountains for a distance of ten miles it pursues its leisurely course through Maryland passing by Sharpsburg where one day its very waters ran red because the bloodiest battle of that war was fought on its banks.

The black man from Virginia, hesitating and uncertain, with eyes firmly fixed on the Pole Star crept along the banks of our stream. After crossing Mason and Dixon Line he took courage for he found sympathetic aid in his flight northward by way of the friendly "Underground." It was during the period of Henry Clay's compromise that the Antietam creek marked out the trail of the slaves from the Valley of Virginia in their hurried night-time flight to the North and to freedom.

From the time the slavery question became a debatable one in our halls of legislation and in the public forum everywhere, until it was settled by the arbitrament of war, somehow Antietam creek, though unobserved at the time, was playing its part in shaping events. In Washington the question was discussed and

legislated upon, but along Antietam creek things kept happening which materially hastened the decision of a problem that had worried the statesmen of our Republic for nearly a hundred years.

A few miles below the mouth of the Antietam at Harpers Ferry, where the Potomac and the Shenandoah converge, is the point selected by the unfortunate John Brown as the most strategic place to start his plan for liberating the slaves. Washington many years before also thought it was strategic territory for he planned that if necessary he would bring his little army of the Revolution to this junction of the waters and there make his last stand for freedom.

At Mont Alto near the head waters of the Antietam was captured the intrepid John Cook, who with John Brown and three others, gave up their lives for what they firmly believed was a martyr's cause. No one seems to know why the Fates brought him into the village of Mont Alto. Possibly this brave man just could not avoid coming down to Antietam creek. Six miles north of Mont Alto was Caledonia Furnace, owned by Thaddeus Stevens, another of the most hated of men by the people of the Confederacy. A portion of his mining and charcoal properties was drained by the watershed of our Antietam creek, and during "The Great Invasion" in 1863 his furnace, under orders, was destroyed by Confederate troops.

Finally the problem became too big and too complicated to be settled by mere debate and argument, so it was to the sword and along the Antietam that representatives of the two sides to the controversy assembled to settle the fate of this all disturbing problem. These men were the flower of the country's young manhood. They marched in stately tread from the South and from the North in all the panoply of war. With banners flying and with bands playing they came together begirded for battle. When they met along our stream they paused. The next moment the furies of hell were let loose for one of the tragic hours for our country had come. On its very banks occurred the bloodiest battle of the "War between the States," a contest raging four long years with the result that the black man gained his freedom. At Burnside's Bridge across the Antietam was the peak of the battle of Antietam.

When the struggle was over, boys in gray and boys in blue lay around in heaps. Two future presidents of the United States were in that battle and were among those whose lives were fortunately spared on that eventful day. But the Battle of Antietam had been fought and these youthful patriots, whether from the North or from the South, had offered their lives in order to settle the moot question left open in our Constitution, whether our Republic should be a mere confederation of colonies or a complete union of states.

General Lee, after the battle hesitated, however his army

sullenly recrossed the Potomac. General McClellan also moved off the field and the question these military hosts had tried to settle remained an open question as before. President Lincoln then came to Antietam valley and, sympathetic man that he was, he visited the wounded from both sides and wept, expressing his deep sorrow for the frightful loss of young American manhood. Then and there, he determined in his big heart that the black man should be disenthralled and several months later, January 1, 1863, the Emancipation Proclamation was issued.

Again General Robert E. Lee of the Confederacy turned his eyes northward. Again he disturbed the "quiet along the Potomac." Again he came over the river at Williamsport; this time he dispatched one-third of his army by way of Hagerstown and Leitersburg, crossing and recrossing our very Antietam creek three times. His soldiers confidently marched northward along our stream a second time bent on seeking one more trial at arms in northern territory and again they met their enemy but this time on the soil of Pennsylvania.

Another great battle had been fought, again General Lee hesitated and again as at Antietam, he turned southward. After his defeat at Gettysburg he came over the mountains by way of Monterey and down the turnpike to Waynesboro. Again the significant thing in relation to this retreat was, that he and his men again were obliged to cross Antietam creek, not once, but three times, on their way southward, before reaching the ferries of the Potomac. This time it was definitely known that the fate of the Republic and that status of slavery on the North American continent had forever been settled.

Rolling over a gravelly and stony bed almost along its whole course this stream, unconscious of what has taken place on its banks, flows unobtrusively on, until it mingles its waters with those of the sea. What happened along the Antietam in those stormy days it taught in history and there is not a school child above the eighth grade in the United States but who can tell about the drawn battle fought along this stream on the eventful day, September 17, 1862. Although it is now almost seventy years since these sanguinary conflicts there are still a few persons living who saw those soldiers as they marched to and from the battlefields.

The Antietam seems to have been a magnet and many of the principal actors in the slavery contest just could not avoid coming into contact with this stream. Witness the names previously mentioned: Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, George B. McClellan, "Stonewall" Jackson, J. E. B. Stuart, Henry Clay, Thaddeus Stevens, John Brown, John Cook—all men of national renown—appearing on its banks at various times during their careers; while such men as Logan, Wertz, Shockey and others of local renown living alongside the stream were doing their bit, in

their own way, to help solve the prodigious problems of those troublous times.

Twice during our country's history have our people been called upon to serve as a buffer between two opposing forces. In the French and Indian War the Cumberland Valley was overrun by Indians incited to hostilities by the French. Much property was destroyed and more than a hundred settlers lost their lives or were carried away into captivity. During this war the hostilities were between the east and the west.

In the Civil War, Franklin county suffered more, and its people lost more in destruction of property than any other county in the Northern States. This valley was debatable land. Friend and foe alike marched back and forth while carrying out their military operations and by each side were the people of our valley caused to suffer. The Confederate troops raided our neighborhood several times and stripped our people of their horses, their wagons, their cattle; and in 1863, General Lee, the great captain of their hosts, held this community in undisputed possession for a period of three weeks.

During the war between the States the people of this county were in all things loyal to the government. Upon them the waves of rebellion beat and their sufferings actually meant protection to the citizens in other parts of our Commonwealth. After the war sworn appraisers issued a statement that the losses in Franklin county caused by these raids, amounted to \$2,471,-488.85. Not one penny of this has ever been given to the people of this district save 50 per cent of the loss suffered by the burned-out population of Chambersburg. During this war the people of this valley suffered because of the hostilities between the north and the south.

There is reason for speculation as to the wherefore of these struggles for superiority on this soil by the Red Men first and the White Men afterward. Compared with other communities certainly too many things took place here in a large way to say that they happened by chance. Possibly we who dwell in this interesting valley are becoming aware that it is advantageous territory; and those who do not live here, are also beginning to concede that ours is a strategic valley. Years may have to elapse and other things may have to take place before there will be sufficient data collected to explain the reason why so many movements of national proportions had a tendency to gravitate toward the Antietam Valley. It is believed the cause for these movements will some time be revealed.

The fact that events of historic significance have already taken place here indicate that other events of equal significance may also take place on our soil. Let us therefore—the citizens of this valley—keep watch and be prepared for all eventualities. No predictions can be made for no one has the foreknowledge

to say from what direction or from what cause the next disturbance of the peace and quiet of our valley may come. History is always in the making and there is no doubt but that Antietam creek will again figure in great movements.

Ever since the white man set his foot on the soil of the New World somehow his movements converged to the point where Antietam creek and Mason and Dixon Line cross each other. For the time being we should feel grateful that all is serene in the Antietam valley. The husbandman unafraid plows his furrow down to the grassy banks of the stream and he plants his orchards and grows his grain in order that a united nation might be fed. But evidently there is something mysterious about this line and that stream; and one wonders what is going to be the next move in the chess board of events. History is not a closed book, other things are going to take place and as this corner of our land has, throughout the past, proven to be neutral and strategic ground it is not unreasonable to assume it will be strategic ground in the years to come. Again we say, let us keep watch.

STORY OF THE GREAT RETREAT

Situated as it is, the Antietam valley was overrun by the contending forces in the war between the states, and naturally many incidents of an interesting character took place along its banks. One of these worth recording occurred at the home of Henry Brown.

Between the friendly mountains a few miles north and east of Waynesboro is a fertile little valley familiarly known as Black Gap. It finally loses itself in a fragrant grove of pines at the straggling little village of Glen Furney. As you approach the village the mountains enfold you close as tenderly and motherly as they seem to hold Glen Furney itself. The old homestead with a spacious lawn in front stands at the edge of the village. It was occupied by Daniel E. Thomas and family. Mrs. Thomas, granddaughter of Henry Brown, was always there to give you welcome. Her heart was full of the beauty of the nearby mountains, full of the gladness of our Antietam that ribbons through the meadows in the foreground.

There are treasures in the house she would let you see and hear. Treasures! Old glass! Decanters, mellowed with the wine that filled them years ago! These are flanked by delicate bell-toned goblets which make you think of Steigle. A copper lustre pitcher with a snake-head handle! Her great grandmother's wedding cups and saucers, her plates and her tea set! The ancient walnut corner cupboard is treasure upon treasure laden. Old furniture! A Sheraton table! Adam chairs! Chest of drawers. Then there are colored prints and pictures. And this always happy woman would tell you little stories of them

all, of her grandmother, her great-grandmother and back beyond. Asked about that print of Abraham Lincoln, autographed and hanging in its old fashioned frame, here is the story she told but it loses in the retelling:

Henry Brown's home was just off the line of retreat of Lee's army from Gettysburg. The famous sixteen mile wagon train crossed the mountains at Cashtown and left the Pike—now Lincoln Highway—at Caledonia. Six Confederate officers desiring to take a short cut across county turned off at Newman's and rode down along Antietam creek. They stopped at Henry Brown's and learned that the men of the house were away, gone with the troops of the Union. Mrs. Brown and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Samuel H. Brown, with a baby on her arms, were standing on the porch.

"We have orders to seize the firearms you have hidden there," said one who seemed to be leader of the six, and he pointed to the house.

"There is nothing here," answered Mrs. Brown, "the house is open and no one can stop you if you want to look."

The men dismounted and commanded the younger woman to hold the reins of the six horses while they went into the house. They found a little money and some other things for their immediate use. Their needs on that retreat were desperate.

There were stories current of the retreating soldiers entering homes such as this and destroying the pictures of Abraham Lincoln, which almost every northern home contained. The same officer, the leader of the six, saw the picture of Mr. Lincoln there upon the wall. He turned to Mrs. Brown and said: "So this is the man you put your trust in."

She answered evenly: "I put my trust in no man. I put my trust in God."

"That's right, mother," he said, "He's the best. Don't touch that picture boys."

They left almost immediately after this, and as the men were mounting the officer turned to the ladies, the mother and her daughter-in-law, and with apology he said: "We have taken you to be ladies."

Quickly the younger woman retorted: "We haven't taken you for gentlemen."

"I guess you're right," he flung across his shoulder as they rode away.

This story is given as it was told to Rev. Clement A. DeChant, friend of the family by the late Mrs. Daniel Thomas several years prior to her death. She was the daughter of Mrs. Samuel H. Brown and granddaughter of Mrs. Henry Brown, and she was the little baby Mrs. Brown held in her arms on that exciting Sunday, July 5, 1863, in the room where the colored print of '62, with the autograph: "A. Lincoln" hangs upon the

wall, just where those officers left it. And the women of the household still "put their trust in God."

A TRAMP OVER THE MOUNTAINS

The South Mountains are the coolest and most hospitable of places and a day spent in their shade gives one a chance to get away from the speeded processes of present day living and learn how to be happy and comfortable without so many labor saving devices. The beauties of this region have been known to a few people and there are many living within a few miles of this delightful mountain district who have never seen the domes, the chasms, the wooded slopes together with the numerous streams that make it a gorgeous region.

Few of the residents of this neighborhood ever seem to take time to seek out any one of the many viewpoints on these mountains. It is doubtful whether more than one in a hundred have ever looked down into our valley from one of the high places. A few hunters, a few woodchoppers, a few wagoners and a few foresters are probably the only persons who have ever been on the top of these mountains and maybe while there most of them were so intent on their task that they failed to give the beautiful scenery a single glance.

It is well enough to visit other portions of our country and even go around the world but there is a lot of pleasure and a lot of thrills to be had every day right here in these Blue Ridge mountains and they can be had without expending the time and money so necessary in longer outings. One day or half a day may be devoted to a tramp over some portion of these mountains with the privilege of always returning home the same day for the evening meal—remembering at the same time that such hikes are sure to improve the appetite for that meal. These excursions may be repeated scores of times without ever covering the same section twice, for the reason that our mountain ranges extend over a greater area than most people have any knowledge of.

The South Mountains and the Antietam Valley are doubtless appreciated more by persons from a distance than they are by those living near at hand, of course that is a commonplace assertion, as it may be made of nearly every object which has any merit. One must be at a distance, so it seems, to obtain the correct perspective on anything whether it deserves or does not deserve commendation. A trip up and down the mountain end of Antietam creek will stir your imagination, will revive your spirits and even the pleasant recollection of the jaunt will give you pleasure for many succeeding days.

So let us muster up courage and prepare to go to the top of one of its many ranges. Our Blue Ridge mountains have rounded tops and in most places are easy to climb. The Rockies and

the Sierras with their snow-capped tops, their frowning bluffs and their deep gorges are not so old as the Alleghenies but they are more difficult to climb. Our mountains may have been bleak and snow-topped ages back, but through a long space of years—measured as geologists measure time—they have been worn down as we now see them. Our blue mountains are inviting to the nature lover and to the investigator and possibly they are inviting to every one except to the more timorous souls.

The East Branch of our stream first comes into the sunlight about 1500 feet above tidewater and then hastens down between mountain ranges for a distance of twelve miles or more, emerging at Glen Furney, after which it pursues a more leisurely course through a succession of inviting meadows. There is much to be seen in the valley along our stream, but if disposed to be somewhat adventuresome, let us go up stream and learn what is to be seen in the mountain, reserving for an other day a stroll through the valley.

If one elects to go up the East Branch he will enter the mountains at Glen Furney, by way of the Old Forge. At the entrance to the Old Forge district a peak rises up from the left standing gaurd, as it were. Its shape viewed from the valley side is a regular cone. This mountain is called Burns Knob for the old cannonmaker John Bourns whose home and blacksmith shop stood a short distance from its foot. By the strange effect of looming there are times when this sugar loaf seems much higher than it actually is. On its summit is a steel fire tower used as a lookout by forest rangers.

We will go up the forest road for a mile or so passing this peak; then if we have the courage, we should without halting leave the road, strike out boldly into the mountains and soon be engulfed in the living forest. As a word of advise to those who wish to explore the mountains, one should not fail to provide himself with loose fitting shoes and close fitting trousers of strong material, for when tramping in the mountains one often comes unexpectedly upon large stretches of matted vines of wild grape and blackberry heaped in tangled masses over laurel and other low shrubbery. If one carries a stick, let it be with a curved handle so that contrary vines and brambles may be pulled out of the way.

As these tangles form an almost inseparable barrier to a straight-away course to the top of the mountain, it becomes necessary to find one's way around and, while making such detours, one can quickly lose his sense of direction. These mountains are composed of a number of parallel ridges. Here and there are coves or valleys extending crosswise, cutting these ridges into short lengths. The South Mountain range is wider than most persons suppose and there are places where one can go in a straight course a distance of eight or ten miles without ever see-

ing any evidence of human habitation; so do not penetrate too far afield or rather too far a-mountain if you do not care to take the chance of spending a night without shelter in a mountain forest.

In order to ease our climb up the mountain it is a good plan to seek out the old roads made by the early wagoners. There are many of them. The wagon ruts, grooved into the ground a hundred years or more ago, though indistinct now, can easily be found for it is remarkable how mountain roads persist and how growth other than grass, refrains from taking possession of them. That was the period when the sides and the summits of these mountains were being denuded of their first growth. The early woodcutters and sawmillers did their worst and the cut-over timberland has ever since been studded with stumps like so many grave markers of the slain monarchs of the forest. It may appear as digressing to say that a note of sadness is thrust into my reverie as we go along, for my mind recurs again and again to other days, where can still be visualized grass and briars encroaching on the well beaten tracks of a certain roadside in my memory. Possibly these old roads are keeping fit in order to carry down the second growth of timber some of which has already reached marketable size. In the eyes of the production man, who lays his hands on everything natural and unnatural, the young trees have already become quite large enough to supply some anticipated industrial needs.

While on this little excursion one should rest every few minutes, face about and view the pastoral scenes of the foothills and the valley far below and a rich valley it is. With the Tuscaroras on the farther side one has here a wonderful panorama of receding distances. Close by are little streams hurrying down the mountain side and in the distance these same streams can be seen slowly meandering through crops of green and brown and alongside orchards of peach and apple—the whole landscape is actually divided into fields of geometric design. Interspersed with these are buildings, but the houses are no bigger than cigar boxes; the orchards are reduced to the proportions of hall carepts; the farms themselves look like well-tended gardens, and the Antietam, augmented by its mountain affluents is nearly always in sight.

But we are going up the mountain and we must turn our attention once in a while to things close at hand. Look on the ground and here at your feet are to be seen clusters of shining berries and beads of ruby and of jet. Tiny ground plants such as wintergreen and lion's tongue modestly peep out from beneath dried leaves at unexpected places. One can hardly refrain, although it may be against the law, from picking them out of their lowly resting places. Here in the Blue Mountains one sees at first hand the Christmas greeneries, but not without the

feeling that they can never be so lovely as in their native heath.

At some places the floor of the forest is strewn deeply with pine needles making a thick carpet, which gives gently under one's feet. Woodland ground is mossy and resilient and every step one takes is like a heavily cushioned rug. Man was never made to walk continually on hard surfaces. Nature designed his feet for contact with soft sand and spongy turf. What a pleasure it is to wind in and out through thick shrubbery, beneath dense shade and all the while breathing the ozone of these higher altitudes!

The tramp up the mountain side is not laborious and those who attempt it wonder why they did not try it long before. Eventually we arrive at the summit and we can feel repaid for the several hours it has taken to ascend from the valley below. Any one of the score of mountain peaks may well be called "Inspiration Point." Turning one's eyes toward the west, in the hazy distance can be seen the North Mountains forming a wall of blue even higher than the point where we now stand.

The two highest elevations of the South Mountain in Pennsylvania are Snowy Mountain and Sandy Ridge, but neither are so high as the Tuscaroras on the other side of the Cumberland Valley. If one should reach a point on the summit where nothing but mountains can be seen, the frontier, as it appeared to the first settlers, may be visualized.

From almost any top-point on our mountains there may be had another view of our land. On one side is range after range of hills similar to the one we are now on, and one cannot help but appreciate the natural beauty of our mountains which is scarcely appreciated by the people who live down below. From this vantage point are thousands upon thousands of acres of mountain land as far as the eye can see covered with trees and shrubs in the many shades of green. Rounded stones in all possible shapes and sizes are lying around everywhere. Under the shadow of the trees there are large patches of moss and fern doing all they can to cover the stony ground and to furnish it with a velvety carpet of green. Here and there are rippling streams bursting out from the mountain sides, intent on hurrying down grade to join the waters of the Antietam below.

Nearly every one will agree that an automobile highway should traverse the crest of Blue Ridge mountains. Such a road would open up a large tract now unknown, except to hunters and woodchoppers. If this were done the area would soon be threaded with hiking trails, bridle paths and other passable by-ways. Most of the mountains near Waynesboro are part of the State Forest system and are protected by the constant vigilance of forest rangers. The public is always welcome to enjoy these scenic grounds. "No trespass" signs are getting closer together

in the Antietam Valley, but none as yet are to be found on the mountains.

Close to the mountains on the east is a beautiful and fruitful valley—not the valley of our dreams, but the valley in which we and thousands of others move and have our being—the valley of the Antietam and whether or not one enjoys a stroll along the stream's grassy banks, it is always a valley of charm and delight. It has often been observed that the enthusiasm of visitors when looking down on this valley, from any one of the many vantage points on the South Mountain, far exceeds the appreciation of the same scenes by us who are living here in the valley. Well may we who see it every day, acclaim its charms, and we should never forget to do so.

ONE MORE LOOK AT OUR CREEK

The Antietam creek, particularly the East Branch, rising near the top of South Mountain, is an energetic little stream and loses no time in seeking the valley below. It pursues its tortuous way over numerous rapids and falls without ever stopping in its course. Chattering incessantly as it runs along it does the most unexpected things at every turn; sometimes it drops quickly over little cascades, then it runs across layers of pebbly stones and leaps with joy as it scatters its spray over one's face. For a moment it sinks clear out of sight and creeps beneath an overhanging bank only to reappear again and surprise with its renewed vigor, but all the while obeying the law of gravitation by constantly seeking lower levels.

Thus our stream continues down the narrow mountain valley, always in high spirits, always seems to be laughing, and whether entertaining bird or beast or human, its joyous prattle is ever an inspiration to the weary and downcast and possibly can be translated into the encouraging words of cheer that "life wherever it may be is always worth living."

On the upper reaches of the creek any boy can leap it. Older people may cross too, by stepping on rounded stones of which there are a plenty protruding above the surface of the water, but these stones have a peculiar way of turning at the touch of a foot and often it follows there is a wetting. Possibly they play this trick on the unsuspecting because they resent being awakened from their long, long sleep. These stones have no sharp or jagged corners, and their round shapes mutely tell to the inquiring geologist that for countless ages they were tossed hither and thither in the tumultuous sea, and are now a symbol of the dim past when Neptune presided over the destiny of this portion of our old earth. There are millions upon millions of them on the surface and under the surface of Antietam valley ranging in size from the smallest pebble to the largest boulder.

The next time you see one of these sand stones just let your mind recur for awhile to the period when no life was here and when nothing was to be seen but the broad expanse of the waters which were constantly churning the sand and the stones on its shores. These beaches are now the tops of old mountains and some of them may be looking down upon us today. The deep beds of sand and stones on the summits of our Blue Ridge Mountains at the present day are sufficient proof to convince geologists of the exactness of their theory.

But let us quit speculating and come close by our creek again. Here and there we will notice that a tree becoming tired of standing so long in one place lies down and stretches itself across our stream, thus affording a bridge for those daring spirits who desire a little adventure as well as experience in balance and poise.

Our mountain creek is edged on either side with rhododendron, azalea and laurel. These with many other green things, notwithstanding the dense layers of stones, find a place in which to root and, in the spring and summer, cover the mountainside with a gorgeous blanket of bloom. If one is not too obtrusive, he may spy through a rift in the foliage, the big brown eyes of a timid deer, but not for long, for the slightest move will start it galloping out of sight. It is strange there are not more birds in the mountains. Only the practiced eye of the hunter will occasionally reveal a solitary pheasant but he must be quick if he wishes to add the swift flying bird to his bag. But we must turn our back on all these things and try to keep pace with our stream as it splatters down hill.

Before the waters of the Antietam arrive at the foot of the mountain, as previously said, it always seems in a prodigious hurry to reach its destination, but after it comes to Glen Furney it sobers down to a more placid stream, where with becoming dignity it begins to assume the responsibility of turning wheels of industry. For the most part it then creeps leisurely through level stretches, which are criss-crossed by fences into rectangular fields of green or gray or brown depending upon the season of the year.

Our creek winds its way through valleys of the deepest green. There are hills on either hand. Sometimes it adjoins one side and then to be the least bit contrary it almost turns back on itself and crosses the meadow to touch the rising ground on the other side. Its contant winding around among the hills is interesting and fascinating beyond measure.

The flatness of the fertile meadows is broken here and there by clusters of low elders, and by slim straight poplars or by groups of wide spreading weeping willows. At some places the vine clad elms and button woods extend their ample branches clear over the creek and the foliage is so dense that there is little

chance for sunlight to peer through. Growth of all kinds is to be seen from the tallest trees pointing with their branches toward heaven down to the carpet of grass that is trampled unwittingly under our feet. And all the while the Antietam never stops running in its persistent journey to the sea.

The scenery along Antietam is worth any one's trip to view and while following its course one is greeted at every turn by wonders never seen before. Leisurely it curves along, sometimes through stretches of grass-covered meadows at other times forcing its course along steep banks of rock; here it flows gently in the sunshine, there it penetrates thickets of trees and shrubs and vines so dense that one must constantly turn hither and thither to find his way about. A tramp through the dense shade is one of the best tonics to exhilarate a weak heart and will prove an excellent stimulant for tired nerves. Yes, our stream invites us to dream of the past and to be children again; to play with its pebbles, to eat lunch on its grassy banks and to linger beneath its overhanging shade.

To a certain extent the great outdoors appeals to every one and it is not necessary to be a hunter or an angler to be a lover of Antietam creek. When business cares permit one should take time off and enjoy the pleasure of a jaunt along Antietam creek, even if it is only for a day. Just a few hours spent up and down its banks is enough to convert a normal person into an admirer of its beauty and a devotee of its charms. And what is more, it will soon be discovered there are more days for play and each time it will become easier to acquire the habit of repeating such delightful experiences as a walk along our alluring stream.

Unless one is a frequenter of the great outdoors he cannot know there are so many hills and meadows and farm houses and barns and straw-stacks. Go into this immediate environment some day but do not allow yourself to become tired by walking and walking. Do not aim to cover a lot of ground for the sake of making a record, but just linger at one place awhile and before you are aware you will hear and see wonders that you had not known were in existence.

Looking up into the sky, you will see nighthawks gracefully swooping down from dizzy heights, and you will hear their booming sound though they may be nearly a mile away. How they do it has long been the puzzle of ornithologists. Then glancing down to the water you may see a sleek muskrat hurrying silently across the stream leaving hardly a ripple in its wake. If you look closely you will perchance see a lone frog perched on a projecting log ready at your slightest movement to jump in the placid waters with a liquid thud and pass quickly out of sight. Then with a sudden start you will turn to see a speck of the blue sky darting just a few feet above your head and you will

know that a kingfisher has whirred swiftly by following the curves of the stream.

Most of us are still afflicted with the desire to seek at a distance for the things to please which actually lie close at hands. Grow acquainted if you will with birds whose sweet music enraptures the soul. Look at the long stretches of greensward enameled with daisies and you will ever after hesitate to trample under foot these favorites of your childhood. Watch the quick turns of the bright little chipmunks as they furtively play hide-and-seek on the post and rail fences. Note the numerous plants whose richly colored corollas enchant one's gaze and the thousands of butterflies recently born to life whose carefree existence fills one's heart with longing for the carefree life.

But there is so much movement and color and song on every hand that the day is far spent before one is ready to turn homeward having acquired the ravenous appetite of a woodchopper. So if one wishes to dissipate an attack of bile go at once into the woods or along a stream. One must be utterly forsaken not to feel the soul inspired by the breath of the summer wind, by the glow of the summer sky and by the beauty of the summer flowers along our lovely Antietam.

There is a rare combination of beauty and variety about Antietam creek. At one place steep banks control the flow of the stream; at another its waters run undisturbed through long level stretches. While traversing the banks of the stream it will be noticed that at frequent intervals the agitated waters have become calm, for the reason that the hand of man years ago built strong walls of stone to impede the flow of the water. The result is that a dam appears and at once one knows a grist mill or a saw mill is nearby. We will then behold the slow moving waterwheel, the wonder of our childhood. This ponderous wheel by a series of gears and shafts, turns the machinery in the old building at such a rate of speed that grain may be ground, wood may be sawed and, in older days, woolen goods were woven; all done for the use of man. And so industry has gone apace along Antietam creek ever since the white man came to live on its banks.

Most of these mills were built more than a hundred years ago. It seems a long time to us in this new country of ours, but in other lands century-old structures are passed without giving them a second look. But there is just enough of antiquity in these old structures and their surroundings to attract the interest of the passer-by. Gigantic trees stand around at respectful distances from each other and, looking about in awe, one cannot help but speculate about the goings-on in these places a hundred years ago.

The old mills along our stream dwell in our memory and possibly one should hesitate to lay bare his thoughts to public

gaze by admitting that years ago whenever passing a certain old mill he drove slowly, hoping by mere chance to get a glimpse of "The Miller's Daughter," who, in the language of another, was "so dear, so dear."

The woodman's axe has been almost everywhere, but somehow it has left more big trees stand along the streams than anywhere else. It is always refreshing to be in the company of big trees and whether they stand singly in fields or whether they stand in groups along water courses or whether strung along fence rows, one always has a feeling of security while under their protecting boughs. It is not mere play on words to ascribe great strength and stability to big trees. There are patriarchs among trees, as well as among men. Some of these large oaks have, for hundreds of years, withstood destruction by fire and storm.

Although one cannot understand the mechanics involved, it has actually been figured out that big oaks and elms and willows during warm weather are lifting tons of water out of the moist earth every day and they are forcing it out to their utmost branches. It is done by nature's hydraulics and no sound of rattling and grating machinery is ever heard while this wonderful phenomenon is going on.

But the trees along our Antietam are no more wonderful than the grass and grain in the adjoining fields for here, right before our very eyes, the alchemist of nature is performing more wonders than the wise men of old ever aspired to accomplish. And we look admiringly at our shops and factories and their wonderful units of power and production, but if we only knew it the possible power that can be exerted by the forces of nature on a good-sized farm would astonish even the mechanical engineer who has been trained to expect marvels of performance.

Wonderful works are constantly going on in this valley and those of us who spend much time out of doors may observe the results of these great forces even though we cannot understand them. Until our men of genius have unlocked the chest which contains the secrets of nature even our dreams cannot vision or our reason fathom the possibilities that are in store for our race.

Let us now pause under one of these venerable trees which has stood at the same spot two hundred years or more. Could we comprehend the whisperings of these great oaks as the summer breeze sighs through their branches we might hear, if we listen closely, strange tales of former times. Doubtless these old trees would tell us of Indians standing where we stand now. They would tell how the white men peered intently through the dense forest always on guard for the ever-present foe; they would remind us how we now may look serenely out over cultivated fields conscious that we are at peace with all men who may come our way.

These trees have seen events follow events in slow succession through the years. They saw the first white man when he came up to the crest of the South Mountain and gazed down with eager desire into our Antietam Valley. They saw the last Red Man as he sorrowfully disappeared over the Tuscaroras and took a lingering look at the land which had been his birthright for ages.

Trees link the past with the present and they are silent witnesses of happenings long ago. If they could speak our tongue or we could interpret their language what stories they might tell! Possibly trees and humans may yet reach a common understanding and if they do many debatable points of history will be made plain and what is obscure now may become a matter of common knowledge a few years hence.

But we must not forget that we have come out for a day along the creek. We are where the sun shines, where the rain falls, and where the thunders crash—all manifestations of power which we as yet know little about. Here in the open, not one day but every day, are plowmen, woodchoppers and other outdoor workers. These men breathing in the fresh air, work and live much alone with their thoughts and we are mistaken if we take it for granted they are not equal to us in the acquisition of knowledge. How many townsmen are there who can distinguish between a field of wheat and a field of oats, yet every one eats bread and few there are but have their dish of oatmeal porridge in the morning. Ye urbanite, remove chance embarrassment to yourself by becoming acquainted with the useful things the farmer grows along the banks of our stream.

Yes, the farmers receive much of their information first hand and in our rambles along the Antietam we come much in contact with these thoughtful men who, if they choose, could tell of many things the townsman knows little about. They are used to seeing things of beauty and utility growing side by side and know marvels as interesting as have ever been told by philosophers or poets. If one takes the time to search his inner self he may learn a new philosophy of life. But the world may be worse off because these men never took to writing and possibly it would be better off if some of us—including the present writer—refrained from taking up the pen.

We long for the exhilarating life along the Antietam, breathing the fresh air, drinking the crystal waters and absorbing the sun's rays. A few days spent along its banks will almost wean one away from his daily task. And why should we not go back when the Antietam is so near beckoning us every day of the year with its hospitable and varied charm?

Go and live in the great outdoors and let others, if they have a mind to, take up the task where you left off, so that you may forget the debits and credits and the balances to profit and loss

accounts at the end of the year. A few excursions along any creek, as a venture or as an experiment, and the thing is done. Everytime a convert is made to the outdoors a convert has been won to the simple life.

In these days of stress and strain something must be done to change pale faces into ruddy cheeks, to take thoughts from figures and records on dull ledgers and center them on the green of the trees and the meadows and on the blue of the skies and the mountains. Renew your life in the vigor of springtime or in the full flush of summertime and you will be prepared for the sombre of the fall and the bleakness of winter. This is a plea for more outdoor living along Antietam creek. This stream is right at our doors.

And now, oh Antietam! let us take one more look on your waters knowing they must finally be mingled with all rivers in the great ocean beyond. But we are assured that, by way of the clouds, they will return to us again and again and in the ever-refreshing rain they will renew life in our little valley. Without, the recurring circulation of this lifegiving fluid all life in our valley would soon sicken and die. Our very lives depend on Antietam creek! And so our beloved stream goes to the Great Father of all waters and, though not recognized, it returns to us from time to time. Reasoning from analogy is it too much then to hope that our friends who leave us for awhile also come back and, though not recognized by us, may lovingly minister to our needs?

General Early's Invasion

November 24, 1931

There is no gainsaying the fact that the Monterey Road is an historic road; that Antietam creek is a historic stream, and that we actually live in a historic neighborhood. There is yet to be told of a period within the memory of men now living when events surpassing all others occurred along the Monterey Road, on the banks of Antietam creek and in the town of Waynesboro. This is the period embraced within the years 1861 and 1865. No account of this section would therefore be complete without a recital of those stirring times, the issue of which determined the course of subsequent history.

The people who lived along the road to Monterey occupied a dangerous situation not shared by those of other sections of the country. Paralleling Mason and Dixon line, as the road does, and being only a mile or so distant from it, dwellers here were always in danger from sudden forays by bands of raiders sent out by the Army of Northern Virginia. Waynesboro was within a night's ride of the Confederate lines. Truly the days of the people of Waynesboro were days of long suspense and the nights were nights of constant vigil.

In many of the towns along the border, men were banded together in companies for the purpose of protecting their properties. They were organized with captains and other officers; they were furnished with guns and had the same standing in warfare as regular soldiers. These men were called "Home Guards" and when out on dress parade made a creditable display. But usually when the enemy appeared the "Home Guards" dispersed and were nowhere to be found. This behavior of the militia was severely criticized by people farther north. Several newspapers in the New England States even went so far as to say the men of Franklin and adjoining counties were cowards. To this day our people resent this imputation for our men were no more cowards than the men of any other section of our country. It is well known that undrilled and untrained soldiers, no matter from what part they come, will positively not stand up before the approach of regular troops.

WAYNESBORO'S UNPROTECTED POSITION

When it became apparent that Lee's army was preparing a second time to invade the North in force, President Lincoln asked for 100,000 men to guard the frontier. Strange to say

none of these recruits were stationed at points to obstruct the invasion of the Cumberland Valley. This invasion shook the capital city of our state with fear, and considerable correspondence took place between Harrisburg and Washington, but seemingly without avail.

Doubtless the authorities at Washington were more or less responsible for neglecting this section of the borderland. But if the blame is to be laid to any one individual, General Hooker, according to evidence, was willing to assume it. In a letter written September 12, 1862, he expressed himself in this language: "To my mind the rebels have no more intention of going to Harrisburg than they have of going to Heaven."

It is a remarkable fact that there were only a few Union soldiers in the Cumberland Valley to oppose the entrance of Lee and his army into Pennsylvania from the time he left the Potomac river until he arrived at Gettysburg. Then the cry arose, "Where's Hooker? where's Hooker?" The cry evidently was heard in Washington, for General Hooker was relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac just a few days before the battle and General Meade was appointed in his stead. President Lincoln doubtless thought there was some risk in making this change, for he is reported to have said, "It is a bad time to swap horses when crossing a stream."

It should here be remarked, by way of digression, that because Waynesboro is located so near the border line between the North and the South, it was natural that some Southern sympathizers should live here, but as they were greatly in the minority, they were careful to conceal their preference. The question of loyalty however was closely scrutinized. To avoid suspicion nearly every one "showed his colors," displaying the Stars and Stripes in front of his residence or at his place of business. In a public way flag poles were also raised in various parts of the town, so that Waynesboro in Civil War times was fairly "enwrapped in bunting!"

It may be too soon to become personal in regard to Civil War memories which some of our older people recall, but it is to the point, when that conflict was on, there were certain families in Waynesboro who, favoring the southern cause, were denominated "sympathizers" and were not held in high regard by their neighbor. In Smithsburg, over in Maryland, the opposite was true, for in that town the few who espoused the Union side were also called "sympathizers" but for the opposite reason and they too did not stand well among their immediate neighbors. These two towns—Smithsburg and Waynesboro—only a few miles apart but because one was situated, two miles south and the other two miles north of the Mason and Dixon Line, the sentiment in regard to the "War Between the States" was widely variant.

APPEARANCE OF THE ENEMY

Jenkin's cavalry came north a few days in advance of the army, but learning of Federal troops stationed at Monterey they hurried back to the river. Finally on Tuesday, June 23, 1863, a short time before noon, a day long remembered by Waynesboro people, General Early's troops suddenly appeared, coming simultaneously by way of Leitersburg and by way of Ringgold. Most of them had crossed the Potomac river at Shepherdstown and came north by way of Boonsboro, Cavetown and Smithsburg. The General took possession of the old Town Hall on Center Square, where the postoffice now is, and established his headquarters. At once the town was placed under martial law.

When the troops of General Early appeared the doors of the homes were locked, shutters were bolted and the citizens remained in their homes. The Stars and Stripes by common consent disappeared and were tucked away in dark corners, while above the Town Hall a Confederate flag proudly floated in the breeze as a flaunting signal that Waynesboro was no longer an integral part of the United States, but had become a possession of the Confederate States of America. For the time being, the Burgess, Jacob R. Welsh, and the Town Council were deprived of their authority.

General Early's first orders to the citizens were for supplies. Much against their will, his orders were promptly obeyed. The women set to work at once and baked bread night and day to supply their wants. In order to prevent the bread from being taken out of the ovens by those famished men, before it was properly baked, guards were furnished by the officers. They were hungry for bread as it hadn't been on their menu for a long time. When the bread was handed to them, they didn't take time to cut it into slices, they just ate it in hunks.

The town was full of soldiers. There was gay music, prancing horses, glittering bayonets and beautiful banners. It is difficult at this late day to realize the excitement which prevailed among our citizens. The constant tramp, tramp, tramp of soldiers and the miles of wagon trains, created the impression that Lee's army was two or three times larger than it actually was. When it was later learned that by far the larger part of his army marched by way of Greencastle and Chambersburg, Waynesboro people were in the depths of despair. Lee marched north with the prestige of victories at Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, so there was much reason to be alarmed at his coming.

To add to their consternation the southern Soldiers twitted the citizens with all kinds of exaggerated stories and boasted that they were now going to make terms in Washington and

generally wound up their conversation by asking the distance to Harrisburg, or how far it was to Philadelphia. Some of the cavalry officers made the threat or boast that they would water their horses in the Susquehanna and probably a few of them did, but no Confederate succeeded in reaching the other side of that river. They said they would soon come back, but alas for them, when they did come back they had a different story to tell.

It was great sport for the southern soldiers to demand an exchange of hats and shoes with the men of Waynesboro. High hats which many of the older men wore at the time were a target for their jests. Our men of seventy years ago were not cowards, but they submitted gracefully to these incivilities because the soldiers carried guns which were instruments of great persuasion, although it is a fact that never a shot was fired.

LOUISIANA TIGERS WERE FEARED

A few of the older people still remember the Louisiana Tigers who were much dreaded. They encamped along South Church Street in the yard of the old Union Church where the Brethren Church now stands. As soon as the Confederate Army entered Waynesboro General Early ordered all the saloons to be closed, but some how or other the Louisiana Tigers obtained liquor and became troublesome. Among other things, they were responsible for an amusing incident which did not at that time appear to be funny to their victims. It seems that while two Waynesboro men were walking on Main Street, they were forced by several Louisiana Tigers to go into an alley and compelled to give up not only their shoes and hats, but were stripped of all their clothing. In return the Tigers left them a few lousy rags to cover their nakedness.

Other than the Louisiana Tigers the Southern soldiers were likely young fellows, courteous and affable, and the young girls did not hesitate to exchange civilities with them. As one woman said, "These southern boys were polite and courteous but ragged and dirty." It is not known that any of the brief romances developed into marriages, but it is known that several women in after years took pleasure in showing little keepsakes they had received from Southern officers.

The Southern soldiers were supposed to be uniformly clothed in grey, but not these soldiers who came through Waynesboro. Their dress consisted of every imaginable color and style. Some even wore blue clothes, which they had doubtless stripped from Union dead in former battles. Most of them were of necessity ragged and filthy, showing they were sadly in need of new outfits, but withal that they were upstanding fellows. The soldiers were well armed, in perfect discipline and moved

as one vast machine. Not many stragglers were to be seen, however on their return trip, by way of Monterey, there were more laggards. When not under the eyes of their officers, some of them did not hesitate to snatch hats, shoes, watches, et cetera from the lookers-on.

There is no record that the soldiers harmed any one along the line of march, but they needed food, and a chicken or a pig running at large was not safe during this invasion. Before the army appeared in sight, a few men, however, fearing they would be maltreated or captured, ran and hid themselves in attics, cellars and other out-of-way places and remained there until the last man of the foe had disappeared. The women and children, as well as the men, who did not take these precautions were not harmed. When these frightened men came out of hiding, they looked rather sheepish and were the butt of much good-natured fun among those of their neighbors who had been courageous enough to watch the great parade from the roadside. Although this invasion occurred nearly seventy years ago, it is too recent to mention names in a sketch such as this.

It is on record that General Lee, before his army occupied the Cumberland Valley, issued a series of orders containing instructions for the conduct of his men while in the enemy's country. Although his soldiers were cautioned not to destroy private property, on the other hand an army must be fed and so they were authorized forcibly to buy food, clothing or anything else that would be of value to the army as a whole. They offered to pay full price, in Confederate scrip of course, for everything so taken.

This scrip or currency of the Confederates had little or no value, as it was not issued against deposits of gold as most U. S. currency is. Large quantities were printed as needs arose and it was reported at the time that the Army of Virginia had among its equipment, a printing press which was set up and started running whenever the supply of money ran low.

The Confederate officers were apparently very careful to give receipts for all horses, cattle and other property confiscated and told our people that if they won the war, their government would pay their bills and redeem their currency in gold, but if they lost the war the Federal government would be obliged to make settlement. It should be said that in theory they were correct but it did not finally work out that way.

The losses suffered on account of the war by the people of Franklin and other border counties amounted in aggregate to several million dollars and gave rise to the "Border Claims Bill," which was offered regularly in every session of Congress for a period of thirty years or more, but it seems never to have been regarded seriously by our congressmen. The ques-

tion was debated in and out of Congress then, and it is worthy of discussion now, whether our people should have borne such a heavy loss just because they happened to live along the path trodden by the armies of the enemy, while all other sections of the country not so harassed, were free from the shock of invasion and loss of property.

There are many families around here who have in their possession Confederate money given to their fathers and grandfathers, for horses, cattle, etc. These bits of paper are worthless, but if kept several generations longer, they may have some value as relics. There are also to be found among the papers of many Franklin County families, authorized receipts, beautifully engraved, signed by the governor of Pennsylvania, reciting a list of the property taken by the Confederates during their several invasions of Pennsylvania. These certificates are nothing more than just so much waste paper and it is doubtful if interest in them will ever again be revived.

There were times when it was thought these war claims would be paid, but southern congressmen consistently voted against the measure and there seemed to be enough northern members to join with them and prevent the bill from being approved. Franklin County always patriotically furnished its quota of troops so that if the people of our valley had desired to make any sort of defense their available men were in battle lines far from home and consequently they were not in position to do so.

In this connection it should not be forgotten that the Union armies also requisitioned property from private sources, whenever in need of it, but they paid a fair price in United States currency which, reckoned in gold, was also much depreciated. At one time during the war, a U. S. paper dollar was worth about thirty-seven cents in buying power.

Before crossing the Mason and Dixon Line, General Lee directed that all whiskey should be destroyed and under no circumstances should liquor be given or sold to any of his men. As there were a large number of distilleries in Washington and Quincy townships at that time, the carrying out of this order entailed considerable loss among that class of manufacturers.

The justness of the order was not questioned for there is no one more dangerous than a drunken soldier with a gun in his hands. A few of the distilleries promptly complied with the instructions and drove in the barrel heads, letting the liquor run out on the ground; others hid their barrels in out-of-way places and even dug pits in the ground and covered them over with earth and were thus successful in saving some of it, but under the direction of Confederate officers much of the whiskey was sought out and destroyed. The bars in the hotels and

roadhouses were, by orders of the Confederates, all closed and they remained closed from June 23 to July 6, 1863.

When passing through this section it was a topic of frequent remark among the Confederates regarding the well kept and productive farms in this valley. The grain was ripening in the fields and naturally they could not help but compare the fine houses, commodious barns and productive soil in the Cumberland Valley, with the depleted condition of the farms in the Shenandoah Valley. They were also surprised to see the large number of men of draft age who were not in the Union army. In the South every able-bodied man, from sixteen to sixty, capable of bearing arms was in the Confederate Line and the carrying on of agricultural operations was left mainly to old men and their Negro slaves. These things impressed the soldiers, many of them just boys, with the great odds they were up against and doubtless created a feeling which probably had much to do with their defeat a few days later at Gettysburg.

On the other hand that vast army with the constant tramp, tramp, tramp of the soldiers from early morn till late at night had a depressing effect on our citizens. Then, too, the grating of the heavy ammunition wagons on the roadway, the rattle of the caissons bearing big guns and the clatter of light arms as the cavalry hurried by, added to their consternation. They felt there was no force large enough or strong enough to withstand the mighty onslaught of this mighty war machine. So both the men marching in the procession and the citizens watching them from the sidewalks, had alike feelings of depression and despair.

There is no denying the fact that during the "War Between the States" the people along the border were in a precarious position. Time and time again the report that "the rebels are coming! the rebels are coming!" was heralded by self-constituted couriers on horseback. For four long years the border-people were kept in a state of suppressed excitement, not so much on account of the actual appearance of the enemy itself, but because of those ever-recurring rumors. But after the shock of the invasion was over the citizens began to realize the full meaning of the biblical cry of despair, "wars and rumors of wars!" They were in a way agreeably surprised for they found that the reports of the destruction of property by the southern army was grossly exaggerated and that the rumors were even more disquieting than actual warfare itself.

The fact is there was disillusionment on both sides. The citizens discovered the soldiers were humans like themselves and when the procession of soldiers halted—which frequently was done—for breathing spells, opportunity was afforded to become better acquainted with each other, so it was not long until there was good-natured raillery by groups on both sides.

The citizens told the men in uniform they were marching to defeat and if they went much farther all would be taken prisoners, while the latter retorted that they would soon capture Harrisburg and then march to Washington and take possession of the government.

The troops passing through this section were under the direct command of General Jubal A. Early, division commander. They belonged however, to General R. S. Ewell's corps. It may be of interest to know something more about this soldier whom General Lee with good reason selected to lead his army through the Cumberland Valley. General Ewell was a West Point graduate and at one time he was a civil engineer for the Pennsylvania railroad, working between Harrisburg and Columbia. He was also a U. S. officer in command of the Carlisle Barracks for a time. General Ewell lost a leg in the second battle of Bull Run and when he rode horseback he was invariably strapped to his saddle.

After the death of Stonewall Jackson, General Ewell was made commander of the Second Corps. Doubtless he was assigned to this position because of his familiarity with the neighborhood in which important events were expected to occur. It is not known for a certainty whether General Ewell came to Waynesboro or not, as his headquarters most of the time were near Chambersburg.

The troops passing through this section encamped in and around Waynesboro during the night of Tuesday, June 24, 1863. The next day the major portion of them marched by way of Quincy and Funkstown, reaching the turnpike at Greenwood in the evening. Here they stopped again and were joined by two corps under command of Generals Hill and Longstreet, who had come by way of Greencastle, Chambersburg and Fayetteville.

At this day it is difficult to visualize this procession as it passed through Waynesboro. The invasion seemed like a big parade in peace times, but the men were armed and there was a large display of war equipment. It was difficult for the citizens along the way to realize that these friendly and courteous men were their enemies and the equipment they carried was death-dealing machinery—not however for the purpose of striking down civilians—but brought along to kill and maim other armed men whom they expected to meet in deadly conflict.

Only those experienced in warfare can appreciate what a huge undertaking it was to bring 75,000 to 80,000 men into this valley. It was necessary to use practically all the roads leading northward. On a single roadway a wide avenue sixty miles in length would have been necessary to accommodate this Army of Northern Virginia even though it moved along in close marching order. Such a road would reach from Martins-

burg, W. Va., to Gettysburg and four or five days would have been required for the army to pass a given point. No such vast enterprise, before or since, has ever been conducted in the Cumberland Valley. The Confederate infantry as it passed along presented a solid front and the separate units were all in supporting distance of each other; only the superior officers rode horseback.

INCIDENTS OF THE INVASION

Strange to say the reports that the "Rebels are coming," generally reached Waynesboro in the night time. No one can imagine the consternation among the people and the stir and commotion which ensued at these times. Whenever such word came—and the rumors were more often false than true—the citizens began to hide their valuables. Smaller articles would be concealed about their person and larger things would be put in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, or sent to friends living far from here.

A favorite method of disposing of articles of more or less bulk was to bury them in the garden and plant vegetables over the spot. The amusing thing was that even though cabbages and beets were growing nicely in these places, still the owners were concerned about them, for they feared their neighbors might have seen the performance. The more they thought over this the more dubious they became and it usually resulted in removing the box to some other spot.

It is related that a number of persons dug holes in their stables where the cow or horse stood, and deposited their boxes of valuables there, covering them with ground or straw. This plan seemed to be more satisfactory as no one could see what they had done, and besides, the horse or cow would tramp the place down so that there would be no suspicion that anything valuable was concealed there.

One day when the enemy was expected, a young woman on South Church Street was seen to be about twice her natural size. Her sister, meeting her said: "Why Sudie, what's the matter, you look so large?" She replied, "Well I guess I am, see, I have six dresses on."

The soldiers were forbidden to enter private houses under penalty of severe punishment. Notwithstanding these strict orders, some soldiers did enter houses and take a few things to eat. There were some needless acts of destruction, but never in the presence of officers. For instance, the office of the Village Record was visited and, for no particular reason, its type was pied, making it impossible to issue the newspaper for some time afterward.

One woman related that while standing in her doorway,

a soldier approached and doffing his hat asked whether she had ever seen any rebels before. "Yes," she replied, "I saw several of your men some time ago, but they were prisoners." "Oh," said he, "they were just stragglers, now look upon us; we are gentlemen, genuine rebels and you needn't be afraid of us." Whereupon she answered, "we are never afraid of gentlemen." The rebel spokesman promptly retorted, "our army is composed exclusively of gentlemen," with emphasis upon the word exclusively.

The late Mrs. Josiah F. Kurtz, who kept her husband's store while he was at Somerset, relates that several Confederate officers came in and asked her to prepare them a meal which she politely refused to do. Then one of them noting the display of jewelry she was wearing, as she thought it was safer on her person than anywhere else, said: "Lady, what would you think if we were to take your rings and pins?" She quickly replied, "I might expect such treatment from the Yankees, but not from Southern chivalry." Thanking her for the compliment, and without any further parleying, they left the store.

In those days there were no water works in Waynesboro, so the residents were obliged to go to one of the numerous pumps scattered throughout the town. It is related that when a woman would come out of her house with a bucket to go to a pump across the street, instantly a soldier boy would take the bucket and get the water for her, or seeing a woman with packages, he would step up and offer to carry them. They seemed to be waiting for a chance to do a kind turn. These men were not only hungry for food but they were hungry for the companionship of women and children. In contrast it might be said that while the boys from the north were not unkind, on the other hand they were as a rule not given to much gallantry.

The men all seemed cheerful. They spoke kindly to the children on the porches; no doubt many of them were fathers of little ones. Mrs. Lida Bender related that she saw a two-year old boy who, having been left alone on the front porch for a short time, standing on a rocking chair and rocking with all his tiny strength until the chair moved along the very edge of the porch, when a dozen men, seeing his danger, broke ranks and rushed to save the little fellow.

Along the border in those days sectional feeling was very bitter and many families were divided. This war was indeed a war between brothers and there were a number of families in Waynesboro with representatives in both northern and southern armies.

An instance is related of a Confederate captain, while going through Waynesboro, noticed a familiar face of a man

sitting on a porch. He instantly recognized him as his brother, formerly living in Virginia. The captain quickly stepped out of his position in the column and they embraced with tears coursing down each other's face. The salutation was just for a moment. He then moved on with his command, both men waving their hands as long as they could see each other.

GRAVE AND GRAY SIDE TO WAR

While war is a serious business any way you take it, still it did not always mean fighting and marching. There was relaxation on both sides. The Confederate raider, General J. E. B. Stuart was uniformly in good spirits even though victory did not always perch on his banner. It is related that he frequently arranged entertainments among his officers at camp. Having raided through southern Pennsylvania a number of times, his opportunity to observe our country people was very good and doubtless he saw them at times when they did not show off to best advantage. Their manner of living as well as some of their peculiarities must have made an impression on him, for it is told that on one occasion he and his officers arranged an impromptu play entitled "The Pennsylvania Farmer and His Wife," General Stuart himself taking the character of the farmer's wife. There was considerable Pennsylvania Dutch spoken here at the time and naturally their attempts to imitate this mixed dialect afforded them much amusement.

The southern soldier supposed that as soon as they got north of the Mason and Dixon Line everybody drank lager beer. They had a good deal of fun with our people and whenever they met any one of Teutonic proportions, they would jocularly ask him for a drink.

On the night of June 24th, five Confederate soldiers were quartered in a house a few miles south of Waynesboro. On the return after the battle one of the men stopped again at this home and mournfully told that his four pals had been killed. When asked by his host whether he got any beer at Gettysburg, immediately his eyes flashed, and he retorted, "No beer, but we got too damn much 'mead'."

They also asked for sauerkraut and "pawn-haus" and "schnits and knep," and were disappointed when they found these Pennsylvania dishes were not in season. One officer said he had been reading about sauer-kraut. He had learned, he said, that it is anti-scurbutic, and thought it would just be the thing for his soldiers.

WANTED NAMES OF MEN OF WEALTH

It appears the confederates must have had some specific instructions in regard to making a levy on Waynesboro, for

soon after they entered the town they accosted Josiah F. Kurtz on the steps of the National Hotel where the First National Bank & Trust Co. now stands and asked him to furnish them with the names and residences of all men of wealth in the town. On his refusal to do this, one of the officers angrily drew a sword out of his scabbard and struck Mr. Kurtz on the hand, inflicting a severe wound.

Fearing for his life, because of some threats made by the officers, Mr. Kurtz escaped hastily, left the town and walked to Somerset about a hundred miles distant, where he remained until the Confederates had gone back to their own country. This attack on Kurtz was the only instance of any violence offered by the Confederates while in Waynesboro.

While Waynesboro was in possession of the enemy, passes had to be secured by any one who wanted to go beyond the guards stationed at the edge of town. By the male portion of the community it was noticed, possibly with a chagrin, that it was easier for women and girls to obtain these passes than for men to get them. Women could go anywhere without an escort and with perfect safety. To tell the truth, when everything was over the people were surprised that the invaders had not left a trail of death and destruction behind them.

The Southern soldiers made friends. The people of Waynesboro soon realized when they saw them that these men were Americans too, even though they did come from another section of the country, and were at war with our Government. Doubtless it came to the minds of our people then, as it has come to many of us since, that the differences between the North and the South might have been settled in some other way. The appeal to arms cost precious lives, the loss of untold treasure and aroused hatred which have not been entirely forgotten to this day.

OUR USE OF THE TERM "YANKEE"

It may be of interest to note that the use of the term "Yankee" by the people of this section was more or less peculiar. It is well known that those in rebellion were called "Rebels" by the Northerners, while those who espoused the northern cause were called "Yankees" by the Southerners. But our people along the Mason and Dixon Line applied the term "Yankee" to describe those soldiers only who came from New York State and the New England states. This discrimination did not in any way indicate a neutral attitude among our people but rather a state of mind brought about by the fact that they lived on the borderland between the north and south. This state of mind still persists and our citizens like to feel

that Waynesboro is a place where the North and the South can still meet with good understanding.

WAYNESBORO ALWAYS NEAR SEAT OF WAR

No other part of our country north of the Mason and Dixon Line was in such an exposed position and events happened here which could not have occurred anywhere else. Whenever it was reported that the Rebels were coming with the "Black Flag" and that they intended to press all male inhabitants into service, it is needless to say, much uneasiness and excitement prevailed.

The citizens were naturally obsessed with the idea that they would be roughly handled by the Confederate soldiers. This feeling grew as the war progressed and it was believed that sooner or later this neighborhood would be overrun and despoiled by the enemy. There was some reason to be afraid for a few men were taken along with the army. This may have been done to frighten them, for after going a short distance they were, with few exceptions, permitted to escape.

The country people in the vicinity of Waynesboro were constantly keyed up with rumors that the enemy had crossed the Potomac. There was just a few hours between them and the enemy's country and they had much reason to feel their property was always in jeopardy. Indeed, before Lee's invasion the people of Franklin County had a taste of war as several hasty incursions had been made into the valley by small bodies of cavalry. General J. E. B. Stuart, who at one time came into Cumberland Valley, completely encircled the Army of the Potomac, returned to Virginia and took with him more than a thousand horses and mules.

CONFLICTING EMOTIONS OF OUR PEOPLE

It is difficult to balance up and describe the conflicting emotions which possessed the people of Waynesboro during this war between brothers. At one time they were fed up with stories that these men from the South were demons and given to all sorts of violence, and then after noting the courtesy and politeness of the southern visitors, the feelings of our people often changed to that of respect and in a certain degree to that of friendliness.

Then again when it was realized that these soldiers were armed belligerents and in a conflict would shoot down at sight the men of the north, dread and hatred would possess our people. So in a single sentence it can truthfully be told on the one hand of the intense antagonism toward the southern soldier and on

the other hand of the admiration and respect for him that sometimes sprang up over night.

COMMOTION CREATED BY LEE'S ADVANCE

A description of the stirring scenes that immediately preceded the appearance of Lee's troops in Waynesboro, will furnish a general idea of what happened on several other occasions when rumors were circulated that our neighbors from the South were planning to visit us. Each one of these events was more or less a duplicate of the others.

When the report was finally confirmed that Lee and his army were north of the Potomac river the people of Waynesboro and vicinity were again brought to a realizing sense that they were in the midst of war. The town was in a ferment of excitement and then it was that the narrow roads leading from Maryland crossing our Monterey Road became clogged with a motley procession of refugees. A commotion was created the like of which this generation has no proper conception. The farmers for miles around took with them their horses, mules and livestock of other description. Some of them went to almost inaccessible places in the mountains; others took their stock to neighboring counties lying to the north of us.

Following in the wake of the farmer, came men, women and children; some on foot, some on horseback and some in vehicles, all carrying their household goods with them. Adding color to the scene, were "contrabands"—Negroes scattered among the crowd—bound for the northern states and freedom. What with the clatter of wagons, the shouts of drivers, the braying of animals, the crying of children, it was a scene of confusion still remembered by a few of our older citizens. There was a lot of jostling and bustling for everybody strove to be at the head of the column. No one wanted to be the hindmost. On they went pell-mell covering practically all the roads leading north through our valley. There was no particular destination in mind except that somehow they felt they would be safe if they could reach the Susquehanna River. So it may be said that the limits of these movements were from the Potomac River on the south to the Susquehanna River on the north; and between the North and South Mountains, including the counties of Cumberland and Franklin in Pennsylvania and Washington in Maryland.

The Marylanders were blamed for starting these stampedes and probably they did for they were closer to the danger line. It is said that a certain man in Maryland was known on three different occasions to drive a lone cow as far north as Cumberland County and as often take her back.

PANIC STRICKEN ALONG BORDER

These flights became almost a habit with many border people. A rumor that the "Rebels had crossed the Potomac River," was enough to arouse excitement. Events rapidly succeeded one another in the following sequence: Another rumor and another scare, then some one, somewhere—down in Maryland, perhaps—would decide to drop his shovel and his roe and start for the north and for safety and the stampede was started.

No one waited to learn whether a rumor was true or not. No one was willing to take any chance. The news spread rapidly, so they packed up what belongings they could carry and off they started. Their neighbors were of the same mind. The crowd grew as it went along.

When they found they were not pursued by the enemy and when they saw residents along the roadway engaged in their usual occupations, their excitement subsided and their pace gradually slowed down. Eventually the fugitives began to wander back to their homes, tired and worn out by reason of their exciting experiences. Here they were surprised to find that nothing of any importance had occurred during their absence.

The people of other states laughed at the conduct of these fugitives but doubtless they would have behaved in like manner had they lived as close to the base of operations. History records many similar flights of civilians before an advancing army, but no such scenes ever occurred before or since in the history of our country. It was reserved for the people of our Cumberland Valley to witness these unusual scenes of flight and confusion and excitement.

These scares were not confined to the citizenry alone. The soldiers sometimes became frightened, too. They didn't want to be caught with guns in their possession so they took to the road and joined in the flight. A spectacle that is almost unbelievable took place on the road between Greencastle and Chambersburg. On this road the fugitives were caught up with by regular soldiers under General Milroy, who were as much frightened at the approach of Lee's army as the civilians were. Being better equipped for traveling, they pushed to the front in the melee instead of remaining in the rear where they should have been.

Bearing in mind that these were supposed to be trained troops, their conduct was regarded as disreputable business and the officers and men were severely criticized at the time for their cowardly conduct. This evidence of what regular soldiers will do when they become frightened, offers a reasonable excuse for the conduct of unorganized civilians and untrained militia.

More space has been given to the consideration of these stampedes than may be thought necessary, but when it is taken into account that they were unique in the history of our country, it seems worth while that a record of them be preserved.

THE COINING OF A NEW WORD

The humorous sounding word "skedaddle" was coined at this time to describe these flights. No one knows its history or origin. It appears to be related to the word "helter-skelter" which also indicates hurry and confusion. It may be that it is allied to the word "scud." In either case the sound of the word suggests its sense. "Skedaddle" is a word of local significance having been applied principally to these flights through our Cumberland Valley. There was something in its very sound that struck a popular chord at the time and helped to fasten itself into our language. It was soon put to hard usage and is heard to this day. This neighborhood along the Mason and Dixon Line has really the honor of adding a new word to the vocabulary of the English language. The term "skedaddle" can now be found in all standard dictionaries.

Anyone observing these panic-stricken citizens would probably analyze their state of mind something like this: One-third of them were in earnest about saving their property, one-third appeared to be ashamed of their performance and one-third considered it a holiday excursion. "Skedaddle" may then be defined as a simple word describing mixed emotions.

FIRST NATIONAL ON WHEELS

Fears that the Confederate soldiers would help themselves to everything when they came over here and that they might even offer violence to our citizens did not possess only the country people. The officials in charge of the First National Bank of Waynesboro took precautions to arrange with certain persons along the Potomac River to apprise them whenever the enemy crossed the river. Day after day there was a horse and carriage to be seen standing in front of the First National Bank, the present Cranwell building.

Knowing the Confederates had made certain demands on the authorities at Hagerstown, Frederick and York for money and supplies, and in the light of what afterward happened to Chambersburg, there was reason to fear that the bank might be relieved of its valuables. Accordingly the bank officials not to be caught unawares took such steps to protect its property as to them seemed justified.

There were scores of Paul Reveres in those days but unfortunately there is no Longfellow here to sing their praises.

One observing person states there were few pacing or trotting horses during the war. The horses all learned to gallop and one can imagine how often the people would be aroused up to panic proportions when they would hear riders galloping over country roads or through the streets of the town.

When word was brought to Waynesboro by the bank's courier that part of Lee's army was on this side of the river, John Philips, cashier of the Bank, hurriedly gathered up all money and valuable papers belonging to the bank, deposited them in his carriage and together with Mrs. Philips and their son Clayton, started east over the Monterey Road. They first stopped at Monterey Inn to await developments. As was usual a number of Union officers were stationed there.

They were invited to dine with the officers. When they were about to sit down to a fine repast prepared for the guests, they heard a great commotion outside. Looking down the road they beheld that the usual exodus of frightened citizens had begun. The road was crowded with fugitives from Maryland together with some Pennsylvanians who had joined them and who were just as much frightened as the Marylanders were. From these fugitives it was learned that this time the invasion was an actual fact and that Waynesboro was already full of Confederate soldiers. The dinner was uneaten. Mr. Philips and his family joined the "skedaddlers" and started east down the mountain on the Monterey Road. The officers too, quickly but deliberately, took the same road for safety. Scarcely had they departed from the hotel when Confederate officers arrived and ate the fine roast that had been prepared for the Union officers.

Down the pike they all went pell-mell and turned to the left over Jack's Mountain. Arriving at Fairfield, Mr. Philips and the officers stopped at the hotel kept by Peter Shively, and waited for further news.

From Fairfield Mr. Philips went to Carlisle and then continued north until he reached Selinsgrove where he remained until after the battle of Gettysburg. He then returned with all his valuables intact, put them back in the bank's safe greatly relieved of the responsibility. The bank reopened for business after having been closed more than two weeks.

Few bankers ever had such an experience. John Philips, it should be said, exercised good judgment and acted within his rights when he closed his bank and removed its assets. Great latitude is accorded a bank officer when his bank is threatened by some act of war, and Mr. Philips knew this. It is difficult for anyone to realize the responsibility that rested on his shoulders during those two weeks. Who is there today even in time of peace, that would be willing to assume re-

sponsibilities such as Mr. Philips undertook during the uncertainties and anxieties of war?

MOVEMENTS OF THE ARMIES TOWARD GETTYSBURG

The main body of the Southern army crossed the Potomac River at Williamsport and Falling Waters. The corps, commanded by Generals Hill and Longstreet, marched north by way of Greencastle and Chambersburg. General Early's division consisting of about 20,000 men, came by way of Waynesboro. A small portion of General Hill's corps is said also to have followed General Early through Waynesboro.

The Army of the Potomac hurried north from Fairfax and Leesburg in Virginia, crossed the Potomac River at various places into Maryland and reached Gettysburg by way of Frederick, Thurmont and Emmitsburg.

The position of the two armies on the eve of the battle reveals the peculiar fact, that Gettysburg was approached from the North by the Southern army and from the south by the Northern army.

LOSS SUFFERED BY OUR VALLEY

The question has often been asked why General Lee invaded the north by way of the Cumberland Valley when his objective was Washington or Baltimore or Philadelphia. The Washington policy during the war seemed to be that the best way to defend Pennsylvania was to send troops to Washington. In any event the authorities at Washington were over-zealous in defending that city and certain men in authority vainly assumed credit for so massing the Union forces that Lee was compelled to bring his army around our way. It may have been his intention from the beginning to take this route. No one seems to know as General Lee never disclosed his plans for the benefit of history.

It should be remembered that the cost of sustaining the Confederates for a period of two weeks, besides what they took along with them, as well as the damage resulting from other work of destruction mounted up to a huge sum of money, possibly several million dollars. After the war was over and our people asked for only partial reparation they were coldly met with the reply that the invasion of the Cumberland Valley was merely an incident of war, and as such its inhabitants must bear the burden themselves. These same men, who before so loudly proclaimed their sagacity in saving Washington by exposing our valley to devastation, were strangely silent.

The strict discipline of the Southern army is well known. Officers in command were invariably punished for drunkenness and other disorderly conduct and were not permitted to

remain in positions which might endanger others. When cashiered they were not allowed to resign their commissions or leave the army and return to civil life but were reduced to the ranks and compelled to continue service in that humble position. That sort of discipline did not prevail in the Union army.

ALONG MASON AND DIXON LINE

It was well known that General Lee issued orders directing his soldiers while in Pennsylvania, to confiscate horses and other livestock for the use of his army. His orders, however, definitely stated that they were to respect the rights to all other private property. His attitude, however, toward the people of Maryland was more lenient. In that state his soldiers were forbidden to take any private property including horses and other livestock. It is supposed that this leniency toward Maryland was taken out of regard for the friendly feeling toward the South that was more or less prevalent among the people of that state.

Mason and Dixon Line was originally just a boundary line between states and meant nothing more than this until a few years before the war when Congressional oratory raised it to the dignity of a sectional line—a line separating slave from free states. General Lee, when he came north, by reason of his military order, made Mason and Dixon Line sectional in fact. His order, however, concerned only horses and other livestock and did not refer to human beings.

It might be of interest at this point to mention that as soon as the Confederates appeared in force on this side of the Potomac River, their bands began to play "Maryland, My Maryland." Naturally they were listened to by many sympathetic ears, but when their armies reached Mason and Dixon Line and came over into Pennsylvania they took up other tunes.

EARLY'S MEN LEAVE FOR GETTYSBURG

On June 24th the Southern soldiers began to leave Waynesboro. Most of them marched up Mechanic Street, now North Church Street, and continued through Quincy, Mont Alto and Greenwood. A small number went out East Main Street toward Monterey, while a few others turning to the left at the edge of town sought their destination by way of Roadside. They were accompanied by bands playing "Dixie," one of the most thrilling airs that ever led men to battle.

May the fact be mentioned here that there is something about the tune "Dixie" which is different from all others. Nearly every one has had the experience of sitting in a half-bored audience when suddenly there was a sharp ruffle of drums and the musicians go lilting into Dixie. Instantly the

crowd awakens, feet tap the floor, thrills run down a thousand backs and a spontaneous burst of hand-clapping drowns out the music of the band for a moment. No other music has such an inspiring effect on civilian or soldier unless it is the Marseillaise.

Dr. Walter E. Kreps, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church at the time, relates that he saw the Confederates pass north on Mechanic Street, the soldiers going very orderly four abreast, and the officers walking on the pavements. One of them said to Doctor Kreps rather jokingly: "Is this the way to peace?" His modest reply was: "I think it is."

Although Lee's army had gone, the Stars and Bars still floated over the town hall, for a few Confederate soldiers were left here to retain possession of the town.

General Early's troops before proceeding across the mountain, burned Caledonia Iron Works, which belonged to Thaddeus Stevens. He gave as his reason for destroying this furnace that the Federal troops invariably burned such works in the south wherever they found them.

After reaching Gettysburg on June 27 he proceeded to York, with instructions to burn the long bridge across the Susquehanna between Wrightsville and Columbia, but as he approached the river he discovered that it already had been set on fire by the retreating Union soldiers.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

About a week after the Confederate troops left Waynesboro, our people, by putting their ears to the ground, could distinctly hear the booming of cannon and they knew a great battle was on. From the top of the mountain could be seen the smoke of a gigantic conflict that was to determine the fate of a nation. It lasted three days—July 1, 2, and 3, 1863. The world knows the result.

Instantly Gettysburg had greatness thrust upon it, for on its surrounding hills was fought one of the decisive battles of history. What appears strange to us at this day is that the rank and file of the Union forces did not seem to know until the second day after the battle, that they had won a great victory.

General Mullholand, reporting the battle says: "On the morning of the 5th of July we found the Confederates had gone and then what a scene! What a cheer went up from the boys in blue on Cemetery Hill and how it rolled along the ridge to Round Top, and then back again!"

WAR EXPERIENCES IN SUMMARY

Visualize if you can these stirring scenes of seventy years ago. Listen to the clanking hoofs of the courier's steed as

he sped from the Potomac River, carrying the news that the "Rebels are coming!" Note the blanched faces of women and children peering out from every home and hamlet.

Then appears the motley crowd of civilians hastening northward and to safety. Soon the outriders of the Confederacy go boldly and unafraid through the streets of our little city. Almost immediately they are followed by the gray clad hosts from the South. Orderly they come with glistening sabres, flying banners, bands of music and words of boasting.

The dreaded expectation of our people is at last a reality. The moving mass of soldiers and horses and death-dealing equipment fill our streets and highways. These soldiers remain just long enough for our people to learn that this is a conflict between armed men and not a war on civilians.

The long gray procession moves over the countryside and anaconda-like, it reaches clear across our South Mountains into the next valley. It eats its way as it drags its heavy length along. At Gettysburg it meets a determined line of blue intent on impeding its course.

Striking with its fangs, it recoils with the impact of the blow. Gathering itself together, it strikes again and again. A great battle is being watched by a waiting world. The smoke of the conflict curls up into a cloudless sky. The crash of arms reverberates across the mountains.

Women weep and wring their hands in agony for they have loved ones over there. Men look into each other's eyes with questioning glances. No one works. Business stops. Everybody wants news. Communication with the outside world is cut off, and they did not know but that the boasts of the Confederates, made a few days previously, had come true. Conflicting rumors followed each other in quick succession—one moment a great victory had been won—the next minute the Union forces had been cut to pieces and Lee was on his way to Washington. For three days the suspense was almost unbearable. Then all became still. The battle was over and thousands of homes had been made desolate. A kindly Providence sent rain in torrents and mercifully washed away the scars of the bloody conflict. The memory of it, however, remains to this day.

Washington and Franklin County

December 29, 1932

Waynesboro has a number of reasons to be interested in observing the Bi-centennial Anniversary of George Washington.

First—the land on which Waynesboro is located originally was known as Mount Vernon. It should be noted that it was the practice in early days to give names to farms, a custom borrowed from Maryland perhaps; and when John Wallace in 1783 received title from his brother George, to the tract of land containing "191 acres and 141 perches, more or less," for which he paid ninety-one pounds and ten shillings in English money, he asked that the name "Mount Vernon" be written in the deed. Having been a soldier in the Revolutionary War and an admirer of Washington John Wallace desired that his farm be given the name of Washington's home on the Potomac. Mount Vernon had been named for Admiral Vernon, British friend of the Washingtons.

Second—a few years later when John Wallace laid out his town tract, he called it Waynesburg in honor of General Anthony Wayne, the most trusted lieutenant of General Washington in the Revolutionary War. Like other soldiers who had been with him at Monmouth Brandywine and Stony Point, Wayne was idolized by John Wallace for his bravery.

It is recorded that during the winter of hardships at Valley Forge, "Mad" Anthony, as he was familiarly called, at great risk made a raid into New Jersey, then occupied by the British, where he secured more than two hundred cattle and brought them across the Delaware River, thus furnishing food and shoes for the famished patriots. General Anthony Wayne, known as Washington's "right arm," came to his rescue at the critical moment and it is doubtful whether the little army could have survived the winter, in which case the struggle for independence, so devoutly wished for, might never have been attained. Waynesboro surely has reason to be proud of its patronymic warrior.

Third—Waynesboro is entirely enclosed by a political division—Washington township—named for our first president. It was organized in 1779, near the close of the Revolutionary War when Washington was at the height of his military glory. This township, carved out of Antrim township, was then a division of Cumberland County for the County of Franklin was not organized until five years later.

Fourth—six miles west of Waynesboro lies another political

division—Adams County—named for John Adams who was responsible more than any one else for placing Washington in command of the American forces in the Revolutionary War. It was he who made the motion proposing George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the army. When Washington was elected president of the new republic, John Adams served with him as vice president for eight years and afterward became the second president of the United States.

Fifth—and again our county bears the name of that other distinguished American patriot—Benjamin Franklin—who with Washington, the one a soldier and the other a diplomat must be given credit, more than any other two men of that period, for bringing the rebellion of the colonists to a successful conclusion. Without Franklin at the French court in Paris, Rochambeau and De Grasse would never have appeared in the offing at Yorktown and without the aid of the French army and navy, independence would probably never have been secured.

These four names, coming down to us from the past, should be of interest to Waynesborians. The two most outstanding of the four are George Washington and Benjamin Franklin and the significant thing about them is, their ancestors four or five generations removed lived as neighbors a few miles apart in the country of Northamptonshire in old England. An interesting thing to us is, that here and now in this neighborhood, their memories are perpetuated in the names of two counties lying adjacent to each other, Washington County in Maryland and Franklin County in Pennsylvania.

Adjoining these two is Adams County commemorating the name of that other outstanding patriot of the Revolution, John Adams. The names of these three men, one from Virginia, one from Pennsylvania and one from Massachusetts are tripped off unthinkingly on our tongues thousands of times every day in the year.

How fitting it is, that the last of the quartette, the fighter of the Revolution—Anthony Wayne—has his name kept in remembrance by the town of Waynesboro, situate in the midst of these three counties. May be these names are more than mere coincidences for they seem to indicate that we are in a community toward which some of the stars of the Revolution seem to converge their radiance.

Thus it is seen that each of these four outstanding men in American History—Washington, Franklin, Adams and Wayne—were vital cogs in the wheel of the American Revolution and without any one of them it may not have succeeded and our beloved country might now like Canada, be part and parcel of the British Empire. Indeed the names of these four patriots are so woven into the life of this community that unconsciously in our conversation we honor them daily.

The manhood and womanhood of Franklin County flowered into patriotism as never before or since and the remembrance of those idealists of Revolutionary days is a glorious heritage to the practical men and women of the present day. In addition to these patriots Washington had many warm personal friends living in this country who participated with him eight long years in the struggle for independence.

Among them, the name of General Hugh Mercer stands at the top of the list. Before joining the Continental Army, General Mercer was a practicing physician near Mercersburg, afterwards named in his honor. He was probably more closely associated with Washington than any other of his generals. Their friendship was sincere and intimate and on January 17, 1777, when General Mercer was wounded before Trenton, Washington detailed his nephew, Major George Lewis, to be with him and minister to his wants. Notwithstanding the best of medical attention, in nine days General Mercer died in Major Lewis' arms. A marker along the highway, between Mercersburg and Upton, indicates the location of his Franklin County home. Monuments also have been erected in his memory at Trenton, Philadelphia and Fredericksburg, Virginia, his former home.

The Chambers brothers, sons of Colonel Chambers, founder of Chambersburg, were friends of Washington and were early with him in the trenches at Boston, where the Royal Army was then besieged. They were also with Washington's Army during the trying campaigns in New Jersey, as well as at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown in 1778. James Chambers, the oldest of the three, was soon advanced to the rank of Colonel. William, twenty-two years old and Benjamin twenty, became captains. During the Whiskey Rebellion, James was promoted by Washington to General, in command of a brigade of militia.

The Johnstons another Franklin County family were also largely represented in the Revolutionary Army. Dr. Robert Johnston, the oldest brother served as surgeon from the beginning until the close of the war. He was a close friend of General Washington who took dinner at his home, several miles south of Greencastle, when on his way to quell the Whiskey Rebellion. With Washington he became one of the original members of the Society of the Cincinnati and was greatly esteemed by his fellow officers. Dr. Johnston's three brothers also held honorable positions in the Revolutionary Army. Colonel James Johnston served in New Jersey. Colonel Thomas Johnston was engaged in active service with General Anthony Wayne, and Major John Johnston, while a mere lad, raised a troop of horses and offered it to the acting authorities.

The Hughes', builders of Mont Alto Furnace also a Frank-

lin County family, became conspicuous during the days of the Revolution for their zeal in behalf of the patriotic cause and probably knew Washington personally.

Colonel Daniel Hughes and his brother Samuel were possessor of much property in Washington County, Maryland and in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. Besides several furnaces, they owned a big tannery, three or four farms, as well as large tracts of woodland in both States. It is significant that the Hughes', a few rods south of the Franklin County line, and less than three miles from Waynesboro, erected a forge known as Rock Forge, which is described in an old book as "having two hammers, four fires, a substantial dam and a considerable head of water."

During the Revolutionary War the Hughes' had a contract with Continental Congress to make cannon and small arms for Washington's army. This old forge of Revolutionary days was dismantled many years since and only a few evidences of its former activity now remain. Some years ago several cannon balls were found among its debris which were supposed to have been cast in this old forge.

It is recorded that the Hughes' were among the organizers of Washington County, Maryland and were instrumental in having it named in honor of General Washington. Having large property interests in this section and because of their admiration for Washington, it is easy to surmise that they may have been responsible for naming Washington Township also. It is certainly interesting that these two political divisions—Washington Township in Pennsylvania and Washington County in Maryland—adjoining each other, but separated by the invisible Mason and Dixon Line—may owe their christening to the Hughes family.

Pardon a short digression at this point relative to the friendship of John Hughes son of pioneer Barnabas Hughes and the ill-fated Major André. Although on opposite sides of the conflict—John Hughes serving as captain under Washington, in the Revolutionary Army and André as Major under Sir Henry Clinton in the British Army—had become close friends. It is related that the Captain was with Major André almost constantly between the time of his capture and his execution as a spy and comforted him during that period of distress.

It seems that Major André was engaged to be married to a young woman in England and it was in Captain Hughes that he confided his innermost thoughts and to him entrusted the sad commission of writing his fiancée an account of his unfortunate experience and tell her that he went to his death unflinchingly. The letter was written but the sad news was never delivered as the young woman had died in the meantime.

Major André's body was buried at Tappan and history

records that forty years afterward it was taken across the Atlantic on a man-of-war to England for reinterment. Imagine my surprise several years ago, while going through Westminster Abbey, to come across a monument with this inscription: "Maj. John André Adjutant General British forces—10th August 1820—moved from Tappan by James Buchanan American Ambassador—by order of Duke of York." What a thrill to turn back one's thoughts upon the past and note that here were two men from this community who were identified with the most tragic incident in American History—the one ministered to this ill-fated man during his last days on earth and the other ministered at his last rights in the most notable shrine of the English race.

In addition to these contacts with Washington and the Revolution, Franklin County was represented in the Continental armies, by hundreds of other men, including lieutenants, captains, colonels and generals who deserve recognition in an account such as this. The names of Potter, McCalmant, Abraham, Burns, Culbertson, Smith, Breckenbridge, Armstrong, Rea, Wallace, Magaw, Talbot, McLene, Hutson, McCoy, Allison and many others are written on the pages of its military and civil records. Should a complete history of the times and the men of this valley be written, there would be found a record of devotion and bravery equal to, if not exceeding, that of their compatriots in New England and Virginia who have been unduly acclaimed in the histories to the disparagement, perhaps, of their fellow countrymen in other parts of the country.

This valley protected as it is by mountains on the east had little or nothing to fear from the British Red Coats, but patriots as were its citizens, they quickly girded themselves for battle and altruistically marched forth to aid their brothers on the seaboard. The men of Franklin County were constantly with the army under Washington from the first shot at Bunker Hill until the British hauled down their colors at Yorktown. It is confidently believed that, in proportion to area and population, no section furnished more officers and soldiers in the Revolutionary War than the Cumberland Valley.

Washington was a great traveler and taking into account the means of transportation and the condition of the roads in his day, it is remarkable how many places were visited by him. His journeys extended along the seacoast from Portland in Maine to Savannah in Georgia and he visited all the thirteen original States. In the interior he touched widely extended places such as Portland in Maine, Crown Point in New York, Erie and Pittsburg in Pennsylvania, Gallipolis in Ohio, Parkersburg in West Virginia, Oakland in Maryland, Lexington in Virginia, Salisbury in North Carolina, Charleston in South Carolina and Savannah in Georgia. Few other prominent men

wrote as profusely as Washington. His diaries and letters furnish one a panorama of his busy career and historians are not lacking in material, no matter what phase of his life they attempt to portray.

It can be said that Washington passed through Waynesboro in Virginia and Waynesboro in Georgia, but facetiously it may be remarked that he was never in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania. It should be said, however, that a sufficient reason for his failure to visit Waynesboro is that it was not in existence when he was in Franklin County. Its site was then only a country crossroad without any buildings and no evidence of a village.

During Washington's travels he was on all sides of Waynesboro and the nearest point to our town reached by him is Greencastle, nine miles distant. Other towns in this vicinity visited by him were Hagerstown, Williamsport, Chambersburg, Shippensburg, Frederick and Boonsboro.

Mentioning the town of Boonsboro, brings to mind that the first monument ever erected to the memory of George Washington, and there are many of them now, is only twenty miles from Waynesboro. It stands on a spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains over-topping the Old National Turnpike, which winds as a thread through the beautiful valley below. On the morning of the Fourth of July 1827, the citizens of the village climbed the steep mountainside and built this quaint memorial out of undressed stone as an expression of their patriotism. As the evening shadows drew near that day, the last stone was placed in position and several old Revolutionary soldiers fired a volley of guns in salute. The gleam of the white monuments on Antietam battlefield, where the bloodiest battle of the Civil War was fought, the mountains of Harper's Ferry and the spires of Winchester may be seen from this lofty eminence.

There is a unique and romantic touch in the fact that this is the only memorial ever built to the memory of George Washington by unpaid labor. Towering above the oaks and maples, this simple monument, with its moss-covered stones and its winding stairway, seems to keep watch over our valley. There is something appropriate in this, for Washington during the French and Indian War protected our valley from foes on the west and during the Revolutionary War he protected it from foes on the east. Important battles had been fought by him within the Province of Pennsylvania but at no time so far as known, other than by Indians, thanks to Washington did a foreign foe ever tread Franklin County's soil.

Referring to Washington's physical presence in Franklin County it should be noted there were times during his career when he was within a short distance of its bounds. His two brothers, Samuel and Charles and a nephew, Bushrod lived in Jefferson County, Virginia, about forty miles from here and

it is known that Washington made frequent visits to their homes. When a young man it is altogether possible he may at some time have strolled within our county's limits.

Whether or not Washington actually set foot on Franklin County soil other than during the Whiskey Rebellion, he certainly was familiar with conditions in this neighborhood, for in a letter written December 5, 1791 to his friend Arthur Young in England he stated, "the counties of Berkeley in Virginia, Washington in Maryland and Franklin in Pennsylvania are inferior in their natural states to none in America." This is a broad assertion and it should please us to confirm the stately Washington's complimentary opinion of the district in which we, by choice or chance, happen to live.

Washington dearly loved the Potomac River and in another paragraph in the same letter he wrote, "If I were to commence my life anew I should seek my residence not more than twenty-five miles from the margin of the Potomac. It is the center of the Union, for it is between the extremes of heat and cold and it is not so far to the south as to be unfriendly to grass, nor so far north as to have the produce of summer consumed in the length and severity of winter." It may be observed that our county is within the bounds cited by Washington.

From the contents of another letter addressed to the same person he shows intimate knowledge of our county and from its wording one can almost infer that he spent some time here. This letter by Washington reads as follows:

"York Town, September 26, 1791

"Before proceeding to Franklin County, I would observe that the great South Mountain, or Blue Ridge as it is called in Virginia divides York from Franklin County, and is from seven to ten miles in breadth; a very small proportion of it can be cultivated.

"Franklin is a compact county, including Cumberland Valley, between the South and North Mountains for upwards to twenty-five miles, and part of the rich settlement of Conococheague and Antietam; few situations in America can claim a superior soil, it is nearly all lime-stone land. The quantity of meadow as to arable land, may be counted in the same proportion as in the first district of York County, about one half of the improvable land is cleared. The residue abounds in the largest locust, walnut, hickory, and oaks. The county town is Chambersburg, distant eighty miles from Baltimore, ninety from Georgetown, and twenty-four miles from Potomac River at Williamsport. Greencastle is a handsome village, situated eleven miles from Chambersburg, nearer the Potomac, on the road to Williamsport, and seventy-five miles from Baltimore, and seventy-nine from Georgetown. In several of the settlements,

lands bear a high price, but when I came to average for the county, I estimated the acreage at \$41."

Washington was almost as much of an agriculturist as he was a soldier and to show his penchant for detail he prepared several tables on the productiveness of Franklin County farms. One of these shows the yield per acre of farm products in bushels: wheat 15, rye 20, speltz 35, oats 30, corn 25, buckwheat 25, potatoes 75, and turnips 150.

Another table shows the prices per bushel: wheat 5c 6d, rye 3s 6d, barley 2s, oats 2s 3d, buckwheat 3s 9d, corn 2s, speltz 1s 1d, potatoes 9s. Still another shows the price of stock: working horses 17£, pair oxen 15£, milk cow 4£, 5s, sheep 10s, turkey 2s 6d, goose 2s, duck 9d, fowl 6d, pork per lb. 3d, beef 2d, mutton 3½d, veal 2½d, butter 8d, cheese 6d.

His reference to Franklin County farmers seems to have been written yesterday instead of 140 years ago, for he says: "I imagine if the farmers were to cultivate fewer acres and attend them well, they would succeed better; a greater regard should be had to collecting proper manure."

His observation as to taxes reads as if it applies to the present time, for he says: "By the laws of the Union we pay a duty upon foreign importations and an excise on wine and spirits of all kinds. He that drinks must pay."

Washington wrote that the Concocheap was capable of improvement to a degree which will be beneficial to the inhabitants of Maryland and parts of Pennsylvania. He evidently refers to the navigation of this stream, a proposal which would not for a moment be considered today. On the other hand he said there was a rage for mills in Washington and Franklin Counties. At the present time nothing more than the foundations of most of these mills remain.

Incidentally Washington mentioned that bar iron was priced at 28 to 30 English pounds that is \$140 to \$150 per ton. Now it is quoted at ten or twelve dollars a ton. It is no wonder that iron masters were considered nabobs in those days.

Farm laborers were hired by the year in Washington's day and were paid 20 pounds or about \$100 and found everything but clothes. When the dollar became the unit of value in Washington's administration, a shilling was worth 13 cents; today it is worth about 17 cents. Two years ago when England was still on the gold standard it equaled 24½cents.

In these letters written by Washington, speltz, madder, hemp and flax are mentioned as products of the soil in this valley. None of these are grown here now and few people know what they are.

During the French and Indian War, Washington may have been in these parts for he accompanied both expeditions to the scene of action, Braddock's in 1755 and Forbes' two years later.

There is a bare possibility that during one of these excursions he may have traveled within the bounds of Franklin County. However, there is no record of this in any of his diaries which he kept assiduously, throughout his lifetime, except during the period of the Revolutionary War.

Washington's visit to Franklin County with which this paper is concerned, was postponed until near the close of his life and it remained for the Whiskey Rebellion, that little scar on Pennsylvania's escutcheon, during his second term as president, to furnish the occasion for his visit to Franklin County.

Responding to Washington's call to suppress the Whiskey Insurrection, the New Jersey and Pennsylvania troops were ordered to assemble at Carlisle and the Maryland and Virginia troops at Cumberland. The President decided to meet his soldiers in the field and then determine whether or not it would be expedient to accompany the army to the scene of insurrection.

There is no doubt but that Washington's cabinet and others in authority urged him to go to the front, or at least to go as far as Bedford. They believed first: that his benignity and stately presence would hearten the militia, many of whom were not enthusiastic for the enterprise and did not like the idea of making war on their fellow citizens, and second: because they believed that his extraordinary personality would have much to do toward calming the minds of the populace and putting fear into the hearts of the law violators.

From the time the Chief Magistrate left Philadelphia until he returned again to the city the journey partook somewhat of the modern presidential "swing around the circle." He was accompanied by Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury; General Harry Lee, Governor of Virginia; together with members of Congress and other civilians; some of them belonging to the Department of Justice, who later constituted themselves into a court for the purpose of trying the offenders.

Washington's trip through Franklin County was a colorful affair and had the effect of impressing the countryside with the dignity and power of the young republic. While the president may not at all times have been regaled in military uniform, he was accompanied by military aides who were rigged out in style becoming their rank. His party everywhere was met with the greatest enthusiasm. No such entourage, before or since, was ever witnessed in Franklin County unless perhaps it was when General Robert E. Lee and his staff of Confederate Generals invaded Pennsylvania sixty-nine years later in 1863.

Washington's equipage was a large carriage drawn by four horses, a light baggage wagon and two horses, a number of saddle horses, for the President sometimes wanted to leave the carriage and travel horseback. He was a fine horseman and no one looked more dignified than he while riding a spirited horse.

Scarlet cloth and gold braid were used on his apparel. He made an impressive appearance and exerted an incalculable influence wherever he went.

He was paid fitting honors in nearly every village through which he passed and frequently was met by delegations of local citizens several miles out of the town and by them escorted to his stopping place. Often he was entertained at dinner by the citizens of the town and once in a while he invited a few of the prominent people to dine with him. Washington on these occasions, avoided formalities as much as possible. Sometimes he was presented with an address by a delegation of citizens. He usually replied in writing which was handed to the reception committee when he left the place.

As Washington's journeyings through Franklin County were occasioned by the Whiskey Insurrection, this account would hardly be complete without telling something about that unfortunate affair which induced him to assemble such a large force of men and march them out over the mountains a distance of three or four hundred miles.

The new Federal government, being sadly in need of revenue, had passed among other acts an excise law, imposing a tax of two pence a quart on spirituous liquors. It will be noticed that although dollar currency had already been established, it was still the custom to reckon in English money and the tax was equivalent to about 8 cents a gallon. Because of the cost of transportation, whiskey was worth only half as much west of the mountains as it was east and the law worked unequally, if not unfairly.

At that time packhorses were the only means of transportation across the mountains. One horse could carry four bushels of rye, but if reduced by distillation one horse could carry two kegs of whiskey containing eight gallons each, the product of 24 bushels. The burden of the tax was evidently unfair and the best people in the western part of the State took sides with the insurrectionists.

In the beginning the movement contemplated creating sentiment to have the law replaced. Even the Congressmen from the two western districts spoke against the law and advocated its repeal. But through the work of unprincipled men the movement got out of hand so that the situation became such that it was hardly safe for anyone to advocate submission to the new tax law.

It was only a small tax, compared with what was levied on whiskey, in after years. It should be said in extenuation of this uprising of Pennsylvanians against the established order, that it was not as reprehensible as the school histories seem to indicate and more than that it was not a question of the use or non-use of liquor as we understand it today. There was

nothing at that time disrespectful in either drinking or making whiskey. Distilling was then esteemed as moral and as respectable as any other business. Many farmers had their still, made whiskey in moderate quantities and it was used in nearly every family.

It should be remembered that the tax imposed on whiskey by the new government was enacted to raise revenue for the struggling republic and opposition to it was based on economic grounds and in no way was it considered a moral question. It was noticed by the authorities that the farther from the point of market for the product, the more fierce was the opposition to the new tax law. This accounted for the fact that opposition in the western counties was more fierce than any where else.

It may be surprising to know, there were at that period 70 or 80 distilleries in Franklin County and considerable opposition to the new tax was aroused here, but there were no real outbreaks. Being nearer the seaboard the tax was not so burdensome as that borne by those living farther west.

In the western part of the state the people bodily assembled in arms, chased officers appointed to enforce the laws, tarred and feathered some of them, burned buildings and otherwise destroyed property and threatened lives.

It is a singular fact that the hotbed of the Whiskey Rebellion was in Washington County, Pennsylvania and doubtless it annoyed the President that this district, to which he had been so closely associated and bearing his name, should stand for lawlessness and disorder.

Liberty was the word then made use of to express disapproval of the excise law when the citizens thought their rights were encroached upon just as the same word is resorted to in this day when a certain class think their personal rights are not respected. Both were liquor questions, but entirely different and had the western Pennsylvanians devoted their energies toward having the law repealed, they would not have brought trouble on themselves and General Washington's journey back and forth, across Franklin County would not have been necessary.

Liberty poles became the symbol of opposition to the new law and were erected in many section of the State. A pole was erected in Chambersburg, one in Fannettsburg and another in the neighborhood of Quincy. Liberty poles were also set up in Harrisburg, afterward to become the capital of the State. The opposition in Franklin County, however, was orderly and as soon as it was learned that an army was being organized to enforce the law, the better sentiment of the citizens prevailed and the poles were taken down, usually under the cover of night.

As a sort of apology for the recalcitrant Pennsylvanians it should be said there was also more or less dissatisfaction

with the excise law in other states, especially in Virginia and in Maryland. In Hagerstown there were near riots which, however, were suppressed without much difficulty after a show of force.

At the time of this controversy there came into use the amusing term "Tom Tinker" or "Tom the Tinker" to designate those in opposition to the whiskey tax. It was not used as a term of reproach but assumed by the insurgents themselves as a word of disguise. When any depredation was done under cover it was laughingly referred to as the work of "Tom Tinker." Placards put up on buildings or trees and threatening letters sent to individuals were signed in the same manner. Even menacing communications were sent to newspapers with the signature of "Tom the Tinker," and the editors did not dare to refuse their publications.

Notwithstanding repeated warnings, the Whiskey Insurrection continued to grow worse and President Washington finally issued a proclamation commanding the insurgents to disperse. This not having the desired effect he decided that the law must be upheld and, without any further delay, ordered out the militia from four states with the following quotas: Pennsylvania, 5200; Maryland, 2350; New Jersey, 2100; and Virginia, 3300.

In the beginning it seemed as though Franklin County's quota of 281 men could not be raised as the members of the militia here declared they were ready to march against a foreign enemy but not against citizens of their own state. The county's quota, however, was eventually gotten together under the leadership of Colonel James Chambers, son of the founder of Chambersburg and a personal friend of Washington.

The mobilization of the troops was then quickly accomplished under command of three governors, namely—Henry Lee of Virginia, chief in command; Richard Howell of New Jersey, and Thomas Mifflin of Pennsylvania. James Chambers of Franklin County, a general now, accompanied the expedition and commanded the Third brigade of 1762 Pennsylvanians, including the Franklin County boys numbering 281.

The troops of Maryland and Virginia rendezvoused at Cumberland, Md., and those of New Jersey and Pennsylvania assembled at Carlisle. The infantry from Carlisle took the Three-Mountain Road from Shippensburg through Franklin County by way of Strasburg; while the cavalry went by way of Chambersburg, crossing the Tuscarora Mountains at Thompson's Cove several miles from Mercersburg. Most of them reached Bedford, October 18, 1794.

Two days afterward, October 20, President Washington in his address to the militia advised them to confine their operations to two objects: "first—to combat and subdue all who may be

found in arms in opposition to the national will and authority, second—to aid and support the civil magistrates in brining offenders to Justice.” He followed this with the admonition that “the dispensation of this justice belongs to the magistrate, and let it ever be our pride and our glory to have the sacred deposit there inviolated.”

With these instructions, affirming the basic law on which our form of government is founded, President Washington bid them go forward with his “affectionate wishes for their health, comfort and success.”

As the army moved westward over the mountains, the leaders in the Insurrection began to realize the seriousness and gravity of the situation and in many cases they were actually ashamed of the part they had taken in the uprising. Some of them went into hiding. Others left the country, and opposition seemed to melt away. Liberty poles were cut down and by the time the army reached Fort Pitt there was no organized resistance in sight. Not a shot was fired, not a single life was lost in this law-and-order expedition through Pennsylvania.

The army having completed the business which called it to the field and unable to find any persons, who was willing to acknowledge himself an insurgent, prepared November 18, to return home and disband, after having been in service less than two months.

The journey of President Washington, which led him through Franklin County, was taken for the purpose of reviewing the several divisions of the army at Carlisle, Cumberland and Bedford. It was also intended to impress the militia with the dignity of the Federal government and with Washington’s determination that the law must be upheld at any cost. Many of the soldiers were not enthusiastically in favor of the enterprise and it is believed that the commanding presence of the President of the United States probably contributed as much as the armed force of 12,950 men toward making the expedition a bloodless affair.

The arrest of some 200 men calmed the excitement and the revolt was ended. Some of the insurgents were tried and convicted of treason. A few of them were imprisoned but were soon afterwards pardoned.

This was the first time the Constitution was challenged; the next time was during Jackson’s administration, and the next during Lincoln’s. An important question, that seems to have been decided by the Whiskey Rebellion was, that the militia of one state had the right to enter upon the soil of another.

It is a singular fact, worth mentioning in this narrative, that Washington’s military experience began in Pennsylvania and ended in Pennsylvania, and the route he took in 1794 covered in part the same route he took thirty-nine years before.

It might also be noted here that in the first instance a governor of Virginia ordered Washington to invade Pennsylvania and in the second instance the tables were turned when Washington ordered a governor of Virginia to invade our state.

Other than the invasion of our State by the Confederates in 1863, the army assembled to quell the Whiskey Insurrection, was the largest organized military force, with hostile intent, ever assembled in Pennsylvania and it is a remarkable coincidence that both these armed forces passed through Franklin County.

There are several other interesting coincidences in connection with these two armed invasions of Pennsylvania territory which deserve to be mentioned in this account. For instance, it is remarkable that in each case, a Virginian was in command of the army of invasion, but what is more remarkable is, that in each case a General Lee was chief in command of the expedition. Even more than this, these two soldiers were closely related by blood ties; for General Henry Lee, in command of the expedition through our county in 1794, on the occasion of the Whiskey Insurrection was the father of General Robert E. Lee, who commanded the expedition through our county in 1863, when he led the Confederate army on its march to Gettysburg. Although nearly sixty-nine years had intervened, the routes of father and son in part coincided while on Pennsylvania soil, except that they traveled in opposite directions. Both crossed Mason and Dixon Line from Virginia into Pennsylvania territory—the one to suppress a rebellion, the other in support of a rebellion.

Governor Henry Lee had been an officer in the Revolution and was popularly known as "Light Horse Harry Lee." He was a close friend of Washington, and as a member of Congress at the time of Washington's death in 1799, he it was who pronounced Washington's eulogy and drafted the resolution, containing those memorable words, designating Washington as "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Not only were the Washington and Lee families linked by close friendship, but kinship as well, for General Robert E. Lee married Mary Parke Custis, great grand-daughter of Martha Custis, wife of Washington. These two men, George Washington and Robert E. Lee, were the most distinguished Americans that ever set foot in Franklin County.

It is certainly gratifying to learn how many references or allusions of more than passing interest come to light while rambling about in Franklin County history. Many of them in some manner, either remotely or closely, are tied up with events of major importance and one cannot help but conclude that this district, or rather Franklin County specifically, is actually a

cross index of the history of the United States, for it has been found that events occurring in other sections of the country often had their re-echoings in Franklin County.

Doubtless this narrative may seem tardy in coming to the consideration of the physical presence of George Washington in Franklin County. It is naturally the important part of the account, but owing to the fact that the late John G. Orr, a number of years ago, read a very interesting paper before this society, describing in detail this phase of the subject, it becomes me to touch but lightly on what he has written in order to avoid unnecessary duplication.

Washington accordingly left the city of Philadelphia, the seat of government, Tuesday, September 20, 1797 and proceeded by way of Norristown, Reading and Lebanon to Harrisburg. Here he forded the Susquehanna River in his carriage, which on this occasion he drove himself. Reaching Carlisle October 4th he reviewed the troops and remained there until the 12th, when he took the Walnut Bottom Road to Shippensburg.

About halfway between Carlisle and Shippensburg, at a place called Jacksonville, resided Colonel Arthur Buchanan, proprietor of Pine Grove Furnace and a relative of President James Buchanan. As a friend of General Washington, he had extended him the hospitality of his home.

Polly Buchanan, his daughter a sprightly young lass was fourteen years of age when Washington stopped at her home. In her old age she delighted to tell how one of Washington's aides helped her to mount his horse and how she rode up and down the road in the presence of the President. She lived to be 104 years of age dying in 1884 and there are persons now living who remember her and how proud she was to tell this story of Washington's visit.

When Washington and his party rode down Shippensburg's long street, the citizens were all at their front doors to see him. It is related that when he passed the house where William McConnell lived the General bowed to him as he stood at his front door. The one great regret of McConnell's life, Mr. Orr says, was that he forgot in the excitement to return the salutation.

Leaving Shippensburg, Washington continued his journey through Franklin County by way of the Harris Ferry Road, now State Road No. 11 and known sometimes as Shenandoah Trail. He arrived in Chambersburg that evening. During his stay in the county seat he stopped at the stone tavern, South Main Street, on the site now occupied by Nicklas Store. The tavern was kept by William Morrow.

At daylight on Monday morning, October 13th, he left Chambersburg. The people were at their doors and the President acknowledged their salutations as he rode along the street

on horseback. He was followed by his black servant carrying a large portmanteau.

In a few hours the party reached Greencastle and stopped for breakfast in a house on the southeast corner of the Public Square. This tavern was kept by Robert McCulloh. An incident occurred here which has often been told and is worth telling again: While the General and his friends were at breakfast McCulloh's son Tom, a boy about ten years of age, anxious to be close to these men, found his way into the room and under the table. He was soon discovered by his father, who sternly commanded him to come out and leave the room, with the promise of being well-punished. General Washington interfered and with a few kindly words patted the boy on the head who was then allowed to remain in the room. He often referred to his unpleasant position under the table among the big boots and spurs of the company. This lad, Thomas G. McCulloh, grew up and became one of Franklin County's leading attorneys and represented this district in the Sixteenth Congress. He was the first president of the Cumberland Valley Railroad.

Leaving Greencastle, General Washington and his company again took the old Harris Ferry Road toward Williamsport, Md. After traveling a little more than two miles they halted at a substantial stone dwelling by invitation of its owner, Doctor Robert Johnson. In this imposing house General Washington and his retinue dined with Dr. Johnson who had served as a surgeon in the Revolution Army and was with Washington at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

This house is situated at the head of a large spring which finds its way to the Conococheague. A short distance down the stream stands the grist-mill, later used as a distillery and some time ago operated by Robert Johnston, but strange to say no kin of the first owner. This is the only house in Franklin County now standing that was visited by Washington.

Tradition has it, that Dr. Johnston at the time of Washington's visit lived in another and more commodious dwelling. On the glass transom above the front door of this old house may still be seen the "All-Seeing Eye," an emblem of the Masonic order, of which Dr. Johnston, as well as his distinguished guest, was a member.

It is to one's liking to make the statement that this is the house in which a person of Dr. Johnston's taste made his residence and in which the First Citizen of the United States was entertained, but history is unyielding for, on good authority, it is established that the larger house of the two was not built until several years after Washington's visit.

The next night Washington and his party lodged in Williamsport. There was great rejoicing at his presence and it

is said that every window in the town was illuminated. It might be interjected here that the little town of Williamsport had ambitions to become the capital of the United States and doubtless its citizens wished to make a favorable impression on President Washington. The company then proceeded up the Potomac, crossing and recrossing the river several times, until it reached Old Town, Colonel Cresap's place, which Washington had visited in 1748, when a lad but sixteen years of age.

After spending a short time at Cumberland and reviewing the Maryland and Virginia troops assembled there, Washington early on Sunday morning, October 19th, proceeded to Bedford by way of the road which he had built in 1758, for the Forbes expedition, during the French and Indian War. As he approached the town of Bedford the Presidential salute of fifteen guns echoed over the hills and mountains.

Here after conferring with General Henry Lee and the officers of his staff, Washington ordered the army to go forward. On October 21st, the same day, he and his staff started on their return trip to Philadelphia, traveling east over the old road, sometimes north and sometimes south of the present Lincoln Highway. From Ray's Hill they veered northward over what was then known as The Tree-Mountain Road leaving McConellsburg quite a distance to the south. After Journeying thirty-seven miles they reached Burnt Cabins. This was the longest day's travel in the trip to and from Bedford and on account of the condition of the roads, Washington went horseback. That night he lodged at Red Tavern, a log building which was later destroyed by fire. The present hotel stands on the old site. The story is told that for many years the proprietor had the book in which Washington registered his name, and that it was burned in the fire.

The next morning October 22, Washington crossed the mountain, entered Franklin County again and passed through Fannettsburg where several weeks before a liberty pole had been erected. The pole, however, had been taken down and the President met with a hearty welcome. He passed over the next ridge to Skinner's, the commonly accepted name for Horse Valley at that time. The tavern, located at the foot of the North Mountain in this valley, is marked "Skinners" on Howell's map of Pennsylvania, published in 1792. It was in this hollow, near the Conodoguinet crossing and where the old Packer's Path intersects the Three-Mountain Road, that Mr. Burgner in his paper says "Washington for once got on the poor road."

The old Three-Mountain Road was still the principal thoroughfare between the east and the west but the tragedy of the road is, that it was shortly to be supplanted by the Chambersburg and Bedford Turnpike, now the Lincoln Highway.

Leaving Skinner's Washington ascended the mountain, and

even though he got on the wrong road he was rewarded for the difficulty of reaching the summit, as many travelers have been rewarded since, by the wonderful scene extending across the wide Cumberland Valley. This view from the mountain top is one always to be remembered.

At the foot of the mountain Washington entered Strasburg, a busy little town for travelers in those days. It had seven taverns and there were times when they were not able to entertain all the teamsters who tarried there for lodging and meals. And so Washington and his party passed through this village without stopping as the army had done on the outward journey ten days before.

At this point in his journey it becomes necessary to take note that the National Geographic Magazine in its Washington number January 1932, contains a comprehensive map of Washington's travels. This map shows that he passed through Fort Loudon by way of the present Lincoln Highway direct to Chambersburg thence through Adams County to York and Wright's Ferry on the Susquehanna.

Differing so materially from the course described by the late John G. Orr in his paper read before this Society in 1898, Miss Anna G. Rupley of Mercersburg was led to write the Bi-centennial Commission to learn, if possible the authority for routing Washington east over the present Lincoln Highway. The letters passing between Miss Rupley and Mr. Matteson, the Assistant Historian of the Commission are illuminating and without any editing or any foot-notes would, in themselves, comprise valuable paper on this subject.

Their correspondence reveals a number of historical discrepancies which are difficult to iron out. Doubts are raised on one hand as to a portion of Mr. Orr's account, and on the other hand errors are to be found in the National Geographic map. Briefly it should be said that Mr. Orr and Mr. Matteson part company at the little town of Strasburg near the foot of North Mountain as to the course Washington took on his return trip from Bedford. Mr. Orr continues him on the old Three-Mountain road to Shippensburg, while Mr. Matteson diverts him to the road leading from Strasburg to Chambersburg.

Mr. Matteson finally agrees that Washington did not pass through Fort Loudon as the National Geographic map shows, but did go through Fannettsburg and Strasburg which the National Geographic does not show. He contends, however, that Washington did not go to Shippensburg as Mr. Orr claims, but took the road to Chambersburg instead.

If Washington did not go by way of Orrstown to Shippensburg the good potpie story at Black Horse Tavern on Heron's Branch will have to be thrown into the discard; so will the story of ducking the soldier in the Branch at Shippensburg

and the one relating to the inadvertence of "Mine Host" William Rippey, proprietor of that other Black Horse Tavern in Shippensburg who, while Washington was a guest in his house, for the only time in his life indulged too freely of spirituous liquors and was ashamed of it afterwards.

There appears to be no way to reconcile these two authorities. One has it that Washington was in Shippensburg twice and in Chambersburg but once; the other that he was in Chambersburg twice and in Shippensburg but once. If Washington passed through Chambersburg on his return from Bedford, surely there should be some traditions of that fact, but Chambersburg does not appear to have any records or any traditions relating to Washington's return trip.

Washington's letter to Alexander Hamilton reveals that he was not pleased with his Three-Mountain Road experience and it is possible, as assumed by some authorities that, because this road had been so badly cut up by the troops on their outward passage, Washington determined to leave it at Strasburg and go by way of Chambersburg.

The question then arises which way did he go from Chambersburg? As Wright's Ferry on the Susquehanna River was his objective the nearest and best route would have been for him to go directly east over the route of the present Lincoln Highway through Adams County by way of York to Wright's Ferry. Washington's expense account ties him up with York, as the following extract shows:

"October

19th	Servants between Bedford & Cumb'd	3-9
21	Ditto at Bedford	7-8
	Ditto betw'n Bedford & Chamb'g	11.9
24	Cash to Mr. Dandridge for expenses	100D 37.10
25	Ditto expended on Road from Chambersburg to York	7.6
27	Ditto at York & betw'n that Lancaster	11.3"

But as noted by several authorities if he wanted to visit his old friend General Michael Simpson at his ferry on the Susquehanna—now New Cumberland—he would have taken, as Mr. Orr says, the old Harris Ferry Road—now State Highway No. 11 to Shippensburg, thence by way of Carlisle to Simpsons, and thence by way of York to Wright's Ferry. Here it should be stated that Carlisle like Chambersburg does not seem to have any records or traditions that Washington was in Carlisle a second time, or that he returned by way of that town from Bedford.

Washington's visit to General Simpson is pretty well substantiated. The 1886 History of York County by Gibson has this to say under the subject of Early Ferries—"There was an

important ferry near New Market—General Michael Simpson succeeded in the ownership of that ferry in 1782, and in 1794 had the distinguished honor of entertaining President Washington over night on his return from the Whiskey Insurrection."

But Powell's 1886 York County History says "Washington came to York by way of Chambersburg, stopping over night at some tavern along the way." On the other hand this same Mr. Powell is quoted in the 1886 Cumberland County History as leaving Washington at Simpson's Ferry for some days. Mr. Orr says in his Kittochtinny paper that Washington spent the night there. The Bi-centennial Historian however takes the short cut and says Washington went direct from Chambersburg to York.

By glancing at the map, one quickly sees what a round-about detour from Chambersburg to York! Simpson's Ferry was on the York-Cumberland County line and unless Washington had some special reason for visiting York there was no point in going out of his way twelve of fifteen miles to reach that place. The reason for taking the Adams County route, however, is a good one.

The following letter written by Washington while at Wright's Ferry, to Alexander Hamilton is interesting because in it he mentioned names of three places in Franklin County, namely: North Mountain, Strasburg and Skinner's and it is accepted as conclusive evidence that Washington passed through these places:

"Susquehanna, Wright's Ferry,
26 October, 1794

Dear Sir,

A little advanced of this, yesterday afternoon, I met an Express with the letters herewith enclosed for you, with others for the Army;—with which I have directed him to proceed.

This far I have proceeded without accident to man, horse or carriage, altho the latter has had wherewith to try its goodness; especially in ascending the North Mountain from Skinners by a wrong road; that is,—by the old road which never was good and it rendered next to impassible by neglect.

I heard great complaints of Gurney's Corps (and some of the artillery) along the road to Strasburg. There I parted from their rout. In some places, I was told they did not leave a plate—a spoon, a glass or a knife. I pray you to mention this to Gov. Mifflin with a request that the most pointed orders may be given, and every precaution used, to prevent the like on the return of the Army.

I rode yesterday afternoon through the rain from York Town to this place and got twice in the height of it hung on the rocks in the middle of the Susquehanna, but I did not feel half as much for my own situation as I did on account of the

troops on the Mountains—and of the effect the rain might have on the roads through the glades.

I do not intend further than Lancaster today. But on Tuesday, if no accident happens I expect to be landed in the City of Philadelphia—My best wishes attend you, and all with you.

Yours sincerely

(Signed) Geo. Washington"

The farther one goes into the subject the more it becomes apparent that this discussion could be carried on almost indefinitely without arriving at a definite conclusion, so let it be sufficient to quote the findings of two historians on the subject:

Mr. Matteson, assistant Historian of the George Washington Historical Commission, closes his correspondence with Miss Rupely in the following language:

(1) "The fact that information is based on tradition is not a reason for disregarding it unless it is contrary to established facts based upon documentary evidence of contemporary origin.

(2) "In relation to the route which Washington took in his return trip from Bedford in 1794, the only contemporary evidence which we have is in his letter to Hamilton on October 26 and his expense account. The former shows, as you have established, that his route must have been by way of the North Mountain from Skinners, and that it is an entirely allowable conclusion that his route also went through Strasburg, at which place he parted from the route pursued by the main portion of the troops on their way to Bedford; the latter shows that he went through Chambersburg.

(3) "You seem to have established that if Washington passed through Fort Loudon, he could not have gone over the North Mountain from Skinners, not only because it would have been too far south to have permitted him to pass through what was known as Skinners, but also because the Loudon road was too far south to have ascended the North Mountain. This makes it impossible that the 'old road' should have meant the road by Fort Loudon, but only an alternative road passing through the same gap as the newer or Tri-Mountain State Road.

(4) "That for some reasons unknown, but which might very well have to do with your suggestion that it was his desire to avoid further the road cut up by the army passage, he turned south at Strasburg and went to Chambersburg, instead of taking the normal way through Shippensburg

"This conclusion it seems to me while it follows all the established contemporary evidence does not violate in any respect the established traditions unless it is that concerning his visit to General Simpson and his ferry. This I think must go by the board."

On the other hand Mr. Orr ends his paper written in

1898, with the following conclusions: "There have been different routes mapped out as the ones over which Washington journeyed to and from Bedford. It has been shown that he passed through Chambersburg via Greencastle, Williamsport and Cumberland, also by Fort Loudon and Mercersburg. Some traditions have it that he accompanied the troops across the mountains; others that going and coming he passed through Adams County by the road leading from York to Pittsburgh. It has been believed by many that he returned by way of Cumberland to Mount Vernon, and tradition claimed that he returned by way of Fort Littleton and Strasburg. The diary and letters of Washington and extracts from the current newspapers dates of his journey. These traditions which I have gathered of that day show beyond any doubt the route he took and the from reliable persons and from well authenticated stories, most of which go back but two generations, together with General Washington's letter, to Alexander Hamilton, very clearly show the return was made by the 'Three-Mountain Road' as set forth in this paper."

These are the conclusions of two men, one a local historian, the other a historian for the Bi-centennial Commission. Mr. Orr bases his conclusions on traditions and says so. Mr. Matteson relies strictly upon written evidence some of which is more or less contradictory. The one spent his early life along the Three-Mountain Road and writes from intimate knowledge of the surroundings. The other is a stranger in these parts, probably has never been in Franklin County and writes about Washington's journey at long range.

Mr. Orr was born in Orrstown, along the Three-Mountain Road in 1839, only 45 years after Washington passed through the village and he had abundant opportunity to interview persons who had seen Washington in the flesh. He may not have done this, but he does mention conversations with persons who heard their parents say or heard other elderly people say they had seen the Great Man. These stories, conveyed to Mr. Orr by word of mouth only one generation removed, should have some historic value. Surely the memories of all these old people could hardly have been faulty.

Mr. Matteson has no personal contacts and depends on scraps found here and there in libraries, and after piecing them together, he builds his hypothesis. Mr. Orr's paper was written in 1898, thirty-four years ago and he is denied the opportunity to defend his conclusions. Mr. Matteson is still living and disregards all heresay evidence unless it can be supported by documents and there seems to be none except Washington's expense account from Bedford to York. One wonders who wrote that expense account and whether it was penned at the time the expenses were contracted.

One doubt does arise, however, and that is whether the traditions of Washington's presence in Franklin County on his return trip may be confused with or may relate to his outward trip. This theory, though, could not account for Washington stopping at Heron's Branch and eating Sibby Richard's potpie. Mr. Orr was a careful writer and took great pains to be accurate. He certainly believed his own story.

The country at large has little concern as to the course Washington took while journeying through Franklin County but the subject is of special interest to this society. There is hardly any doubt but that contemporary letters were written, diaries kept and newspapers published which, if any are still in existence, would clear up the question one way or the other.

The question is simply this: did Washington go from Strasburg to Shippensburg, or did he go from Strasburg to Chambersburg? When the answer to this question is found all other discrepancies as to his journey can be eliminated. The "Expense Account" takes him to Chambersburg, traditions take him to Shippensburg. It is difficult to believe that our cherished traditions relating to Washington's journey on his return trip through Franklin County must in the language of the Bi-centennial Historian, "go by the board."

Aside from this, a good way to commemorate Washington's journey through Franklin County is to plant trees on roads over which he traveled. George Washington loved trees and his diary reveals that he planted many trees and how he made certain they had careful tending. In Mount Vernon there are shade trees set out by Washington with his own hands.

The American Tree Association has sponsored a tree planting program of ten million trees. A tree planting scheme could be joined in by the whole county. Many persons could doubtless be found who would be willing to contribute at least one tree for such a purpose. The roads over which he passed, about which there is no question could be done first and later such roads which are in doubt could be planted when the doubt is removed.

It is no detraction to the planting scheme that 420 other cities, towns, villages and divisions are named for George Washington. Too much cannot be done in honor of the first citizen of our republic and duplication of effort in that direction is always in order. Every tree planted in memory of Washington is a living and ever-growing monument to the "Father of his Country."

Old Mill Stones

May 31, 1934

The first set of water-power millstones in Franklin County was installed shortly after 1735 in a log mill where Falling Spring enters Conococheague creek. These stones were brought from England and cost Benjamin Chambers, set up in his mill, about 80 pounds Sterling or close to \$400 in present currency value. In those days it required between six months and a year, from the time the order was sent in, to bring a set of stones from the Old Country, and doubtless the money to pay for them had to be forwarded with the order. The transaction shows that the founder of Chambersburg, though not much over thirty years of age, was already a man of means and a man of affairs. It was almost a super-human task to transport a set of millstones from the seaboard through the forests of Pennsylvania to the Cumberland Valley.

That Benjamin Chambers was also a man of discernment is confirmed by historian Sherman Day who, in 1843 over one hundred years later, said that within a radius of five miles of Chambersburg the water power that may be generated is equal to the propelling of 100 pairs of millstones. He paid further tribute to our county seat by saying that such facilities for manufacturing are not exceeded anywhere in the state except by those at Beaver. And then added "the water power of two creeks passing through the town of Chambersburg drives two flour mills, two fulling mills, an immense paper mill, cotton and woolen manufactory, oil mill, carding machines and a large edge tool factory."

From this account one gathers that it was customary in those days to estimate the power of a stream by the number of millstones, instead of by the number of horse power, it was capable of generating. An interesting reference to this site is contained in a letter written September 4th, 1753 to James Burd by Edward Shippen, founder of Shippensburg, in reference to erecting a mill at that place: He said "I would have an overshot wheel. It is only going to a little more expense in the race and at the end of it place troughs about a 100 feet long." After referring to other matters he ends his letter with this significant sentence: "As you go along the road to Virginia you may take notice of Ben Chambers' mill where he does without any dam at all; a glorious thing formed by nature." This exclamation of delight, uttered nearly two hundred years ago

the founder of Shippensburg said about the founder of Chambersburg and his mill-site.

Shippen like Chambers was a man of vision for he saw at once the possibilities of obtaining power at the point where the Falling Spring plunges down into the Conococheague, and one may gleam from this letter that he envied Chambers his ownership of this wonderful site. It is a pity that the former natural beauty of this spot had to be destroyed because of the demands of industry as its preservation would now be an incalculable asset to Chambersburg.

History records that some years later a run of stones was put into a mill erected by William McDowell along the west Branch of the Conococheague creek at a place now known as Bridgeport and another by James Black on a small run passing through Mercersburg. It may be assumed that these early stones are still in existence and if not intact their broken parts are certainly lying around near the old mill-sites. Sometime in the far future they may be unearthed for it should be remembered that mill-stones are the most indestructible pieces of machinery in existence.

There is evidence that the colonists were not in this valley long until enterprising men conceived the idea of harnessing streams and erecting mills on their banks.

With these unused facilities and with their genius for making labor-saving devices, our forefathers soon after their arrival, harnessed the streams and with water power, ground their grain, sawed their lumber, wove their cloth, tanned their hides and, excepting what were then termed luxuries, they created here a self-sustained and a self-contained community. Truly it is difficult at this day to comprehend what has been done by those who have gone before, to constitute our valley the most desirable place it is today.

On September 26, 1791 George Washington, writing to his friend Arthur Young in England, stated "there is a rage for mills in Franklin County, Pa. and Washington County Md."

Fifty years later according to the Census of 1840 there were 97 flour and grist mills operating in Franklin County. As the population of the county at that time was close to 37,000 and calculating five persons to a family, there was actually a mill for every eighty families. These mills, together with 40 distilleries, 19 furnaces and forges, 16 woolen and fulling mills, 119 sawmills and numerous other small industries, totaling more than 300, all receiving motive power from three creeks—Conococheague, Conodoguinet, Antietam and their branches—indicate there was a dam or power site for nearly every mile of stream.

There is no doubt but that Franklin County is one of the best watered regions in the state and many of its smaller

streams are capable of generating water power, but as our First President said and in the light of subsequent happenings, Franklin County was probably over milled. It is doubtful whether there is a similar area anywhere with so many developed water-power sites, as there were in the county of Franklin ninety years ago. It may be surprising to know that the rural sections of this valley were more populous 100 years ago than they are today; at any rate the peak of individual ownership of industry was probably reached in the decade between 1804 and 1850.

Originally grain was ground by placing it between two flat stones and rubbing one roughly over the other. This fundamental idea of an upper and a nether stone has been continued by all peoples until within the memory of most of us now living, when machines or mills for grinding grain by passing it through steel rollers were invented.

The process of converting grain into meal has indeed developed slowly throughout the years. At first primitive man probably picked up suitable stones in his immediate neighborhood for this purpose. If one stone was the least bit concave and the other correspondingly convex, so much the better and he would be one step farther on the way to a mortar and pestle mill.

Later with tools such as he had, the lower stone was shaped into the form of a shallow bowl and the upper, shaped so as to fit loosely into this bowl. In this way the first grinding stones undoubtedly came into existence and, though laborious, they were crudely adapted to grinding grain into coarse meal. If these primitive people had a vocabulary the words upper and lower millstone certainly came into early use.

The next step doubtless was to fasten a handle in a vertical position into a hole in the upper stone by means of which it could be moved easily over the lower stone. Next there were two handles provided, one on each side so that two persons could operate the upper stone and move it back and forth over the lower stone. Among primitive peoples the grinding of grain was just one step in the preparation of the "staff of life" and usually it fell to the lot of women to perform this hard task. This was probably the case in all ages and in all countries.

In natural sequence it would appear the next step in the development of the grinding process was to provide a small hole in the upper stone into which the operator or operators could with their hands drop small quantities of grain to be ground. This was the beginning of the "eye" now to be found in all millstones. As far back as 2000 years it was written, "two women shall be grinding at the mill; one is taken, and one is left." The picture is that of two women out in the open, seated on the bare ground, facing each other on opposite sides

of the millstone, both having hold of the handle, pulling and pushing the stone half way round as men do with a cross-cut saw.

In the course of time stones became larger and four or five holes were provided so that handles or handspikes could be inserted leaning toward the rim of the stone. These were operated by slaves one to each handspike. Larger stones were operated by horses or oxen walking in circles. In some places wind was used as motive power to turn the big stones. Finally streams were harnessed and water-mills came into use. From these series of simple devices there gradually developed through the centuries the various shapes and sizes of millstones into the state of perfection as they are today.

So essential were millstones, for daily domestic use, in olden times, that they were forbidden to be taken in pledge. During war the ownership of millstones was also respected in order that families might not be deprived of the means of preparing food.

When our fathers came into this valley they undoubtedly parched their first crop of corn and ate it without grinding. It was not long however until the more ingenious, improvised handmills out of two small stones, each weighing thirty or forty pounds, made in the likeness of mills or millstones described in the Bible. The colonial women, as in ancient times, did the grinding as well as preparing the ground meal to be baked into pone, the Indian name for corn-bread. Women operated these stones just as women and slaves operated similar stones thousands of years before. Other than stones used by Indians, these were actually the first grinding devices in Franklin County.

When the Europeans came to America they found the Aborigines crushing their corn in concave depressions in large rocks. These hollows or depressions may have been formed naturally by the elements or the Indians themselves may have shaped them by means of their hard flint cutting implements. In either case there are numerous rocks throughout Franklin County and elsewhere, containing dents or depressions, in which the Indians may have crushed their corn but which are now hardly recognized by us as mills.

There is however a rock located in Clearfield County, near Woodland, Pa., in which it is positively known the Indians used to crush corn. This interesting stone is marked by a tablet erected by the Susquehanna Chapter, D. A. R. of Selinsgrove, Pa. If any one has positive knowledge of a rock located in this county used by the Indians in crushing their corn, they should acquaint this society of the fact so that its identity may also be preserved.

In addition to these rock mills of the Indians there have

been found in Franklin County several detached millstones fashioned by Indians. They are rather neatly dressed into rectangular shape and in size are two by three feet on the surface and about eighteen inches high. They have a hollowed out bowl about fifteen inches in diameter on the upper surface in which with a stone as a pestle, they crushed their grain into meal. These are rare objects of Indian workmanship and show considerable skill by Aborigines in the art of dressing stone.

AN INDIAN MILLSTONE

Such a stone was found by the early settlers under an overhanging limestone cliff along Conococheague creek near Scotland in Franklin County. When the first grist mill was erected in Scotland, where the Wingert Mill now stands, this stone almost cubical in shape was built into the wall of the mill. When the mill owned by David Wallace, was altered about sixty years ago, this stone became the corner in the foundation wall of a stable. The other stones in the wall were limestones. Some years ago the stable was torn down and the stone came into the possession of Mrs. Mancy Strine from whom it was obtained in 1935.

This stone apparently of quartz formation was chipped and worn to its present shape by many days of slow steady wear. The white people probably used similar stones before water-power mills came into use. They may even have made use of this stone for crushing parched corn into meal.

It is possible, too, that this stone was used by the Indians to crush acorns, a favorite article of food with the Red Men. The bitter taste of acorns was removed by putting them in a wicker basket and placing it in a running stream. The water trickling through this basket for several days soaked the acorns and leached out the tannic acid leaving them sweet and nutritious. The squaw then dried the acorns in the sun making them ready to be ground into meal.

The Red Men also had a simple contrivance in the way of a labor saver, which could well have been copied by the whites. This device consisted of a hollow tree trunk or stump in which was firmly fitted a concave stone as an improvised mortar. A smaller stone or piece of hard wood, serving as a pestle, was tied by withes to the forked branches of a bent over sapling which, because of its elasticity, served as a lever to aid the operator in raising and lowering the stone and to ease the burden of its weight while moving it round and round in the hollow stone. Being of wood there is of course none of these devices in existence today.

It was the practice of primitive peoples almost everywhere

to grind grain only when they were hungry and to grind just enough for their next meal. This was also the practice with the early colonists and it is difficult to believe that even today, there are sections in the United States where grain is still ground by hand, but such is the case, for Doctor William S. Webb of Lexington, Kentucky related that, while on an expedition in the mountains of that state, he had occasion to accept the hospitality of an old gentleman, past eighty years of age, who still grinds all his meal by hand. The host called to his wife who was operating a hand-mill under the stoop saying "throw in another handful of corn—here is a man to set at table with us." The Doctor said that while the meal from this diminutive mill is a bit coarse, the bread made from it is very tasty and doubtless much the same quality as our own grandparents ate before the days of the bolting cloth.

EARLY MILLING DEVICES

The "pioneer mill" was sometimes a hollow stump, but more often a flat rock with a natural depression large and deep enough to hold a little grain. It was called a mealing stone by the early colonists. Another stone two or three pounds in weight, known as a muller, was operated by a pestle. Held firmly in the hand it was rubbed back and forth over the larger stone, on which had been spread the grain or substance to be reduced to meal. Quite a number of mullers or pestles have been picked up at various places, but under-millstones are rarely to be found. The reason is, because of their large size and flat shape, they were long ago broken up on roadways, or carried away to be laid in foundation walls.

It is quite possible too that a large solid rock, with a depression deep enough to hold a small quantity of corn, may have been utilized by both Indians and colonists to grind their grain into meal.

These crude devices were succeeded by the small log or grist mill between the years 1735 and 1750. After the Revolution the log mill was followed by frame and stone mills. These were operated by water power. About 1850 steam was introduced for milling power.

Today the burr mill is being largely supplanted by the roller process of extensive proportions. The immense output of flour today is made possible by railway transportation, thus adding foreign markets to home demand.

AN UNFINISHED MILLSTONE

An unfinished millstone was discovered a short time ago in the South Mountain, three or four miles from Scotland in

Greene Township, Franklin County. It was lying among a dense growth of trees and undergrowth alongside a little stream which courses its way down a narrow ravine known as Devil Aleck's Hollow.

This stone was partly shaped. Some preliminary dressing had been done on the side and the round hole in the center had been chipped out three or four inches deep. For some reason or other it was never completed. The stonemason after working on it for awhile probably considered it was not suitable to be made into a millstone; or the portion broken off the top edge may have decided him to abandon it, or the poor man may have died before his work was finished.

The location was undoubtedly a millstone quarry as there is another stone nearby which shows evidence of a little chipping on the sides but still very much in the rough. There are also several boulders in the neighborhood out of which millstones might have been fashioned, had the quarry continued in operation.

When the enterprising miller and the water-power millstone came into the picture in this country, a long step was taken to relieve women of the daily drudgery of grinding grain which had been her lot and the lot of slaves for 4000 years or more. The water-mills actually ushered in a new era and the grinding by hand-mills by women practically ceased.

"Going to mill" then became a habit with the early settlers and, after the novelty had somewhat worn off among the elders, the task of visiting the mill was often laid on the small boy of the household. During the winter months, possibly on Saturdays, a bushel or so of grain in a bag was slung over the back of the family horse. Leading him to the "upping block," the boy clambered on the back of the docile animal and seating himself on the bag of corn he rode down along the creek, to the mill, possibly three or four miles away.

Arriving there the little fellow delivered his bag of grain to the miller which, strange to say, as soon as it was inside the mill became a grist and at once was supposed to be put into the ever-jiggling hopper and ground into meal between the millstones underneath. After waiting around for a short while the bag, filled with about 36 pounds of meal, was delivered to the boy and homeward through the woods he and the old horse wended their way. This was no doubt a weekly jaunt for the little fellow as large families were the rule in those days and large quantities of bread were consumed. Following "the-house-that-Jack-built" sequence, those were the days when farmers ate the bread made of the flour ground from the wheat raised on their own farms. Farmers now-a-days still grow wheat but the bread they eat is more than likely grown in the Dakotas and milled in Minneapolis.

Some mills at the present time are known as merchant mills, buying grain from the farmers, grinding it into flour and shipping the product to the larger centers. Early mills were called customer mills to which the farmers brought their grain in small parcels to be ground into flour, meal or feed. Whether the quantity amounted to one bushel or ten bushels the miller took as his pay one tenth of the product known in those days as toll.

It should be explained here that when a grist was finished there was necessarily thirty or forty pounds of the customer's meal between the millstones and the hoop or curb surrounding it. However the customer actually got his share since he received the same quantity from the previous grist, as this space was never supposed to be empty. Doubtless most millers measured out their toll before it was ground. In either case, whether the miller tolled the grain or tolled the flour, the opportunity to take down weight was apparent and usually there were some amusing references to his share of the grist. In this good-natured raillery the joke always seemed to be on the miller, which he took in good part and the expression "the jesting miller" came into our literature. Nevertheless, it was a common remark in former times, that the miller's cow and the miller's hogs, fed with sweepings from the mill, were the sleekest animals in the neighborhood.

The humorist, John G. Saxe, in rhyme commends Jerry the Miller in this wise:

"Jerry had shunned the deadly sin,
And not a grain of over-toll
Had ever been dropped into his bin,
To weigh upon his parting soul."

When a new mill was to be erected or an old mill repaired men skilled in the work, known as millwrights, were engaged for the purpose. After masons and carpenters had finished their work the all important feature was installing the millstones. In the first place the lower or bedstone had to be set perfectly level in every direction of the compass and the husk or base on which it rested had to be firm and solid so that it remained level during the hard usage to which it would be subjected. The skill and ability of the millwright was at no point in his task put to a severer test than when setting up millstones. It was the climax of his undertaking and all other work was subordinated to this one thing. The mill structure itself had to be staunch and strong and the machinery had to run true so as to communicate the power generated by the big water wheel to the revolving stones without undue strain or vibration.

The upper or revolving stone, known as the runner, is sup-

ported on a heavy upright wooden shaft or spindle, by means of an iron bar, called a bridge tree, fastened across the eye of the stone. Through the shaft the power is transmitted to the stone by a series of wooden bevel cogwheels. The revolving stone must be perfectly and delicately balanced so it moves evenly over the bedstone and does not drag on the surface at any place. A quotation from Longfellow aptly illustrates this point:

"A millstone and the human heart
Are driven ever round;
If they have nothing else to grind,
They must themselves be ground."

And so the upper and lower millstones must come close enough at all points, so that the grain to be ground does not slip through without being pulverized into flour, or broken into coarser meal and feed.

After the millwright's work had been accomplished the plant was ready to turn over to the miller who had to be millwright enough himself to keep the mill and millstones in good working order. It was necessary for him to know how to sharpen, mount and balance the stones, for the quality of the product depended upon the sharpness of the grooves and the accuracy in their balancing. His important task though, was that of dressing the stones from time to time. Whenever they became dull and needed sharpening, the upper stone was hoisted from its place by a screw suspended from a swinging derrick which gripped the stone in two holes one on each side. It was then swung to one side and placed in position for dressing.

A run of millstones, as all know, consists of an upper and a lower, but frequently a miller when he could afford it, owned three stones, two upper and one lower, so that while dressing one of the upper stones, work requiring several days, the other stone could be set in its place in order that the process of grinding need not be greatly interrupted. In exceptional cases it appears that the machinery was so constructed that the lower stone revolved and the upper stone remained stationary. In either case the grain from the vibrating hopper, dropped through the hole or eye into the grinding surface between the two millstones.

The miller usually owned eight or ten picks made of the best cutting steel as the operation of preparing the serrated surface on the hard burrs, called "cracking," quickly dulled their sharp edges. Skill in dressing millstones, that they may run true and smooth, is an art not to be acquired without training and practice. The pattern of the grooves or furrows on the

stones were lightly chipped and chipped with these steel picks, so that the dull surface of the stone became as smooth and sharp as it was the day when newly installed. He tried his work frequently with a straight edge and red paint to learn where the stone needed the least bit more cutting.

It was the practice to dress stones at intervals of several months, but they were also sharpened between these intervals without being taken up or even stopped. When this was to be done, they were allowed to run empty and then fed with several handfuls of sand. This process took the gloss off the face of the stones, whetted up the edges and they would grind considerably better for awhile. After this operation some sand may have become mixed with the flour and should any one standing by, ask about this seeming inattention, the miller would facetiously remark, "it's a good idea for very one to have a little sand in his system."

While picking on the surface of a millstone, during the dressing operation, the hands and wrists of the old time miller were bombarded with fine spalls or small particles of steel some of which imbedded themselves just under the skin. In the course of years the miller's hands and wrists became covered with many of these little dark spots or pocks; there they would remain to the end of his days and he would probably show them to his friends as a merited symbol of his trade. In fact no man in those days was regarded as a journeyman miller unless he could show these marks of steel on his hands and wrists.

It is interesting to observe that the pattern of the grooves or furrows chipped into the cutting surfaces of millstones are in various designs. There are two common forms on 48 inch stones. In one form the circle is divided into twelve sections of 30 degrees each containing three grooves to a section. In the other form there are nine segments of 40 degrees, each with four degrees to a section. The grooves radiate at certain angles from the center or eye toward the circumference or skirt in order that the motion of the stone will cast the ground grain into the space between the stones and the curb.

The faces of the two opposing stones are dressed, so as not to touch each other by one-sixteenth of an inch at the eye or center, thus allowing the grain to enter and pass between them. Toward the skirt the stones gradually become closer until within a few inches of the rim they fit neatly together where the grain is reduced into the required degree of fineness.

Upon close examination it will be found that one side of the furrow or groove has a depth of the thickness of a grain of wheat. The other side slopes to a feather edge. But, however evenly stones are dressed, they will not grind properly

unless the upper stone or runner is perfectly balanced on the upright spindle.

But the upper stone, for no particular reason, was bound to get out of balance and when that occurred it was the practice to put a little lead on the light side. Here again the miller experienced difficulty, for it was easy enough to put the stone in balance while at rest, but as soon as it was in motion it frequently developed a tendency to sag on one side or the other.

Millstones had to revolve slow or fast, depending on the quality or kind of grain to be ground. The miller also had to contend with garlic and cockle, so there was something for him to think about every minute of the day and sometimes far into the night. In addition to all these duties, together with the frequent interruption of customers, the miller, if it were a one-man mill, even managed to keep his stones, running while he stepped over to his home for a hurried meal.

One cannot help but have great respect for the old-time miller. He did not have the advantage of precision tools such as are available today. Often he had to work by the trial and error method and he had to be a man of excellent judgment else he would not be considered an efficient miller.

But withal his cares he was a human sort of individual and is remembered as a friend of boys who were fond of gathering about his mill, to watch the ponderous water wheel on the outside splashing its way around. And a favored youngster was he, if permitted inside to see the big stones and the heavy machinery. The only other place competing with the mill, in the boy's estimation, was the blacksmith shop, usually just a few paces up or down the road. At either place he spent his idle time if he had any idle time to spare. The smith's doors were usually ajar and doubtless he more often wandered into the blacksmith shop where many odds and ends of machinery were always lying around out of which the boy, with his native genius and imagination, contrived little machines of his own. Too bad that boys grow up today and miss the companionship of the miller and the blacksmith.

The costly features of flour and grist mills were the burrs or stones. Although composed of rock of one sort or other to be found almost everywhere it was the work of preparing them which made them expensive. Geologically considered the chief constituent of millstones is silica but that is not saying much for scientists tell us that silex is found in every rock and forms 45 per cent of the mineral crust of the earth.

In respect to their origin millstones used in the United States may be divided into three classes: English, French and American. Prior to 1800 most of the stones used in Franklin County came from England. But soon after this date, owing

to troubles which culminated in the War of 1812, many mills were equipped with stores from France.

English stones consisted of one solid stone made from a single block or slab of conglomerate and were noted for the accuracy of their cutting surface. Their cutters paid particular attention also to the finish of the stones on the top and sides.

French stones are made up of several parts—four or more—fitted neatly together and held in place by one or two iron bands swedged tightly with lead. French stones are composed of silica and rough hard quartz, more or less honey-combed and containing many irregular cells which give them a keen grinding surface.

It appears that this silica-quartz combination is found in very irregular shapes. Embedded in deposits of clay, sand and gravel in the hills around Paris, it is seldom taken out of the ground in pieces large enough to make an ordinary sized millstone, even if that were desired. The pieces are carefully selected and classified by experts as to their texture and wearing qualities, for it would not do to combine soft and hard pieces in the same stone. French stones had a certain amount of advertising value, too, and the miller who owned a set of French burrs was supposed to be a step ahead of his up-stream or down-stream competitor.

American stones like the English were cut from one piece and consisted of a number of textures, such as pebbly conglomerates, lime granite, varieties of grit or sand as well as other hard native stones. They were also of different colors—some almost white, some red or pink and others of darker shades. But the Americans, while careful and accurate in preparing the cutting edge of their stones, were not so particular as the English in dressing the exposed surfaces. Many American stones, in order to improve their appearance, were balanced and smoothed up on the outside with plaster of Paris, not very good for the collector as the plaster disintegrates when exposed to the weather for any length of time.

Although American millstones were cut out of solid blocks, many were reinforced with iron bands to save them from breaking into pieces. The bands on stones made in this country were welded together, put on while hot and shrunk tight, very much as blacksmiths shrink a tire over the fellows of a wagon wheel, but the operation required greater accuracy as there is no elasticity in stones such as there is in wood.

A noticeable feature of these unpainted iron bands, although some of them put on a hundred years or more ago, is that they are still in excellent state of preservation and, aside from a little erosion on the surface, are as good as the day they were put on. It appears that the work of placing bands upon stones by the old smiths reached a high state of per-

fection. In many of them, so well was the welding done that no one, even to this day, is able to tell at what point the two ends were joined. Of pure wrought iron made in old charcoal furnaces they are also tributes to the skill of the early ironmakers.

By way of explanation it should be noted that a run of millstones is enclosed in a round case, made of wood, a little larger than the stones themselves so that the space between is three or four inches in width. The ground grain or meal gathers in this space which, as previously noted, is never empty except at dressing time when the stone is raised off its bed. Thence the ground grain is lifted to the floor above by means of a conveyor, where in a revolving cylindrical frame covered with costly silk fabric, known as bolting cloth, the fine white flour is separated from the coarser products. There are known respectively as midlings, shorts and bran. In the older mills it is said that the grinding stones were placed on the second floor and the ground meal dropped by gravity through wooden flues to the floor below.

Millstones driven by water power and used in grinding grain were in size anywhere from 16 inches to five or six feet in diameter and in weight from 50 pounds to one or two tons. The upper stones were 12 to 18 inches in thickness, and the lower from 6 to 10 inches—both having the same diameter. The larger stones were used to grind flour. The intermediate sized stones, such as the 24 and 36 inch, were used to grind the coarser grains. The sixteen inch stones were intended to grind midlings into flour, a grade considered by many housewives, as good or even better than the finer white product. They argued that it showed more life in the kneading.

It may be of interest to know the old millwrights calculated that ten cubic feet of water, with a perpendicular descent of eight feet, is enough to keep a 48 inch mill-stone going one second. Such stones revolve at the rate of 125 revolutions a minute, slow compared with high speed present day machinery, but fast enough to produce 15 to 20 barrels of white flour every 24 hours. However slow millstones run and however lasting they appear to be, nevertheless they will eventually wear out and have to be replaced. French stones under ordinary usage last 20 to 25 years while American and English stones are said to last about half as long.

During the period when sailing vessels plied back and forth over the Atlantic between Europe and America it was necessary to have a certain amount of weight or ballast in their holds and millstones were often used for that purpose. Accordingly traders at the ports began the practice of keeping an assortment of millstones in their warehouses so they could fill orders without delay.

It was the custom when a ship from overseas arrived in port, with its ballast of millstones, traders would go aboard and select stones to replenish their stock or for which they had orders. Should a ship on its outward voyage have a light cargo, which was often the case, the cargo of stones was not unloaded but remained in the hold for ballast. So it is quite possible that some of the European stones made several passages back and forth over the Atlantic before reaching their final resting place in our valley.

So profitable had the millstone business become that factories for making them were established in Philadelphia and Baltimore. Stones in the rough were received in these factories and by skilled workmen dressed into millstone shape. Even stones from France were shipped over here in small pieces and dressed, fitted and assembled ready to run. Later, quarries suitable for millstones were opened up in many places in the United States with the result that neither the English nor the French had a monopoly of the millstone business.

It is not known that many millstones were ever quarried in this neighborhood, but McCauley says three factories for fashioning stones had at various times been in operation in Franklin County. James Falkner, beginning about 1792, conducted such a factory in Chambersburg for many years. In 1820 George Walker and George Roupe carried on a "burr-millstone" factory along what is now the Lincoln Highway in the neighborhood of Stoufferstown. Andrew Cleary also made millstones in Chambersburg as late as 1829. His shop was on West Market Street and he was the last person who carried on the business in Franklin County.

Stones in the rough were brought by wagons to these factories, many of them from Cocalico township, near Ephrata, in Lancaster County. The stones were shaped up and dressed here and large numbers were sold in the Cumberland Valley and in other points farther west. One hundred years ago millstones constituted quite a large trade, but it is doubtful whether a set of millstones has been purchased in Franklin County within the past thirty or forty years.

As the average life of a run of millstones may be computed at 25 years and counting replacements it is not difficult to figure that at least 1000 stones, of one sort or another, have been brought into our County within the past 200 years, or from the time of its first settlement about 1730.

When asked to define a millstone one naturally thinks only of stones used in grist and chopping mills. As a matter of fact they had a much wider use than that. Even in olden times buhrs were largely used for purposes other than that of grinding grain into flour or meal; and today there are multitudes of stones throughout the world used to grind and crush

various mineral, vegetable, and animal substances for one purpose or another.

Our civilization is not so far removed from the stone age as one may think, for the millstone, the ancient and most useful of implements, has fairly held its place against competition in every material and shape, and as yet there are many operations in which a stone disc is preferable to iron or steel or other metals. Stones still have their place and even grinders made of steel cannot supplant them in such operations as making paints, refining graphite, grinding spices, et cetera. Practically all stones for these purposes are imported from French quarries as their finer texture makes them more suitable for the quality of work required. There are however no industries using such stones in Franklin County at the present time.

While this account relates principally to stones used in grinding grains, there are a number of other old stones to be found in Franklin County which are of interest for the reason that some of them are unlike ordinary millstones. Of these doing duty here, but not running now, were stones for crushing or pulverizing various substances demanded by the trade in those days, such as hemp, flax, gypsum, et cetera. When run by water power these mills were usually operated in connection with grist-mills, as the work was seasonal and too costly to erect and equip an establishment to run only a few months in a year.

In olden times hemp was an important item in making ropes and certain kinds of cloth. In order that it might be used the lint had to be separated from the stalks. This process called "breaking" was at first done by hand. As this method proved laborious a large native stone was secured and dressed in shape for this work. The stone, weighing between one and two tons, cut in the form of a frustum or a cone, was designed to roll in a circle over a platform made of small logs. This platform sloped from an upright post set firmly in the earth. A large beam 10 or 12 feet long was attached to this post by a swivel and the other end protruded several feet through a hole in the stone along its axis. The slope of this corduroy platform from the post was downward, and corresponded closely with the angle of the conical stone, so that the beam when in use maintained a horizontal position. A horse hitched to the loose end of the beam walked in a circle with a radius of eight or ten feet rolling the big stone round and round over the hemp as it lay on the logs and crushing the stalks so that the attendants could shake out the lint.

Flax was another product largely raised on the farms of Franklin County a hundred years ago. It was a necessary item

in the manufacture of clothing. The first process after harvesting was to separate the coarser part from the finer which constituted tow. This was made into yarn and this again was woven into cloth. The same process was followed in reducing flax that was used in breaking hemp, except that the flax-stone was even larger than the hemp-stone, weighing two tons or more. It was cylindrical in form, five feet in diameter, some twenty inches in thickness and in shape similar to a millstone.

The big stone was rolled on its edge in circular fashion over the flax lying on a platform of stone. The herds or reed part of the flax were crushed by this rolling stone so the tow could easily be shaken and separated from the coarser part. A second product of flax was the seed which was crushed by another sort of mill preparatory to boiling it down into a commercial product known as linseed oil.

It should be noted that a number of hemp mills and flax mills in Franklin County were run by water power, but it is difficult to understand how the power generated by the water-wheel could be conveyed through a long beam to a heavy stone and roll it over the ground in such a large radius.

About the middle of the last century several mills in Franklin County were equipped to grind gypsum, commonly called land plaster. The rock of which plaster was ground, was quarried in Nova Scotia and carried in ships as ballast to Baltimore, thence brought into our valley by six-horse teams and taken to plaster mills. There it was finely ground, by means of special stones and sold to the nearby farmers who broadcast it over their clover fields in early springtime. One wonders whether this product had any economic value over native limestone; but that was before the day of commercial fertilizers and doubtless farmers had already begun to experience the need of a tonic for their land.

Another type of millstone, different from all others and made of native rock, was used to hull clover seed. The run consisted of two stones each about four feet in diameter. The lower stone was stationary and its upper surface, instead of being flat, was convex and neatly dressed in spiral shape. The companion stone was concave and fitted closely over the other.

After cutting the second crop of clover, it was customary for farmers to separate the stems from the chaff by having horses trample over it in barn floors. The chaff containing the seed was then hauled to the clover-mill where the upper stone revolving over the lower removed the chaff from the seed by friction. The miller never forgetting his toll, retained ten percent of the seed for his service; and as he usually owned a farm he kept all the chaff for good measure and spread it over his land as fertilizer. This process of hauling clover

seed was abandoned about 1850 with the introduction of clover-mills, hauled from place to place.

Distilleries were also large users of millstones usually of a commoner sort as it was not necessary to grind grain very fine to be used in making their mash. A study of distilleries, especially the early ones in Franklin County, discloses the fact that most of them were located close to grist mills. They were often run in cooperation with them, as it was more profitable, mainly on account of bulk and weight, to convert the surplus grain into liquor than to grind it into flour and ship to the larger centers. But the clover mill, the hemp mill, the sumac mill, the plaster mill, the flax mill, the powder mill, the snuff mill, the oil mill and the distillery have all disappeared as the need for them is no more. In fact there is hardly anyone now living who knows anything about the special uses to which many old stones were put.

It should not be forgotten however that while the use of stones has largely been superseded in the United States there are still thousands, yes millions of stones, of various sorts in use in other countries of the world and it will be many years, possibly never, when they will be supplanted in performing their manifold tasks. After engaged in preparing food for man and beast for countless generations the old stones are still putting up a good fight for their existence.

It was a critical day, however, for millstones when the roller process man came along to demonstrate to the miller that his trade would drop to zero if he failed to install the new system. Many were persuaded to abandon the stone and take on the steel, and whether they did or whether they did not, the miller 30 or 40 years ago faced a serious situation. One of many instances showing his plight may be seen at Bear's Mill on the Five Forks Branch of Antietam creek between Chambersburg and Waynesboro. This mill is partly in ruins, although the machinery inside shows that in recent years it had been fitted up with rollers. Judging from conditions in and around the mill the expenditure was not justified as the rolls continued in operation only a few years longer. The fact is neither steel nor stone was the reason for the miller's trouble.

The modern method of making flour came along quickly and almost before the miller was aware of it something had happened to his business. The grain that had formerly been unloaded at the mill was driven past his door to a warehouse and forwarded by rail to the sea-board. Lands have been deforested and even streams have lost some of their vitality and refuse to turn the big water wheel as in times past. Succumbing on the outside to the elements and on the inside to the inventive genius of man, the merchant-miller is losing out

in the struggle for business. The fact of the matter is the day of the small water-mill is passing and no amount of proping up can save it.

Perhaps George Washington was right when he said that Franklin County had a rage for mills. At least 75 per cent of them have run their course and the story of their passing dates from the time when the old miller sadly walked up-stream and lifted the floodgate in the dam for the last time. On that day the waters escaped into the waste race below, the big water-wheel alongside the mill ceased running and the stones on the inside quit revolving never to run again. Eventually the framework that supported them rotted and gave way and the heavy stones dropped, perhaps out of sight, into the moist bed of the tail-race below.

Let us look into one of these old abandoned mills that has been closed down for a lifetime or more. A pitiful sight with its crumbling walls, its sagging floors, its gaping windows, the broken dam and the waterless forebay—all in a state of semi-decay. On the outside the creek that turned the old stones has broken through the bounds of the dam and its waters now slip idly by, distressed apparently that they no longer have the pleasant duty of turning the big stones and grinding the farmers' grain.

Fifty years ago the miller was, above all others, a prosperous man in the community. In those days when a man embarked in an enterprise, he did so with the assurance that he was secure in his business for the remainder of his days and with good prospects of handing it down to his children for another generation. This is not the case today—five or ten years is long enough to put a man and his business on the financial toboggan. The effect of modern machinery and of modern methods on the life of the community began to operate before most of us were born, but the pace of such development has been greatly accelerated within the time of the present generation. The lesson to be learned is that the same thing that has happened to the miller will happen to every other industry whenever the ingenuity of man devises a quicker and better way of making his product.

It is a fact though that here and there due to favorable conditions and because some men cannot be thrown down, one may find a miller who is still making a living, and something besides out of his stones. Even where steel rollers have been installed, the old stones have scored a point in the game of competition, for a set of small American stones is often retained to do the coarser work such as grinding corn, oats, rye and barley. Probably there are still 25 or 30 pairs of the old stones doing intermittent duty in Franklin County. A few years, however, and most of them will be out of the running.

Though millstones have largely had their day, they suggest more clearly than anything else that we are living in a world of change, sufficiently elastic though that the foreminded man, reading aright the signs of the times, may still adjust his affairs and ease the impact of his resources by the big stones' downfall.

When one sees old millstones here and there as ornaments he is visualizing a loss greater in proportion than anything we are now grumbling about. No one need disturb himself as to the unequal distribution of wealth. Natural forces may be depended upon to take care of that.

From time immemorial until within our own time millstones have occupied a necessary place in the lives of our race. They now symbolize the changes which are taking place in our daily living and are silent reminders of other days. Big, heavy and indestructible many of them are lying just where they fell 50 or 100 years ago and there they may lie for generations to come. Other things may be disposed of by a kick and a promise and they are out of sight, but not millstones—it takes a team of horses or a steam tractor to budge one of these big things.

While millstones are symbols of loss and failure, they are not the only casualties in the business world. Losses just as great may be symbolized in bits of paper such as mortgages, bonds and stocks, but these things can easily be slipped into a deposit box out of sight and possibly out of mind.

Few old things elicit more attention than the millstones to be found along the streams of our valley. They are interesting because they belong to another age and a long one at that. The lesson conveyed by them undoubtedly is that however smugly one may be in his environment and however complacently one may regard his situation in life, forces, over which he has no control, begin to operate and he awakens some morning to find his cherished dreams are not to be realized. Relics of other days, these stones illustrate what can take place in the economic life of an individual, or the economic life of a community, or the economic life of a nation, in the course of one generation.

Since millstones are practically indestructible the question comes to mind—where are all the stones that have been brought into Franklin County during the past two hundred years? The answer is 25 or 30 may still be doing part-time duty in old mills. With diligent search probably 100 may be found lying along the creeks at the old mill-sites. Another hundred or more may have been gathered up by collectors and are now serving here and there as seats in rose arbors, out-door lawn tables, sun dial bases, bird baths, paving walks, doorsteps, urns, et cetera. But the vast majority are buried under crumbling walls, or covered with silt and rubbish washed

down stream by recurrent floods. Many of them may never come to light unless they are lifted from their present resting places by some convulsion of nature or unearthed by future archaeologists.

The quest for old millstones is a pleasant pastime and is recommended as a diversion which grows more fascinating with each find. They are possibly the only antiques which sell for a mere fraction of their cost to the original owner.

Let us not mourn the passing of the millstones. Like most things they are followed by other devices which do their work quicker and better than ever before and with less human effort. The best one can do is to preserve a few of these old relics. Some should be placed in museums in company with rusting machinery and prehistoric mammals, where they may portray to future generations the mechanical progress of our race.

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U. S. Census, 1840
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Old Mills of Franklin County, 1923—T. B. Wood
Old Mill-stones, 1934—Dr. W. S. Webb, Lexington, Ky.
Appleton Berger, Foltz, Pa.

Presidential Blood In The Cumberland Valley

June 27, 1935

Desultory reading among records of former Cumberland Valley families reveals that a number of their decendants at one time or another attained high places in the governmental life of the nation. Further investigation brings to light that the number of these men attaining the office of president or vice president of the United States, together with those who were candidates for these offices but failed of election, comprises a list of names far out of proportion for this small valley as compared with the whole area of the country.

The search also discloses that these people with few exceptions, belonged to one race—the Scotch-Irish and the question naturally arises why do they settle so largely in the Cumberland Valley before going elsewhere. The story is too long to go into at this time and moreover it has been discussed on previous occasions in this society. Suffice to say, their historic background partly answers the question. Doubtless their experience in Scotland and later in Ireland had accustomed them to hardships and had ingrained into their very souls the love of liberty so that the passion for government and politics was developed to a much greater degree than that possessed by other elements which have become a part of our national existence.

Conditions on this side of the Atlantic were undoubtedly ripe for their coming. The country along the seaboard was fast filling up with Quakers and Germans and the pleasing Cumberland Valley had hardly been touched by the White Man. Nestled between the walls of the North and South Mountains, this valley was a veritable paradise compared with what these Ulstermen had left behind them in the Old Country. The time, the place, the conditions, all conspired to beckon them to the New World and arriving here with the fear of God in their souls they reared families, established schools, organized churches and helped to build a nation.

It should be mentioned that during the time of the Revolution, Pennsylvania was two-thirds German and Quaker and one-third others. But in this valley where the Scotch-Irish largely predominated, the enlistments were so general that there were some districts in which the number of enrollments in the army actually exceeded the list of taxables.

The Providence of God over the affairs of men did not cease in Bible times, and when the hour for American liberty had struck, nowhere did it receive a more hearty response than among the chosen people of Franklin and Cumberland Counties and their compatriots throughout the country, especially in the Carolinas. In both sections they early displayed their patriotism by assembling in conventions, first in Mecklenburg, N. C., later in Carlisle, Penna., and by appropriate resolutions took the forward looking stand for independence. Historian Bancroft says, "The first public voice in America for dissolving all connections with Great Britain came not from the Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, nor the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians."

It may be noted here that the current of travel and migration in earliest days was more largely with the mountain ranges than across them; consequently settlers in the Cumberland Valley were in closer touch with their neighbors in the south than with those in the west. Although in Colonial times the Carolinas and Pennsylvania were far apart and communications between them was difficult, yet their people kept in touch with each other by letter and otherwise. Even to this day there are residents in this valley who still write occasionally to their kinsmen in the Carolinas.

While a large number of immigrants from the north of Ireland disembarked at the port of Charleston, S. C., the far greater number landed at Philadelphia. Of these many came direct to the Cumberland Valley and tarrying here, a longer or a shorter period, took the overland route to the Carolinas and other places in the south and west. One has only to look at the map to see evidences of contact between these two sections of the country. South Carolina has three Counties named York, Lancaster and Chester adjoining each other, just as Pennsylvania has three Counties with the same names, also located in a group and by the way these counties in South Carolina are just across the state line from Mecklenburg County, North Carolina in which two presidents of the United States are said to have been born. There are also two Counties named Franklin and Cumberland in North Carolina. All these however may indicate English rather than Scotch-Irish influence.

There can be little doubt but that this valley was the main objective of these hardy pioneers from overseas, but its area was not large enough for all to continue to dwell here. Some of them lived in this valley but a few years and then moved farther into the thinly settled portions of the interior. Others remained during their lifetime and their children and children's children took up the trek and peopled the southern

and western states. These migrations did not take place in a day, or in a year, or in a lifetime. The old tax lists disclose that the movement from this valley to other sections began before the Revolution, assumed larger proportions after that time, and continued well into the next century. Many of the Scotch-Irish families never did leave the valley and today the question is not often asked whether a man is of English or German descent.

By way of explanation it should be noted that these so-called Scotch-Irish were not pushed farther west and south by the thrifty Germans as insinuated by some writers. But loving adventure and seeking larger opportunities they disposed of their real estate in an orderly and a business-like manner. The deals for property were amicably arranged between them at satisfactory prices; the Germans acquired new homes and the English moved out of the valley into new territory.

Now, as to the men and women who lived in this valley, as well as their descendants who grew up in other places, through whose veins coursed presidential blood. They will be taken up in the order of their appearance on the state of history at the capital of the Republic.

LUCRETIA HART CLAY

One of the most notable near-presidents in the history of the United States was that popular politician and statesman, Henry Clay of Kentucky. While it is not claimed he belongs to the Cumberland Valley, the reason for bringing his name into this account is that his wife, Lucretia Hart Clay, daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Hart, was born here. She spent her girl-hood days at her parent's home in the Leitersburg District at Long-meadows farm along Marsh run about two miles south of Mason and Dixon Line.

Three times, 1824, 1832, and 1844 Lucretia Hart's husband, Henry Clay, was nominated by a major party for the presidency; two other times he was one of the two leading candidates for nomination to the presidency but, this "Millboy of the Slashes" who "would rather be right than be president," invariably met defeat on election day, and with these defeats fate decreed that Lucretia Hart Clay was not to become hostess at the White House. Had her distinguished husband won out in any one of these five efforts to become president of the United States, this Cumberland Valley girl would have taken her place as Mistress of the White House along with five or six other women identified with the valley by birth or by lineage.

JANE IRWIN HARRISON

The two Irwin sisters, born along the Conococheague creek near Mercersburg, at the homestead of their parents, Archibald and Mary (Ramsay) Irwin, deserve a place in this record. The elder of the two daughters was Jane and the younger Elizabeth. On a visit to North Bend, Ohio at the home of their aunt Mrs. John Sutherland, they became acquainted with the sons of General William Henry Harrison, resulting in Jane marrying William Henry Harrison, Jr., in 1824 and Elizabeth marrying John Scott Harrison in 1832.

It was a cold damp day on March 4th, 1841 when William Henry Harrison was inaugurated president of the United States. The old gentleman, refusing to wear an overcoat while reading his long inaugural address, caught a bad cold which developed into pneumonia and he died within one month, the first president to die while in office. It is said however by some of his contemporaries that he might have lived longer had it not been for the many beseeching office-seekers.

Due to his wife's illness their daughter-in-law, Jane Irwin Harrison, a gracious and an accomplished Franklin County woman, served as hostess at the Executive Mansion during his brief administration. At that time she was the widow of the president's namesake son.

The homestead of these two Conococheague women, substantially built of limestone by their grandfather, is still standing. Both were daughters-in-law of a president of the United States. One the mother of a president and the other, a hostess at White House functions during a short period.

JAMES KNOX POLK

It may not generally be known that ancestors of James K. Polk, eleventh president of the United States dwelled for a period in this valley. The Polks, earlier called Polloks, sometime between 1660 and 1687, left Ireland for the Colonies, the family, consisting of Robert Bruce Polk, his wife, six sons and two daughters. They settled first in Somerset County, Maryland. Their oldest son John Polk married Joanna Knox whence came four generations removed, President James Knox Polk.

It is well-established by historians that William Polk, the only son of John and Joanna, lived for a time in Cumberland Valley. Later he removed with his family to North Carolina. Their seventh child, Colonel Ezekiel Polk was born in Carlisle in 1741. He married Nancy Wilson and the fourth child of this union was Samuel Polk father of the president who was born in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, November 2, 1775.

James K. Polk was nominated for the presidency by the Democrats in 1844 and was the first "dark horse" in the presidential race course. The Democratic convention in 1844 was held in Baltimore and it is interesting to note, that as soon as Polk was nominated, many of those present hurried to the train to carry word to Washington, but when they arrived they were astonished to find the news had preceded them several hours by wire.

His opponent at the polls was Henry Clay whom he defeated by a small plurality. A remarkable feature of the campaign was Polk's failure to carry his own State of Tennessee, the only instance in U. S. history that a man has been elected to the presidency without carrying his own state. It is believed that Polk was nominated and elected because he favored the admission of Texas into the Union, resulting in the subsequent war with Mexico.

The President's mother, a woman of keen intellect, was a great-grand-niece of John Knox of Scotland and from her he inherited many of his well known traits. She outlived her son and witnessed the whole of his successful career and in the words of his biographer, "she assisted during his last moments in preparing him for 'a future estate'." This, in short is a record of one of the presidents of the United States whose antecedents reach back to this valley.

WILLIAM ORLANDO BUTLER

The name of William Orlando Butler probably means little to the people of the present day but a hundred years ago he was one of the leading men in the country and were it not for the misfortune of politics his name would be on this list of presidential ancestors. About the year 1745 Thomas Butler and Eleanor his wife settled near Newville in West Pennsboro Township, Cumberland County. They had five sons in the War of Independence, all officers, going one better than the Johnstons of Antrim Township and two better than the Chambers of Chambersburg. They were known as "the fighting Butlers."

Richard the eldest was Major of the Eighth Regiment in the Pennsylvania Line. After the Revolutionary War he was appointed Major General by President Washington in the conflict with the Indians in the Northwest Territory and was mortally wounded in the Miami disaster. William, the second brother, was Lieutenant Colonel of the Fourth Regiment in the Pennsylvania Line. Thomas Butler, the third brother, was a captain in the Third Regiment in the Line. His intrepid conduct at Brandywine and Monmouth are noted incidents in American history. In the St. Clair expedition against the

Indians, he was seriously wounded and removed from the field with difficulty by his surviving brother Edward. Under General Anthony Wayne, Edward served in the Northwest in 1794 as his Adjutant General. Percival Butler, served in the Pennsylvania Line in the Second and Third Regiments and became Adjutant General in the War of 1812. Of these five brothers four of them reached the rank of general and one wonders whether there is a more distinguished record in the annals of the United States army than that of the Butlers of the Cumberland Valley.

Percival's son, William O. Butler of Kentucky subject of this heading, was in the War of 1812 with his father. He succeeded General Winfield Scott in command of the American forces in Mexico and led the daring charge at Monterey. He also had the honor of running for governor of Kentucky against Henry Clay.

The circumstance that brings William Orlando Butler's name into this record is that in 1848 he ran for vice president of the United States on the Democratic ticket with General Lewis Cass. Because of the intrusion of the Free Soil ticket, headed by old Martin Van Buren, General Taylor won, the last slaveholder to become president of the United States. As it was, the vote by states was a tie, each side receiving the electoral vote of fifteen states. The popular belief of the day was that had Butler been elected vice president he would have been the logical candidate of the Democrats for president in 1852.

The Mexican War raised a crop of generals and the campaign of 1848 was unique in that it was the only time in American History when three military men, Generals Taylor, Cass and Butler, contended for the two highest honors in the gift of the American people. They were all popular and both the leading parties resolved that generals on the ticket were necessary to win. The fatality of the situation was that General Taylor died, after fourteen months in office, and Millard Fillmore, a non-military man, took his place as President of the United States.

BETTY TAYLOR BLISS

Upon the inauguration of Zachary Taylor as President of the United States, his daughter Betty became Mistress of the White House because of her mother's enfeebled health; and her husband Major William S. Bliss served as her father's secretary. He was an accomplished soldier, had served on General Taylor's staff, and was generally credited with having written the terse dispatch from Taylor to Santa Anna saying: "General Taylor never surrenders."

Betty Taylor Bliss was only twenty-four years of age when her father became President of the United States. With her sunny disposition in contrast to her father's rough exterior, she was probably next to Mrs. Grover Cleveland, the most popular hostess of the Executive Mansion. Unfortunately her mother, father and husband all died within a short time of each other. Without children by her marriage she has ever been known in history as Betty Taylor.

The later career of this little "Lady of the White House," brings her into this account for the ingenious reason that she dwelled during the remainder of her life—nearly fifty years—in Winchester, Virginia, a town claimed by some authorities to be on the boundary line between the Shenandoah and the Cumberland Valley. It is a fact though that Winchester is the terminus of the Cumberland Valley Railroad and in "horse and buggy" days it was the beginning of the Shenandoah trail. So with a little geographical stretch of the imagination Betty Taylor is tentatively placed in a class with the other occupants of the White House hailing from this valley.

JAMES BUCHANAN

James Buchanan, fifteenth president of the United States, was born at Cove Gap, Franklin County, April 23, 1791. His father emigrated from Donegal County, Ireland in 1783 and was married to Elizabeth Speer whose home was on the other side of the valley, probably in Adams County.

James Buchanan, of whom Franklin Countians have reason to be proud, was a conspicuous figure in the United States for more than third of a century and early in his career was looked upon as a possible candidate for the presidency. Indeed when a mere lad, his neighbors and friends in Peters Township actually pointed him out as a young man who will some day be president of the United States.

Buchanan's public career began by his election to the Pennsylvania Legislature when but 22 years of age and he became a member of the House of Representatives before he was thirty. While still a young man he served as Andrew Jackson's campaign manager in the elections of 1828 and 1832 and succeeded in carrying Pennsylvania for his candidate giving him 28 votes both times. Buchanan was in public life during the period when Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Berton were there, and although much younger than they, he always commanded attention. James Buchanan was tendered by two presidents, John Tyler and James K. Polk, a seat on the Supreme Court Bench of the United States but he refused both offers because he preferred a political career; and up to the time of his election to the presidency he probably held more public offices than any other man in the country.

James Buchanan was a tentative candidate for the presidency in 1844 and in 1848; and was the leading candidate before the Democratic convention in 1852, but after 49 ballots Franklin Pierce, the second dark horse in American History secured the nomination. Buchanan could have been nominated for second place on the ticket but he absolutely declined to permit his name to be presented for the vice presidency.

One of the most propitious days in Mr. Buchanan's eventful life occurred at Oxford College in 1855, during his stay in England, when in company with Lord Alfred Tennyson they together received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. The students after their fashion greeted Mr. Buchanan with vociferous applause. Altogether it was a colorful affair, witnessed by dignitaries of a nation, while all England looked on.

HARRIET LANE

Of all James Buchanan's kindred, his niece Harriet Lane was the closest to him and, with tact and grace at home and abroad, she ministered over his household which would otherwise have been the cheerless home of a bachelor. In 1841 after the death of her parents Miss Lane made her home with her uncle at Wheatland near Lancaster and when he was appointed by President Pierce as Minister to England, in company with him, this golden haired American girl, born in Mercersburg, deported herself in a queenly manner. No more illustrious man, than James Buchanan, had ever been sent to represent this country at the court of the greatest empire in the world, and no more graceful and dignified woman than Harriet Lane, who accompanied him. Upon every occasion she was most graciously singled out by Queen Victoria and became an unusual favorite with the royal family.

When Mr. Buchanan was called to the presidency in 1857 Miss Lane went with him to Washington and there acted as hostess during the four years he spent in the White House. On the occasion of levees, when Mr. Buchanan and Miss Lane stood up to receive, his courtly manner together with her gracious charm and dignified bearing elicited a thrill of pride in the breast of every American who saw them and it was difficult to decide between uncle and niece who looked the most imposing.

During the last months of his administration, Mr. Buchanan was in a trying situation and even his patriotism was sometimes doubted. While he was eager to hold steady the reigns of government, his hands were tied fast by an indifferent Congress. His Secretary of State, Lewis Cass, resigned because he favored the South and his Secretary of Treasury, Howell Cobb, resigned because he favored the North. The logic of events pointed to an "irrepressible conflict." The country was

drifting into war and the president could do nothing to stop it.

But with all his difficulties he had the consciousness that his niece faithfully represented him in his drawing room and through her tact and good sense he never suffered by reason of any conversational lapse of hers. It should be remembered with pride that James Buchanan and Harriet Lane were native born Franklin countians.

JOHN CABEL BRECKENRIDGE

It may be surprising to learn that the famous Breckenridge family is related by parentage, to former Franklin countians. The ancestors of the Breckenridges' in America emigrated from the north of Ireland. The pioneer of the family, Alexander Breckenridge, came to Franklin County early in the 1730's and settled in "Culbertson's Row" near Orrstown. After remaining here a few years he removed to Virginia in 1738 and later most of his descendants found their way across the mountains into Kentucky.

In religious, civil, political and military life the Breckenridges' were a distinguished family and in brilliancy of intellect and in power of oratory they are hardly to be excelled.

The male line of that particular branch of the family beginning with the immigrant, Alexander Breckenridge, and ending with its most distinguished member, John Cabel Breckenridge, may be traced as follows:—Alexander's son, Robert distinguished himself as a captain in the French and Indian War. He married Letitia Preston. Their son John Breckenridge was Attorney General in Thomas Jefferson's cabinet. Attention was directed to him because of his insistence on the rights of the West and his friendship for the president is supposed to have had weight in bringing about the Louisiana Purchase. He must have been a precocious lad for historians record the unusual proceeding of the voters of Botetort County electing him to the Legislature of Virginia three times before he was old enough to take his seat.

The Attorney-General's son, Joseph C. Breckenridge, was also a precocious young man, for at his death, when but thirty-four years of age he had already become a distinguished lawyer. His only son, subject of this sketch John Cabel Breckenridge, was the most distinguished member of this prominent family.

In 1856 when a southern running-mate for James Buchanan was needed, he was selected as the most suitable man for the place. Undoubtedly he was another forward Breckenridge, for when elected vice president of the United States, was under the age limit, but by the time of the inauguration he had reached the age of thirty-five. During the campaign which followed

he delivered a number of speeches in Pennsylvania and, by his dashing oratory, he aided in carrying the state for Buchanan and Breckenridge by a small majority. Franklin County also favored the Democratic ticket with a majority of 177, the only time the state and the county ever went Democratic in a quadrennial election since the organization of the Republican party until 1932.

Much against his will Breckenridge was called to duty again in 1860 and was nominated for president of the United States by the Southern Democrats, but was defeated at the election by Abraham Lincoln, the Republican candidate, in a four-cornered contest. Although Breckenridge was second in the Electoral College he was third in the popular vote. But this man of Franklin County parentage was not without an office, for he had previously been elected Senator from Kentucky and took his seat in the U. S. Senate March 4, 1861, the day of Lincoln's inauguration.

Breckenridge, it may be mentioned, believed with many others in the abstract right of secession, but opposed the movement. In a speech delivered after he was elected to the Senate he boldly declared that Kentucky will cling to the Constitution as long as a shred of it remains. On the other hand he was against the coercion of a state, believing the Federal government had no such power. But after the firing on Fort Sumpter he held the Union no longer existed and with many others was swept into the army of the Confederacy. The Senate afterward expelled him from that body and declared him a traitor to his country. He replied to its edict saying, "I exchange with satisfaction six years in the United States Senate for the musket of a soldier." Whatever may be one's belief in regard to the Rebellion, it should be remembered that men and women on both sides fought and prayed for victory.

Without any previous military training Breckenridge advanced in quick succession to a commanding position in the Confederate army and was finally appointed Secretary of War in Jefferson Davis' cabinet. He was with General Jubal A. Early in his hostile raids and it is barely possible that General Breckenridge, at that time may have passed over some of the ground on which his forefathers lived in Franklin County.

John Cabel Breckenridge when scarcely thirty years of age, at Henry Clay's death, was selected to deliver his funeral oration. In Rocky Spring Church are shown the pews in which the Breckenridge family sat while worshipping there. The late John G. Orr, of this society, was a grandson of Martha Breckenridge, a member of this former Culbertson Row family. Alexander K. McClure one time resident of Chambersburg, said that Colonel Breckenridge was the handsomest man he had ever met.

ANDREW JOHNSON

While it has not generally been noted in history that Andrew Johnson's people once lived here, it appears that they, like many other Scotch-Irish immigrants settled first in the Cumberland Valley and later they or their descendants found their way down the Shenandoah Trail into North Carolina or into the wilderness of Tennessee and Kentucky.

On the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the erection of the present Rocky Spring Church, August 23, 1894, no less a historian than Dr. William H. Egle in his paper "The Historic Families of the Cumberland Valley," says that the ancestors of Andrew Johnson, seventeenth president of the United States, were early settlers in the Cumberland Valley, thence went to Virginia and subsequently to Kentucky and Tennessee. Doctor Egle does not elaborate on the statement, but evidently there is good reason for saying that Andrew Johnson's forebears lived in this valley.

One authority on the life of Andrew Johnson states that his ancestry can hardly be traced beyond his own father's family and of them only enough is known that while they were poor they were honorable and upright people. One biographer says he was born December 8th, another December 20th and another December 29th in the year 1808. There is almost as much difference of opinion about the date of Andrew Johnson's birth as there is about the place of Andrew Jackson's birth, both rugged mountaineers of Scotch-Irish descent.

All that can be gleaned about his family is that his father, Jacob Johnson, was a captain in the Black Hawk War and died January 12, 1812 when Andrew was a little over three years of age. Biographers mention his mother, but not a word about her people or her family name. Andrew Johnson never knew youth for at the age of ten necessity took him by the hand and apprenticed him to one Selby, a tailor, and he was known during his public life as a tailor, and to his credit he was never ashamed that he had thus earned his living.

Andrew Jackson was Andrew Johnson's model and they had many things in common. Both orphans and poor indeed were these two boys when first they plied the needles to support their widowed mothers. In the case of both Jackson and Johnson, it may be said, without any word of disparagement to either, that their parents were poor and doubtless their time was fully taken up with making a bare living for themselves and their families, consequently they had no time to devote toward looking up their ancestors, hence the fewness of their family records.

Johnson was mayor of Greenville, Tennessee when but twenty-two years of age and by the time he became vice

president of the United States he had been elected to more public offices than any other man in the country up to that time. Andrew Johnson was chosen as Lincoln's running-mate in 1864 because he was popular in the "Border States" and his name was supposed to add strength to the ticket. The presidential campaign of 1864 was entered into with considerable misgivings as to the outcome and possibly the fact that soldiers could cast their ballots without leaving camp saved the day for Lincoln and Johnson.

After becoming president Johnson had a difficult roll to perform and naturally the politicians responsible for his nomination were not satisfied with his policy of reconstruction. Rugged individual that he was and with sympathies toward the South, his own partisans became his bitter enemies and hampered him at every turn with the result that he was impeached and had to stand trial for high misdemeanors in office. There were two sides to the controversy, as there always are, and after a spectacular trial in the U. S. Senate he was acquitted by a narrow margin. He then continued his policy of reconstruction without further molestation to the end of his term.

Retiring to private life Andrew Johnson was later elected a senator from Tennessee, the only man in the history of the country to become U. S. Senator after serving a presidential term. It showed that he was still popular in his own state and his friends took it that this election was a vindication of his reconstruction policy. As time lengthens this man of Cumberland Valley heritage, will eventually be accorded, without malice or party prejudice, his true place in history.

MARTHA JOHNSON PATTERSON

When Andrew Johnson was introduced to the presidency by an assassin's bullet his wife, a confirmed invalid, did not appear in society in Washington and when her daughter, Martha Johnson Patterson, found herself assuming the duties of Mistress of the White House, she was once heard to make the following modest remark: "We are plain people from the mountains of Tennessee, called here by a national calamity to occupy this place for a short while, I trust too much will not be expected of us." A sensible declaration by this serious minded young woman and with few exceptions it has been the keynote of feminine deportment at the White House from that day to the present time.

Martha Johnson was the wife of Judge David T. Patterson, U. S. Senator from the State of Tennessee, the first instance of the wife of a senator and daughter of a president presiding over the Executive Mansion. Andrew Johnson having descended from a Cumberland Valley family, as stated by Doctor Egle,

it follows that the name of his daughter, Martha Johnson Patterson is qualified to be on the list of hostesses of the Executive Mansion in company with the names of other women, descendants of Franklin and Cumberland County families.

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS

Another prominent figure of presidential stature, tracing his ancestry to Franklin County, was Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana. There may be persons still living in this county who knew Mr. Hendricks personally or who may have voted for him when a candidate for vice president in 1876 and in 1884.

Mr. Hendricks first came into presidential limelight in 1868 at which time he was one of the leading candidates for president in the Democratic convention. However Horatia Seymour secured the nomination which proved to be an empty honor for he was defeated at the polls by General U. S. Grant, the popular war-time hero.

Four years later, in 1872, General Grant defeated Horace Greeley who it will be remembered, died soon after the election, thus creating a situation the first of its kind in the history of the country. When the electors met, five of them feeling in honor bound to their party, cast their votes for the dead man. The other Greeley electors gave their complimentary votes for president to Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana. Though not a candidate, they attested to his popularity by bestowing upon him this mark of esteem. It should be noted that at the same election Mr. Hendricks was chosen governor of Indiana, the first Democrat to be elected governor of any northern state after the Civil War.

Four years later in 1876 the Democratic ticket was Samuel J. Tilden for president and Thomas A. Hendricks for vice president. During the balloting in the convention, Mr. Hendricks was Mr. Tilden's nearest competitor, and failing to become the presidential nominee he was persuaded by the delegates to accept the second place on the ticket. In a biographical sketch of Thomas A. Hendricks prepared by W. U. Hensel of Lancaster, Pa., he has this to say about the election in 1876: "Tilden and Hendricks were elected, but counted out." Many of the same political faith, even to this day, believe with Hensel that Tilden and Hendricks should have been president and vice president of the United States.

Eight years elapsed when again Thomas A. Hendrick's name appears on the roster of presidential candidates. This time as partner with Grover Cleveland in the campaign of 1884, at which time they were elected by a small plurality over the Republican ticket, thus partly correcting the error, if any, of Seventy-Six.

Mr. Hendricks died Nov. 24, 1886 while vice president of the United States. He was not an old man, and had he lived there is no telling what further honors may have been in store for the man whom Franklin countians have reason to remember, as his grandfather Archibald Thomson was a resident of Greene Township, and his mother Jane Thomson was born in or near Scotland in Franklin County.

Mr. Hendrick's career is of special interest for he was one man of presidential possibilities who kept more or less in touch with the people of his ancestral home in Franklin County. Upon the insistence of his mother he attended the law school of her brother Judge Alexander Thomson in Chambersburg in 1842. Nominally this school was an attachment of Marshall College at Mercersburg, which at that time essayed to build on the university plan. It may be mentioned here that this was then the Sixteenth Judicial District, and comprised the counties of Franklin, Fulton, Bedford and Somerset.

The tendency of Judge Thomson's teaching, it is said, was to cultivate exactness and systematic method of expression. John Reges, deputy Register and Recorder of Franklin County at that time, said "Thomson required his students to copy record in the register's office of each cause in which he was engaged and Mr. Hendricks and the other students sat hours at a time copying entries of the preceptor's work."

Mr. Hendrick's, concerning his experience in Chambersburg, feelingly said, "That little spot of ground," referring to 60 or 70 feet along Main Street from Lortz & Wolfinger's corner southwest, "seems to have been a good point from which to start a career." Two men, Hendricks and Baker, went thence to become governors of Indiana; and two, William Hendricks and John Scott to become senators from New York.

While in Chambersburg Mr. Hendricks, as recreation from his work, often devoted himself to the reading of Shakespeare and Judge Jeremiah S. Black who had succeeded Judge Thomson in the Circuit, one of the best Shakespearean critics of the day, was delighted to find in young Hendricks an enthusiastic student of the poet.

Mr. Hendricks referred to his nine months in Chambersburg, student and guest in Judge Thomson's family, as a pleasant and profitable experience and related that he came to the town with \$200 in silver. (note that silver was the currency in use at that time) and when he returned to his home in Shelbyville, Indiana he had \$1.25 in his pocket, showing the small cost of tutorship with his good uncle Judge Alexander Thomson.

Tobias A. Hendricks, the pioneer of the family, came to this country from the Netherlands and in 1729 or 1730 settled along the Susquehanna river on the Cumberland Valley side.

His grandson William Hendricks was a captain in the Revolutionary War and lost his life in the expedition to Quebec under Arnold. Thomas A. Hendricks born September 7, 1819, the subject of this sketch, was fifth in line of descent from the original settler. He is the only one on this presidential roll whose paternal pioneer ancestor came over the sea from continental Europe. He has the further distinction of descending on both his father's and mother's side from Cumberland Valley ancestors.

LUCY WEBB HAYES

Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes, wife of Rutherford B. Hayes, nineteenth president of the United States from 1876 to 1880, merits a place on this presidential roll as a number of her ancestors lived in this valley. Her lineage may be traced from her great-grandparents Mathew Scott and wife Elizabeth Thompson Scott who lived in Shippensburg. Mathew Scott was a soldier in the Pennsylvania Line. Margaret Scott daughter of Mathew and Elizabeth Thompson Scott was married to Colonel Isaac Cook on Christmas day, 1792 at the home of her parents in Shippensburg. They resided in Shippensburg until 1798 when they moved to Ohio. Their daughter Maria was married to Doctor James Webb, whose daughter Lucy became the wife of president Rutherford B. Hayes.

Lucy Webb was born in Chillicothe when it was the capital of Ohio and was married December 20th, 1852. Her husband, Rutherford B. Hayes, a major in the Civil War, was wounded in 1862 at the Battle of South Mountain on the southern edge of the Cumberland Valley. His wife found him after the battle at a home in Middletown, Md., and cared for him until his recovery.

Mrs. Hayes was a highly educated woman and there was one trait in her character emphasized by her biographers and that was she absolutely would not talk gossip. One of the customs at the White House, most discussed during the Hayes' administration, was that no wine was on the table even upon state occasions. Both the President and Mrs. Hayes objected to its use.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE

One of the brilliant characters in the political history of the United States was James G. Blaine whose ancestors, for two generations during Colonial days, lived in the Cumberland Valley.

His line of descent in this country started with his great-great-grandfather, James Blaine, who came across from Londonderry in 1745. Ephraim the oldest son of the pioneer and great-grandfather, of James G. Blaine, was an outstanding man

during Revolutionary times. He lived in Middlesex Township and became sheriff of Cumberland County in 1771 which at that time included Franklin County. Later he was appointed commissary in the Revolutionary army and, as a man of large wealth, he advanced the patriot army a large sum of money out of own personal means, said by one of his biographers, to be equivalent to \$600,000. Without this aid it is doubtful whether Washington could have maintained his position during that perilous winter at Valley Forge. At the time of the Whiskey Insurrection President Washington lodged in Ephraim Blaine's home in Carlisle for several days. Ephraim's eldest son was named James who named his son Ephraim, who in turn named his son James Gillespie Blaine.

At the Republican convention in Cincinnati, Ohio in 1776 Robert G. Ingersoll hailed Blaine as the "Plumed Knight" a sobriquet that fitted his magnetic personality and which he carried to the end of his life. The mention of his name in any convention always evoked the wildest enthusiasm.

He was the leading candidate for president of the United States at that convention but was defeated by Rutherford B. Hayes of Ohio, the third "dark horse" in American politics. In 1880 he was again a candidate for the nomination, but was opposed by the friends of General U. S. Grant who had been put forward for a third term. Neither side would give in and James A. Garfield another "dark horse" from Ohio received the coveted prize.

In 1884 James G. Blaine was finally nominated for the presidency and would have been elected but for the "Rum, Romanism Rebellion" episode, although strange to say his mother was a devout Catholic. In 1892 Blaine was a candidate for the fourth time, but the nomination went to Benjamin Harrison, another Franklin County descendant, afterward defeated by Grover Cleveland.

Blaine's career suggests a comparison with that of Henry Clay. Both men had been great Speakers of the House, great Senators, great Secretaries of State; both failed to receive the nomination when their party won at the polls and when at least they were chosen the nominee they went down to defeat at the election. Although never reaching his goal, James Gillespie Blaine deserves a place in this record as one of the near presidents of the United States whose paternal ancestors, three and four generations removed, dwelled in the Cumberland Valley.

BENJAMIN HARRISON

Benjamin Harrison, twenty-second President of the United States was a grandson of William Henry Harrison ninth Presi-

dent of the United States, the only instance of the kind in the history of the country. He was the son of John Scott and Elizabeth (Irwin) Harrison. His mother was born along the Conococheague creek, three miles southeast of Mercersburg, at a place known now as Irwington Mills.

Benjamin Harrison was inaugurated President of the United States, March 4th, 1889. He was one of the few men known as a minority president for, although having a majority in the Electoral College, his popular vote was slightly under that of his opponent, Grover Cleveland. Four years later, in 1892 he was a candidate for the presidency to succeed himself, but was defeated by his former opponent.

Benjamin Harrison's presidential career resembles that of his grandfather who was twice a candidate against Martin Van Buren, a stalwart Democrat of early days. Old William Henry was defeated in the first running and elected in the second; whereas, Benjamin was elected the first time and defeated the second, by Grover Cleveland, a stalwart Democrat of later days.

Benjamin Harrison's name belongs in this record for the reason that he was the son of a woman born in the valley and next to James Buchanan is one of the men adding luster to the annals of Franklin County. The parents of Benjamin Harrison, John Scott Harrison and Elizabeth Irwin, were married in Ohio in 1832. This Conococheague woman, Elizabeth Irwin, has the unique distinction of being the only woman who was the daughter-in-law of a president and the mother of a president. She died however many years before her distinguished son, Benjamin Harrison, became president of the United States.

As noted previously the ancestral home of Benjamin Harrison along the Conococheague still stands and is little changed from what it was in the beginning of the Nineteenth Century.

HELEN MERRON TAFT

One cannot help but note that the names of women relating to the valley are scattered pretty freely throughout this account. Women deserve a place here because with their men, they attained high places in government life. One of these is Helen Herron Taft, wife of President William H. Taft, who sat in the presidential chair for a period of four years, from 1909 to 1913. Afterwards he became Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court and consequently Mrs. Taft is the only woman in the United States whose husband had the honor of holding the two highest offices in the gift of the American people.

Three generations of Mrs. Taft's ancestors lived in Franklin County. Her great-great-great-grandfather Francis Her-

ron emigrated from County Antrim, Ireland, in 1734, settled first at Pequa along the Susquehanna river and in 1738 removed to Southampton Township not far from Orrstown. His son John at one time owned three mills, known as Shoaff's, Row and Herron's on Herron's Branch, a small tributary of the Conodoguinet Creek.

Doctor Francis Herron, married to Elizabeth Blain, was a grandson of the original settler and great-great-grandfather of Mrs. William Howard Taft. He was pastor of Rocky Spring Church for ten years and afterward became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg. His son William Herron was married to Nancy Reynolds. Their son, Francis was married to Jane Wills and their son, Judge John Williamson Herron, was the father of Helen Herron Taft.

It is interesting to note that a great grand uncle of Mrs. Taft by marriage, Major Anderson, living near Shippensburg had a contract to build the White House in 1794. Had it not been burned by the British in 1814, Mrs. Taft would have been hostess in the presidential house erected by her great grand uncle more than a hundred years before. Helen Herron Taft, descendant of a Letterkenny family, is now living in the city of Washington.

The Herron mansion, a commodious stone dwelling in Southampton Township, still stands and was erected more than a century and a half ago. On the opposite side of the road is Herron's Mill built in 1796 and near it is the old bridge across the stream known as Herron's Branch, over which Washington and his army passed in 1794.

THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL

Swinging down the years with these presidential men and women one comes across another name whom historians so far is known have not identified with the Cumberland Valley, that of Thomas Riley Marshall, late of the State of Indiana. He was twice elected to the Vice Presidency of the United States and doubtless there are persons here who had the pleasure of voting for or against Mr. Marshall on those two occasions.

Thomas R. Marshall has the distinction of being the only man honored with two vice presidential terms within a period of nearly one hundred years. The last two-term vice president preceding him was John C. Calhoun also a descendant of Cumberland Valley families.

The ancestral line, entitling Thomas Riley Marshall's name to appear on this honored list, begins with his great-great-grandfather Robert Elliott, a Scotch-Irishman, who came to America from Ireland in 1737 and settled in Middleton Township, Cumberland County. His son Thomas Elliott married

Jane Holliday and their daughter Mary Elliott, born September 13, 1767, was married to Andrew Patterson, a farmer living in Tuscarora Valley seven miles north of Carlisle. Their son Thomas Patterson married Susan Linn, also believed to belong to a Cumberland Valley family. Martha Ann Patterson, their daughter, born February 4, 1829 became the wife of Doctor Daniel Marshall and their son, Thomas Riley Marshall, subject of this heading, was governor of Indiana from 1909 to 1913, and vice president of the United States from 1913 to 1921. His wife was Lois Kirnsay of Steuben County, Indiana.

Without venturing too far afield in seeking presidential contacts let it be noted that the subject of this sketch was partner in two presidential elections—1912 and 1916—with Woodrow Wilson, War-time president, who was born and reared in the Shenandoah Valley, merely an extension of the Cumberland Valley.

ANDREW JACKSON

The foregoing record reveals that from 1820 to 1920, a period of one hundred years, seventeen men and women of Cumberland Valley extraction were knocking at the door of the White House or clambering onto the presiding officer's chair in the United States Senate.

A more painstaking search may result in adding four other names to this Cumberland Valley presidential roll. For instance there is a tradition in the family of the late Benjamin Snively of Antrim Township that the name of Andrew Jackson seventh president of the United States belongs on this list. It depends largely on whether Ann Hutchinson, wife of Reverend Captain Steel, of Franklin and Cumberland Counties, was the sister of Elizabeth Hutchinson Jackson, mother of the president.

Andrew Jackson himself did not positively know his birthplace and he is variously accredited with having been born in Ireland, in England, aboard ship, in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina—eight birthplaces, one more than Homer.

Even the Daughters of the Revolution are not at one in regard to Andrew Jackson's birthplace. A north Carolina Chapter has erected a monument recording he was born there while a South Carolina Chapter has put up a marker indicating he was born there. Between the merits of these two claims and seven or eight others including Reverend John Steel's home in Carlisle, what is the poor historian to do? Up to now the contest appears to be free for all and there is no good reason why the Cumberland Valley should not enter its claim too.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

Among the early settlers in this valley were the Caldwells and Calhouns. James Calhoun with his family, emigrated from

Donegal in Ireland to the United States in 1733 and finally came into the Middlespring District, Cumberland County. Later the family migrated to the Virginia valleys, some going south into the Carolinas, others west into Kentucky and Tennessee. Their descendants took active part during the Civil War, those in the South allying themselves with the confederacy, while those in other parts were found on the side of the Union.

The pioneer's son, Patrick Calhoun in 1770, married Martha Caldwell, also daughter of an immigrant from Ireland, but arriving at a much earlier date. Their third son John Caldwell Calhoun, the gifted orator and distinguished statesman, born March 18, 1782, on a farm in the Abbeville District, was sometimes disparagingly called the "Nullifier" of South Carolina. In 1811 he married Floride Calhoun, and as she was his cousin, doubtless she too descended from the Cumberland Valley Calhouns.

The presidential election in 1824, proved to be the veriest jumble that had yet taken place in American politics. Four candidates for president were in the field, all Democrats or Republicans as the name was then known. John C. Calhoun was elected vice president and evidently was a popular candidate for he received a majority of the electoral votes over all competitors. But the four-cornered contest for president between Jackson, Adams, Clay and Crawford was decided by the House of Representatives in favor of Adams.

In 1828 Calhoun was again elected vice president on the ticket headed by Andrew Jackson. Doubtless he had a difficult roll working in harmony first with Adams and second with Jackson, bitter opponents of each other. Finally the break came, November 24, 1832, when the South Carolina convention passed the "Nullification Ordinance." Calhoun immediately resigned his office and therefore has the unique distinction of doing what no other man ever did, resigning as vice president of the United States. His course was quickly vindicated by his election to a seat in the United States Senate by his State Legislature.

Tradition has it, although unconfirmed as yet, that the Caldwell home, in which John Calhoun's father and mother were married, is located in Cumberland County not far from the Franklin County line along Burd's run in the Middlespring District. The house now owned by William Hall is a fine large old mansion, built of stone and is still in good state of preservation. The career of this man who was in public life more than forty years is interesting for the reason it is believed that his forebears—the Calhouns and the Caldwells—on both his father's and his mother's side at one time lived in the Cumberland Valley.

The name of John Caldwell Calhoun is placed on this

tentative list for the reason there appears to be some doubt whether his parents ever lived in this valley. This question will doubtless be cleared up and shown by some future chronicler that Patrick Calhoun and Martha Caldwell, parents of John, lived in the Middlespring District.

MARY TODD LINCOLN

A number of historical references indicate that the ancestry of Mary Todd, wife of Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth president of the United States, may be traced to the Todds dwelling in the Cumberland Valley. One of these may be found in a paper read before this society March 2, 1906, by George O. Seilheimer a former member, in which he mentions several Franklin County families and tries to identify them with the Todd family from which came Mary Todd Lincoln. Also in several numbers of the *Kittochtinny Magazine* published in 1905, the same author quotes more than ninety pages of Todd lineage based on manuscripts prepared by Emily Tood Helm, a relative of Mrs. Lincoln.

These references form a tangled skein of kinships which, for the unpracticed genealogist, are difficult to unravel and one is at a loss to determine whether Mary Todd Lincoln is related by lineage or by marriage to former Franklin County families. Probably the best that can be done is to let the question of her Cumberland Valley lineage remain in this account unsolved until it can be definitely traced to the Cumberland Valley or to some other place in Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

Another candidate with an even chance of finding a place on this list is William McKinley, twenty-third president of the United States. Genealogical records show that three generations of the president's ancestors lived just across the South Mountain in York County. They were led off by David the pioneer who settled in Chanceford Township, York County, probably before 1745, the year in which land was granted to him. His son John and his grandson David both served in the American Revolution. A chart of the McKinley family shows that Doctor James G. Rose member of this society is a double cousin of President McKinley; and if this chart were brought down to the present time it may show that another member of the society, Honorable Watson R. Davison, descends from the same stock through the Watson family.

William McKinley, fourth in line of descent from the pioneer married Nancy Allison in 1829 and their son William McKinley, the president, was born in Poland, Ohio, January

29, 1843. There is a bare possibility that the president's mother may have been connected with the Allison of Franklin County of whom there were in early days a number of that name living in the vicinity of Greencastle and other parts of the valley. It may be noted here that Nancy Allison was one of the few mothers who lived to see her son inaugurated President of the United States.

With lack of definite information the name of President McKinley is scarcely entitled to a permanent place on this list, however it is put here in the hope that future genealogists will pursue the subject further.

JOHN GARNER

In the baptismal records of Zion Reformed Church of Greencastle is the name of John Garner, and in the Blunston License book page 15, April 29, 1755 also appears the name of John Garner as owning land on the Conodoguinet. One of the other of these Cumberland Valley men may have been a forebear of the present vice president of the United States. As it is Mr. Garner can trace his ancestry from Texas through Tennessee to Virginia and inasmuch as this valley was a large immigrant feeder for western Virginia, further search may result in placing the name of a sixth vice president on the Cumberland Valley presidential roll.

This record should hardly be encumbered with the last four names—Andrew Jackson, Mary Todd Lincoln, William McKinley and John Garner. The pretext for inserting them here is that they may furnish a lead for some one else to investigate.

From this account one learns there were four presidents of the United States hailing from the Cumberland Valley, namely: James K. Polk, James Buchanan, Andrew Johnson and Benjamin Harrison. Further investigation may qualify two other names for this roll—William McKinley and Andrew Jackson. In addition to these, it should be recalled that James G. Blaine, four times a leading candidate before Republican conventions and when he secured the nomination of his party, by the merest accident he was defeated at the polls.

The women of Cumberland Valley extraction, who presided over the Executive Mansion comprise a list as imposing as that of the men. There were six, namely: Jane Irwin Harrison, Betty Taylor Bliss, Harriet Lane, Mary Johnson Patterson, Lucy Webb Hayes and Helen Herron Taft. The name of Mary Todd Lincoln may be added to this list if her lineage record can be unraveled in favor of the valley.

In this category the wife of Henry Clay comes to mind. Had her husband, who was five times a candidate for presidential

honors, won in any of these contests, Lucretia Hart Clay, born along Marsh Creek in the Cumberland Valley, would have become "First Lady of the Land."

Of the six vice presidential candidates of Cumberland Valley lineage, one William O. Butler was defeated, and five were elected: namely, John C. Calhoun, John C. Breckenridge, Andrew Johnson, Thomas A. Hendricks and Thomas R. Marshall. A seventh name may be added if it can be shown that any of vice president Garner's antecedents ever dwelled in the valley. Calhoun and Marshall were twice elected vice president; Breckenridge was also a candidate for the presidency, but defeated; Johnson became president on death of Lincoln; Hendricks was defeated in 1876 and elected in 1884, he also received Electoral College votes for president in 1872.

The Cumberland Valley vice presidents were unfortunate men, Thomas A. Hendricks died unexpectedly in office; vice president Johnson after becoming president faced impeachment and barely escaped conviction. Upon leaving office he went back home and his State of Tennessee returned him to the United States Senate. John Cabel Breckenridge after leaving the vice presidency took his seat in the United States Senate which body afterward expelled him and declared him a traitor to his country. Vice president Calhoun, crossed swords with Andrew Jackson, who declared he would hang him higher than Haman. Calhoun forthwith resigned his office and his State of South Carolina elected him to the United States Senate. In both cases their respective states set their seal of approval on these Cumberland Valley bad boys by returning them to seats in the body over which they had previously presided.

Since the formation of the government there have been thirty-seven quadrennial elections and history discloses the amazing fact that men and women of Cumberland Valley parentage have figured in twenty-one of these contests, and actually winning out in two-thirds of them.

For almost one hundred years, men and women from this valley formed a constant stream on their journey to the White House or to the presiding officer's chair in the United States Senate. An outstanding fact is that in nine of these elections, two or more Cumberland Valley descendants were contestants for these high honors, either in the same party or in opposing parties. Indeed there were actually not enough of quadrennial periods to accommodate all of them without jostling each other in their efforts to reach the top places in the Federal government.

In area the Cumberland Valley is one two-thousandth the size of continental United States; in population it is one one-thousandth as large and it is certainly remarkable that so many presidents and near presidents have descended from families who at one time or another have lived here. This account.

relates in nearly every case to paternal lines and is confirmed principally to the lineage of those having the same surnames. Should one follow up maternal and diverging lines common to most families, there is hardly any doubt but the search would result in adding other names to this surprisingly large presidential list.

These are the men and women who trace their ancestral lines back to the land of the Conococheague and the Conodoguinet. The roll is not complete in its present form but, through efforts of historical societies and others, more names may be added, but large as it now is, the Cumberland Valley is in a class by itself, leaving a wide gap in front of the runner-up.

It should be noted that parallel with this array of names, there could be compiled other lists comprising names of brilliant men who reached exalted positions in law, in religion and in education who themselves were born in this valley or whose pioneer ancestors lived here for a longer or shorter period.

Half way around the world is a place known as "Valley of the Kings" where bones of monarchs lie mingled with the soil. By the same token may not this fruitful area be called the "Valley of the Presidents" where its soil has been devoted to the nobler purpose of generating chief executives of a nation?

The Cumberland Valley may be likened to the neck of an hourglass in which limited area, have been poured the virile manhood of the Old World and from which area it has spread over the land reaching high places and helping to guide the republic through its periods of peril and of peace. There is certainly no other district like it. These pioneers have left a heritage to this valley which should be cherished by all and its citizens should be made acquainted with what has happened here. Its children should be taught that they actually live in a cross section of historical United States and they should be encouraged to go forth with the consciousness that they hail from no mean valley.

The purpose of this effort has been to establish the fact that presidential blood has coursed through the veins of a number of former Cumberland Valley residents and if there is any other valley or any other area in the United States having as many ancestral contacts with key positions in government life, let them come forward.

Retreat of Confederate Army Through Waynesboro and Washington Township

April 28, 1938

About a week after the Confederate troops had left Waynesboro going in the direction of Caledonia our people, by putting their ears to the ground, could hear the booming of canon and they knew a great battle was on. From the top of the mountain could be seen the smoke of the gigantic conflict that was to determine the fate of a nation. It lasted three days—July 1st, 2nd and 3rd, 1863. The world knows the result.

Instantly Gettysburg had greatness thrust upon it for on its surrounding hills was fought the greatest artillery duel the world had ever seen up to that time—and not withstanding the large scale operations in the World War, it is still regarded as one of the great decisive battles in history.—What appears strange to us at this day is, the rank and file of the Union forces did not know until the second day after the battle, that they had won a great victory.

General Mullholand, reporting the battle says, "On the morning of the 5th of July we found the Confederates had gone and then what a scene! What a cheer went up from the boys in blue on Cemetery Hill and how it rolled along the ridge to Round Top, and then back again!"

It should be remembered that the fight at Gettysburg did not result in a complete rout for the Confederates. After the battle General Lee maintained a bold front, and as if to uphold the morale, he moved about as calmly as if the withdrawal of the army in the face of the foe, was a simple field manoeuvre. There appeared to be some question in his mind whether he should quit the field. What was the cause of his hesitation no one knows, but it is a fact that he did not issue his orders for the army to retreat until late in the afternoon, Saturday, July 4th. At sundown his corps trains then began to move slowly along the Fairfield road in the direction of Morteray Gap, reaching the top of the mountain late in the evening of that day.

It appears that as early as July 2nd, General Lee conceived the plan of taking his wounded back to Virginia. He called General Imboden to whom he revealed his intention and ordered him to assemble the wagon train next morning at Cashtown

and proceed at once, but for some reason, not explained, General Imboden did not start until four o'clock on the afternoon of the Third.

MOVEMENT OF TROOPS AFTER BATTLE

On the retreat the bulk of Lee's army, numbering forty to fifty thousand men, came over the mountain at Monterey Pass through Waynesboro and Hagerstown to Williamsport. A wagon train nine miles long with military equipment and wounded soldiers preceding the army came down the Monterey road, turned off at Rouzerville and went by way of Ringgold and Leitersburg. As will be told later this train was almost wholly destroyed by Kilpatrick's cavalry.

Another wagon train, brought over the mountain at Caledonia, turned off the pike at Greenwood and proceeded across the country by what is known as the "Pine Stump Road" to Marion, thence by way of Greer castle to Williamsport on the River. There were probably eight or ten thousand sick and wounded in this train. A small contingent, through misdirection of Daniel Mull a farmer living along the road, went toward Chambersburg where they were all captured. All these retreating forces were preceded and followed and otherwise protected by squads of Confederate cavalry.

The main body of the Union troops left Gettysburg by way of Emmitsburg, Frederick, Middletown, Boonsboro and Funkstown, paralleling the Confederate route but a considerable distance South. General Neill commanded the Union force which was detailed to follow Lee's army in its course over the Monterey Road.

The distance which the Confederate army traversed going from Gettysburg to Hagerstown was about 35 miles. The distance the Federal army covered was nearly 70 miles. The former occupied a little more than two days in marching this distance, while the latter spent almost eight days in its march.

In order that this story of the Confederate retreat from Gettysburg over our Monterey Road may be properly understood, an account will first be given of the passage of the wagon train down the mountain. Then we will retrace and accompany General Lee and his staff and after coming with them to Waynesboro we will again go back and accompany the infantry forces from Monterey until they leave our little city by way of Leitersburg street, row Potomac street.

CONFEDERATE TRAIN COMMANDED BY EWELL

The first evidence Waynesboro had that the "rebels" were coming back was the report that a large train of wounded soldiers

was being conveyed over the mountains. This Confederate wagon train was commanded by General Ewell and in addition to wounded soldiers it contained ammunition and supplies of all kinds which had been gathered up while on their march through our valley during the week preceding the battle. This train took a short route from Fairfield by way of the Maria Furnace road and came upon our Monterey Road near the mountain tollgate.

A series of short engagements between Lee's retreating army and the pursuing army of the Potomac took place on the road between Monterey and Waynesboro and certain residents of this vicinity who wandered too close to the Confederate lines fell into the hands of the enemy. Among these were John Oller, J. M. Burns, Daniel Hollinger, David Young, Richard Bonebrake and Hugh Sibbett. One of them, David Young, broke away from his captors along the road on this side of Buena Vista hotel and leaped or slid down the steep precipice toward Red Run. The officer having the prisoners in charge raised his gun to shoot, when he was interrupted by Oller who said, "Don't shoot! he's weak-minded!" This quick-witted remark, amusing the officer, caused him to drop his gun and Young's life was spared. The other men were involuntary witnesses of the exciting scenes that followed and then were confined under guard in the cellar of Monterey hotel. Later when the Confederates abandoned the place they were released.

DESTRUCTION OF CONFEDERATE WAGON TRAIN

Perhaps the most dramatic and most exciting incident of Lee's retreat was Kilpatrick's attack on the Confederate wagon train. This train proceeded down the turnpike from Morterey by the old Buena Vista Inn and the head of the column reached Rouzerville late in the evening of Saturday, July 4th. In Rouzerville at the turn of the road the Confederates took the Old Hagerstown Road with the object of going along the mountain-side to Smithsburg. After proceeding a short distance and learning of the presence of Union forces in that direction, they immediately turned back and started to go on the road that leads direct to Ringgold and Leitersburg.

As usual after the great battles of the Civil War, heavy rains followed quickly upon the Battle of Gettysburg and it so happened that while General Ewell was trying to get his train out of danger from attack, the very windows of heaven seemed to open. Water fell in torrents, the roads soon became almost impassable and to add to their difficulties the dashing rain blinded horses and drivers. It was during their consternation that a contingent of Kilpatrick's cavalry came down the mountain and fell upon them. Another party of Kilpatrick's men piloted by

the late Charles H. Buhrman came by way of Raven Rock road and intercepted the train of the retreating army at Leitersburg. These two forces working toward each other created havoc among the enemy and inflicted great loss by the capture of prisoners, horses, arms, et cetera. The one contingent destroyed the train from Leitersburg back to Ringgold, a distance of three miles, while the other force destroyed the train from Monterey to Ringgold, a distance of six miles, making nine miles of Confederate wagon train captured or burned or destroyed by cutting of wagon tongues and breaking of spokes in wheels with sledge hammers.

HELL ON EARTH

The people who lived along the route of the Confederate retreat were frightened beyond measure. They remained in their homes but there was no sleep for them that eventful night. The heavy rain, the intense darkness, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the rumble of wagons, the shouts of the drivers, the reports of musketry, the cries of the wounded and the noise and confusion of battle all combined to make it a veritable hell on earth.

The citizens of Waynesboro had not yet been sure of the actual result at Gettysburg. When they saw, on night of July 4th, the fires extending from the top of the mountain all the way down to Leitersburg, great excitement prevailed for they beheld fireworks, the like of which has been the lot of few communities to witness. They stood in awe of a pyrotechnic display that was beyond description. The ammunition wagons having been set on fire, the resultant explosions gave the impression of cannonading and our people were expected every moment to be within the range of fire. Such a celebration of Independence Day will never again be witnessed by the people of Waynesboro.

AFTERMATH OF THE BATTLE

The next morning, when the residents along the route ventured forth, the battle was over and most of the dead and wounded had been removed, but the road from Buena Vista to Ridgeville, (now Ringgold) was strewn with all kinds of wreckage, much of it charred and burned. Some of this destruction had been done by the Confederates themselves who, after having disengaged their horses, set fire to the wagons to prevent the supplies from falling into the possession of the Union forces. There were hundreds of wagons destroyed. Thirty wagons and a few ambulances loaded with wounded officers were captured and sent as prisoners to Frederick. It should be remembered that all this was not accomplished without severe fighting.

Many of the supplies, consisting of guns, ammunition, clothing, food and numerous other articles were gathered up the next day by people who had come from Waynesboro and the surrounding country. A few horses wandering along the road were also taken. Most of this booty was later recovered by the Union troops. Some of the dead soldiers were wrapped in blankets and buried in shallow graves where they fell. These bodies were later taken up and reinterred in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg.

A peculiar incident that might have been a serious accident happened to Josiah Besore, father of Charles E. Besore. Like many others he was riding horseback that Sunday morning in the vicinity of Ringgold to observe the destruction wrought the night before. While watching a pile of burning rifles a gunshot was heard and he found his silk hat had been pierced by a bullet. The bullet came from the enemy's gun but the enemy was nowhere in sight.

REPORT OF KILPATRICK'S VICTORY

The capture of the Confederate wagon train, one of General Judson Kilpatrick's most brilliant achievements, was reported by him in a dispatch sent from Smithsburg, Md., July 5, 1863, to Major General Pleasanton in the following language:

"Yesterday, at 12 midnight, I attacked the right flank of the enemy at different points, and found him in force at each point. I passed through Emmitsburg, and ordered one brigade to pass through the mountain, W. E. Jones brigade of cavalry drove back my people, and I was attacked at the same time on my right flank. Knowing that the train of wagons was passing, I gave battle, forced my way through the pass, drove back the rebel cavalry and artillery, captured one entire regiment, colonel, lieutenant colonel, most of the officers and one battle-flag. General Custer here had a hard fight. The enemy's cavalry and infantry made every effort to drive me back, but we passed on, reached the train, barricaded the road in our rear, and the entire train from the mountains to Ridgeville was in my possession.

"I have destroyed the wagons of Ewell's entire corps, and over 1500 prisoners have been taken. I have sent them to Frederick City. I now hold a strong position; my lines of retreat are certain. The enemy is in sight, tired and worn out; he shall not have one moment's rest. The pontoons between Williamsport and Sharpsburg are destroyed. General Early was cut off last night from his people, and my men are chasing both himself and staff over the country. He is wounded."

In a later report dated August 10, 1863, to Adjutant-General A. J. Cohen, General Kilpatrick reported more definitely

the result of this engagement as follows: "At daylight the whole command had safely passed, and Ewell's large train was entirely destroyed, save eight forges, thirty wagons, and a few ambulances loaded with wounded rebel officers (sent prisoners to Frederick City).

"At 9 a. m. on the 5th the command reached Smithsburg with 1360 prisoners, one battle-flag, and a large number of horses and mules, several hundred of the enemy's wounded being left upon the field. We lost 5 killed, including 1 commissioned officer, 10 wounded and 28 missing, making an aggregate of 43 killed, wounded and missing."

OTHER REPORTS OF THIS BATTLE

Here is another report of this battle by Major Charles E. Capehart of the West Virginia cavalry. It is dated August 17, 1863, and reads as follows:

"The charge was ordered, and, with a whoop and a yell, the regiment dashed down upon the train. The night was one of inky darkness; nothing was discernible a half dozen paces ahead. As the advance came up to the train, they received a heavy volley of musketry, which at once showed the exact position of the enemy. Onward they dashed, and a hand-to-hand conflict ensued. The scene was wild and desolating. The road lay down a mountain side, wild and rugged.

"On either side of the road was a heavy growth of underbrush, which the enemy had taken as a fit place to conceal themselves and fire upon us. The road was interspersed with wagons and ambulances for a distance of 8 miles, and the whole train was taken—300 wagons, 15 ambulances, together with all the horses and mules attached. The number of prisoners taken was 1300 including 200 commissioned officers. The casualties of this regiment were 2 killed and 2 wounded."

Colonel Pennock Huey, commanding Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and George A. Custer, commanding Third Division of U. S. Army, also filed with the War department reports of this engagement.

Among the Union troops that participated in destroying Early's wagon train were First Michigan Cavalry, Fifth Michigan Cavalry, Sixth Michigan Cavalry, Seventh Michigan Cavalry, First Ohio Cavalry, Sixth Ohio Cavalry, First West Virginia Cavalry, First Vermont Cavalry and Battery H. Second U. S. Artillery.

In addition to these reports of the Union officers, two reports were filed by Confederate generals who referred to the destruction of their wagon train as "Engagements at Monterey Gap." One of these reports was written by General J. E. B. Stuart and the other by General W. A. Tanner. Nothing fur-

ther is gleaned from these reports except that the claims by the Union forces of the prisoners and booty taken were thought to be exaggerated and the Confederate losses accordingly minimized. They also reported that on account of heavy rains the roads had become almost impassable.

A very interesting letter describing this affair was written by the late Doctor H. G. Chritzman of Welsh Run, who was a member of one of General Kilpatrick's divisions.

DR. H. G. CHRITZMAN'S LETTER

"July 4th, we moved to Emmitsburg and reported to Kilpatrick; moved same evening to intercept Ewell's wagon-train which was reported to be near Monterey Springs. The brigade moved rapidly up the mountain-road, striking Ewell's wagon-train about three o'clock in the morning of July 5th, in the midst of a furious thunder storm, whilst on its retreat from Gettysburg." Here Dr. Chritzman breaks into verse, quoting Walter Scott:

"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As if all the fiends from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner cry of hell."

Then he continued as follows: "This, combined with the Plutonic darkness made it one of the nights long to be remembered. When we came up with the wagon train, Federal and Confederate cavalry, wagons, ambulances, drivers and mules became a confused mass of pursued and pursuing demons whose shouts and carbine shots, mingled with the lightning's red glare and the thunder's crash, made it appear as if we were in the infernal regions. Especially so as the cries of the wounded often rose high above the din of conflicting forces.

"Frequently a driver would be shot or leave his mule team, when the unrestrained animals would rush wildly down the narrow road, and in many instances the wagons with the mules attached would be found at daylight at the bottom of some deep ravine crushed to pieces, with the mules dead or dying. It was a fearful ride suiting well the fearless intrepidity of our daring commander.

"A Confederate brigade, then a long train of wagons and ambulances, then our brigade in the center, with Ewell's corps in our rear, going down that narrow mountain road upon the principle of the devil take the hindmost—you have Kilpatrick's dash across Monterey Pass.

"The result of this brilliant movement was the capture of a large number of wagons, ambulances, and mules with fifteen hundred prisoners. The brigade reached the foot of the

mountain about daylight; leaving the Baltimore pike where it turns toward Waynesboro, the column moved on toward Smithsburg, Maryland, where the wagons and ambulances were burned. The command rested at this place during the day. As the shades of evening drew nigh we were treated to a compliment of shot and shell by Stuart, who appeared at Raven Rock Gap above the little village. Soon our battery got into position, when Stuart was compelled to retire; our brigade taking up the line of march for Boonsborough, where it arrived about midnight without further interruption."

BATTLE IN WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP

That engagement, be it noted, occurred between the top of the mountain and Waynesboro and covered the district from Buena Vista through Rouzerville and Ringgold to Leitersburg. It is doubtful whether many Franklin countians are now aware that a battle such as this was fought at our very doors. That this engagement was a severe one is no exaggeration. There are a few men still living, who were boys then and who have vivid recollections of that eventful night. The late John A. Johnston of Rouzerville, who was then a lad of fourteen distinctly remembered hearing the reports of musketry. He said there was great excitement among the residents of the neighborhood and he himself saw soldiers brought into the house of his uncle, George Harbaugh, with whom he lived at that time.

No large guns were in action that night but the next day—Sunday—there was considerable cannonading in the direction of the mountain, Stuart occupied the hill above Edgement at Nicodemus' and bombarded the Union forces at Smithsburg. A house in Smithsburg was struck and the place where the ball entered can still be seen. Toward evening the Confederate infantry appeared in large numbers. Kilpatrick's men then retired toward Frederick.

Since it is a matter of record that the casualties reached a total of more than fifteen hundred men in killed, wounded, missing, and prisoners and since the property destroyed and captured was estimated to be worth several hundred thousand dollars, is it not possible that this loss had much to do toward crippling Lee's army? An engagement of such proportions may well be called a battle, but coming so soon after the great battle of Gettysburg, its importance seems to have been overlooked by historians.

A NOTED MILITARY ENCOUNTER

The capture of the wagon train during the night of July 4th was the most noted military encounter in Franklin County.

General Kilpatrick's modest report of this engagement has lain unnoticed for seventy-five years in the archives of the War department. It is time these reports be resurrected and this midnight battle be given its rightful place in the annals of the war. There the reports are and they may be seen by any one who cares to look for them.

Like most soldiers General Kilpatrick did not waste words and it is possible, that because of the brevity of his reports he himself did not receive the credit for this achievement which he deserved and we, who live in this neighborhood, have never realized the importance of this event which transpired in our midst.

With the exception of the burning of Chambersburg, Franklin County receives only a passing glance by the historians of the Civil War, yet it was overrun time and time again by the enemy and its citizens suffered losses mounting up into millions of dollars. Our county was just a stamping ground during the rebellion and our losses seem to have been passed off by the War department as merely the fortunes of war. Kilpatrick's victory is the only one in which the Confederates suffered any loss worth mentioning in our county.

BATTLE SHOULD HAVE A NAME

This battle which centered around Rouzerville should have a name. At first thought it would seem to be appropriate to call it the battle of South Mountain but there was a battle of the Civil war by that name. Possibly it should be called the battle of Mason and Dixon as part of the skirmish occurred south of Mason and Dixon Line. There is no other engagement of the Civil war which has the distinction of being fought on both sides of the Mason and Dixon Line. It could be called "The Battle of Rouzerville," but that would not do as the little town was then known as Pikesville.

For many years after this occurrence there could still be seen along the course of this road broken spokes, felloes, hubs and other parts of wagons and gun carriages—mute evidences of the disaster inflicted on the Confederates by Kilpatrick's cavalry.

CHILDREN SHOULD KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS BATTLE

The school children of Franklin County and especially the school children of Washington Township on whose soil it was fought should be taught the facts about this battle. There are numerous instances recorded of several generations having passed away before the significance of some event was fully recognized and given its rightful place in history and truly this battle is one of these instances of belated recognition. After

seventy-five years can we not give this battle along the Monterey road its rightful place in history?

This trip over the Monterey Road has not been undertaken for the avowed purpose of creating sentiment to perpetuate certain historic events or spots, but if there is any place in Franklin County that should be commemorated by a marker or monument it does seem that the engagement, which centered around Rouzerville is of sufficient importance to receive such recognition. At the bend of the road in Rouzerville is the proper place for a metal tablet such as the government has heretofore erected in many places telling of incidents of much less military importance than this Union victory. Such a marker would not let us forget nor let our children forget the exciting struggle which took place less than three miles from Waynesboro.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE'S RETREAT

Having disposed of the Confederate wagon train let us now follow General Robert E. Lee with his staff in his passage over the road from Monterey to Waynesboro, a distance of six miles. He came from Gettysburg by way of Fairfield and reached the top of the mountain at Monterey Monday, July 5th sometime in the forenoon. Coming down the mountain, he dismounted from his horse just above the old Buena Vista Inn.

He entered a small tent pitched along the roadside for his use. Here the general ate a hastily prepared meal. In this tent he was seen writing and it is probable that he wrote orders directing the retreat of his shattered forces to the Potomac river.

Outside this tent General Lee made a short address to his officers. A bystander, Samuel Wallace, who had an opportunity to hear him, related that he spoke very feelingly of his officers and men who had lost their lives on the battlefield, mentioning some of his closest friends by name. He told them they must now go back to Virginia and his main concern was to get his wounded men safely on the other side of the River.

It was a significant and gloomy speech, for here he looked down on the wonderful Cumberland Valley and gave expression to discouragement. After the battle, when contemplating his great loss, he was heard quietly to say, "Too bad! Too bad! Oh! it's too bad!" No doubt when looking down on this fruitful valley with its harvests ready to be gathered by the thrifty husbandmen he contrasted the scene with the impoverished condition in men and supplies of his own dear Southland. It was probably impressed on him more forcibly than ever before, that the great objective of the war for which he and his men struggled could not be attained.

From that time forward, although the war lasted nearly two years longer, General Lee no doubt felt in his heart that the cause of the Confederacy was at low ebb, and while he may not have told his officers in so many words, they doubtless realized with him that they were engaged in a struggle which must eventually go against them.

LEE'S RIDE ALONG THE MONTEREY ROAD

But, the soldier that he was, he remounted his horse, directed his officers with his accustomed vigor and proceeded down the Monterey Road through Rouzerville stopping at Stephey's Tavern, an old brick hostelry located just a few rods east of Red Run bridge. Here we see General Lee again, this time sitting down to dinner with several of his officers. After dinner he gave Mrs. Lewis Stephey a silver drinking cup which the Stephey family fondly treasure to this day.

General Lee left the Stephey hotel soon after dinner and rode along our Monterey Road into Waynesboro. The road was overflowing with his retreating soldiers and although riding from defeat his passage was like the ovation of a victorious general. Cheer after cheer went up from his men which was a continuous shout as he passed along. General Lee's men never lost confidence in his generalship even though he was not uniformly victorious.

General Lee was next seen riding gallantly through Waynesboro on his gray charger, bowing occasionally to the crowds collected on the sidewalks. While General Robert E. Lee was the arch enemy of our Union yet he was highly respected by friend and foe alike, for it was recognized by all that when he espoused the Southern cause, he did so after prayerfully considering the great question from every point of view, not forgetting of course that he was a Virginian.

To show with what reverence and affection he was held by his officers and men, the late Miss Kate Brotherton was once heard to say that she with some friends was standing on her porch when General Lee rode by. His aides who rode with him proudly but silently nodded their heads in his direction, as much as to say, "There is our general, isn't he fine?" They were proud of their defeated chief and wanted every one to recognize him.

GENERAL LEE IN WAYNESBORO

At various times there has been more or less discussion as to whether General Lee actually passed through Waynesboro. It is contended by some that when he came down the Monterey road, he turned to the left at Rouzerville, taking the road by

Midvale, Ringgold and Leitersburg to Hagerstown. It has even been said that those of our people who claim to have seen General Lee riding through Waynesboro were mistaken and that they may have seen Longstreet or Hill or some other Confederate general in his stead.

An incident occurred which confirms beyond any question that General Lee went through our town. It appears that when the Confederate staff officers came into Waynesboro they halted on the Public Square and dismounted at the old town pump for the purpose of having, what seemed to bystanders, a short conference.

While this was going on, a Mexican war veteran, George W. Davis, father of Miss Jane Davis, who is now living on South Church Street, walked over to where the officers were standing and put out his hand to greet General Lee who was then standing on the platform of the town pump. Evidently mistaking Mr. Davis' intentions, there was a rattling of sabers among the officers and they instantly grouped themselves around General Lee for the purpose of resisting any attack on their chief. Then it was that General Lee recognized Mr. Davis, cordially shook hands with him and told him how happy he was to greet him as an old friend, and as one of the soldiers under his command in the Mexican war. This incident certainly sets at rest any doubt about General Lee not passing through Waynesboro.

GENERAL LEE ON THE SQUARE

General Lee, although not an old man, was remembered as having gray hair—as gray as his horse, Traveler—and his expression was not that of a hard-hearted man, but rather that of a kindly benevolent gentleman.

As he sat on his horse July 5th, 1863, in our public square, he looked every inch a soldier. At that time he was about 52 years of age. His hat was a soft black without ornament other than a military cord around the crown. He wore the ordinary Confederate gray with three small stars on each side of the collar of his coat indicating his rank. He seemed not only to have the most profound respect of his men—officers and privates—but their admiration and love as well.

General Lee was probably the most distinguished character in history that ever rode through the steets of Waynesboro. The men composing his staff were a splendid looking body, finely mounted, neatly dressed and excellent in horsemanship. They presented an impressive appearance to all those who saw them.

There were noted that day with the Confederates two smart looking men not wearing Confederate uniforms. One

of them was a British, and the other a Prussian officer. They were sent over here by their respective governments to observe and study the conduct of the war. These men attracted the attention of our people because of their bright trappings in contrast with the somber gray and absence of decoration among the Confederate officers. It was well known at the time that these two officers, as well as the governments they represented, were not pleased with the result at Gettysburg.

MOUNTAIN

Having followed General Lee with his staff from Monterey to Waynesboro, it may be interesting to learn how he disposed of his army in its perilous situation. His first consideration undoubtedly was to see that his wounded and his supplies were sent forward. After they were well under way the main body of his troops began to move and General Lee himself was neither in the front nor in the rear of his army, just moving along the Monterey Road in company with his retreating columns.

LEE TOOK DIRECT ROUTE TO RIVER

In order to arrive at a proper understanding of the retreat of Lee's army from Gettysburg one should remember that the operations on the battlefield were spread over considerable territory. When the orders to retire were given, the object of the various division commanders, no matter where they were located, was to conduct their forces to the Potomac River in the shortest possible time and by the shortest possible route. Practically the whole of the Confederate army retreated from Gettysburg through Washington Township and Waynesboro in southern Franklin County and roughly speaking their passage covered the district included by the road from Greenwood to Greencastle on the north and by the road from Monterey to Waynesboro on the south. Of course the cavalry forces spread somewhat beyond this area for the purpose of protecting the trains containing supplies of various kinds and the large number of wounded men.

Most of the wounded were sent by way of Cashtown, Greenwood, Turkey Foot (now New Guilford), New Franklin, Marion and Greencastle and composed a train over fourteen miles long. What with the cries of the sick and wounded, the shouts and oaths of the drivers mingled with the rumble and rattle of the springless wagons, a scene was enacted on this stretch of country road that beggars all description. This hilly cross-country road over which they moved, became almost impassable because of the

heavy rains. It was a piteous and heart-rending spectacle never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The main force of the Confederate army consisting of infantry and artillery came by way of Monterey and Waynesboro. As has been related the wagon train, that had been captured by Kilpatrick, came down the Monterey Road in the evening of July Fourth. Early Sunday morning, July 5th, the advance guard of the Confederates had several guns posted on Burns Mill, not a cemetery then. They also had guns stationed on top of the mountain, but no shots were fired from cemetery hill and these guns were afterward brought down the hill and taken away.

As soon as the people of Waynesboro learned of the fortifying of Burns Hill, many of them believing the town to be bombarded, became very much excited and retired to their cellars. They soon learned, however, that the cannon pointed eastward in order to protect, if necessary, the retreating columns of the Confederates.

RETREAT OF LEE'S ARMY ON MONTEREY ROAD

On Sunday, July 5th, the Confederate infantry began to swarm over the South Mountain, the main body coming by way of Monterey Pass, down the Monterey Pike, through Waynesboro and turned south at Leitersburg street on their way to the Potomac river. Monterey Road was too narrow to accommodate them and one observer says there were as many soldiers marching on each side of the turnpike as there were on it. Where fences obstructed their course, they were torn down and this space covered with a solid mass of marching soldiers. After they had passed, the road from Rouzerville to Waynesboro looked like a boulevard 100 feet wide. It took the best part of two days and a night for the long line to pass through our town and they traveled as fast as they could.

The first evidence that the Waynesboro people actually had of the enemy was the appearance of four horseback riders who came rapidly into town from the east. The streets were full of people for they then knew that the "rebels" were coming back. As soon as these riders reached Certer Square each one discharged a revolver and quicker than it takes to tell it, the streets were deserted and these four horsemen of the Confederacy immediately wheeled around and rode back whence they came.

Why they discharged their firearms is not clear, unless it was done to put our people in the proper frame of mind, so as not to annoy the retreating soldiers with taunt or jest. However, it had that effect for in a short time the town was full of marching soldiers, and the citizens had retired within their

homes. But they did not remain long indoors, as they soon learned they would not be molested.

An incident occurred in connection with these four horsemen that might have resulted seriously for the town. When returning from the square they were shot at from a second story window, at 114 East Main street, by Daniel Crouse, a Union soldier, who was home on a few days furlough. Fortunately they were not struck, otherwise Waynesboro might have paid dearly for this man's indiscretion.

Several large camps were established along the route of retreat, one close to Rouzerville, one just west of the lime kiln; one on the Mickley farm east of town; one where Green Hill cemetery is now located, and one in the fields now known as Gilberton. At these camps they used up all the fences for firewood. The soldiers and horses trampled down and destroyed the standing wheat in the neighborhood, not wantonly but from force of circumstances because of their great numbers. They also took all the food for man and beast that was in sight and that could be found for miles around.

A dishevelled and bedraggled lot they were, nor were they as jubilant and boastful as they had been two weeks before. There were more depredations than on their way to battle but that was to be expected. It was their last chance and they were hungry. However, considering the fact that they were a defeated army, good discipline was observed and, to their credit be it said, there were no insults offered to man or woman by any of these fifty or more thousand men.

SOUTHERN ARMY COMPELLED TO DETOUR

Just before entering Waynesboro a circumstance occurred which was both amusing and embarrassing. It seemed that when the Confederate army passed David Hoefflich's house where the hospital now stands, it was obliged to detour quite a distance through the fields on the opposite side of the road to avoid a hive of angry bees that were made so because several soldiers who had gone before had robbed them of their honey. All the men in Waynesboro could not have delayed the Confederate army a minute if they had wanted to, nor compelled it to vary an inch in its course, but column after column of soldiers marched out through the field in order to avoid the angry little bees that held possession of that portion of our Monterey road; just one of the many instances illustrating how great movements have been sidetracked by reason of some insignificant or some unlooked for circumstance and often changing the subsequent history of the world.

CONFEDERATES RETREATED IN GOOD ORDER

Lee's army did not retreat in disorder. It was a hot day and the soldiers, although tired, stepped along rather lively. Sometimes they kept step in military order; at other times they went "go as you please." Every once in a while they were ordered to halt when they quickly stacked arms in the middle of the road and every last man of them instantly dropped to the ground for a short rest. It is said our Main street and the road to Monterey during these short periods of rest, looked like a long row of shocks in a corn field. It was not noted that these orders, first given by an officer of the Advance Guard, were relayed, echoing all the way from Waynesboro to far up the mountain side and doubtless several minutes elapsed before the soldiers in the rear dropped to the ground.

The road and the streets were also crowded with covered wagons full of wounded men and there were scores and scores of gun carriages with cannon mounted on them. Many of these guns were stamped "U. S.," doubtless captured from our army during previous battles. As the soldiers marched along the street they begged for muslin bandages for the wounded and they did not ask in vain, for our women brought out everything they had and in some cases called them to the sidewalks and assisted in binding up their wounds.

No other spectacle in America compared in numbers and significance with this great retreat on our Monterey road. It should be remembered that many of these soldiers of the Confederacy were the flower of the Southland and when they accepted a drink of water from the town people during these rest periods they did it with the grace of a Chesterfield.

Two hospitals were improvised—one in the old Eastern Schoolhouse situated on Cottage Street—the other in the Western Schoolhouse where Doctor P. D. Hoover's house stands, in which both Confederate and Union soldiers lay side by side. Our women ministered to these men regardless whether they wore the blue or the gray.

The general orders were not to destroy private property and to pay for all supplies commandeered for use of the army. That order, however, did not mean anything as their currency was worthless—a bad case of inflation.

Since credit should be given where credit is due, it ought to be said that so far as behavior of troops toward the civilian population along the border was concerned, the Southern soldiers in contrast with the Northern soldiers compared favorably. It can truthfully be said there was less rowdiness by the Rebels than there was by the Yankees—meaning the New York and the New England militia—which passed through Waynesboro shortly afterward.

INCIDENTS OF THE RETREAT OF LEE'S ARMY

By the time the main body of Lee's troops were coming across the mountain snatches of news reached Waynesboro that a great battle had been fought and that the Confederates were the losers. It is a singular fact that most of these marching men apparently did not know they had lost the battle, but doubtless many of their senior officers knew.

When the Southern soldiers were asked why they were going toward the South, some of them replied, "We are going back for more ammunition and then we will return and give your fellows a good licking." Others said, "We are taking the sick and wounded across the river out of danger; we will come back in a few days and resume our journey to New York." They were probably honest in what they said for the soldier in the ranks is not usually informed in advance as to the movements of his army. Many of them acknowledged they were tired of this war and hoped it would soon be over.

They did not know that the tide of the war had just been turned. In fact few people in the North realized that a great and decisive battle of the war had been fought at Gettysburg. It remained, however, for history to determine that fact.

The Confederate soldiers asked questions also. A number of them wanted the news from other fields of operation and inquired especially about Vicksburg. They were not yet aware their side had lost that important stronghold to General Grant. Indeed our people could tell them very little. Communication with the outside world had been cut off as Waynesboro had been in possession of the enemy since June 23, and the news which did filter through was often false as true.

CONFEDERATE ARMY FOLLOWED BY "STRAGGLERS"

While Lee's army progressed down the Monterey Road through Waynesboro in an orderly manner, it was noticed that its rear was composed of a body of men more or less disorganized. This part of the army was made up of such soldiers, who for one reason or other dropped out of the ranks in their particular companies and naturally fell behind. These loiterers were also accompanied by officers, but the officers did not seem to have them under as complete control as they had over the main body of troops. It may be noted, that on account of sickness or slight wounds many of those in the rear were given leave by their officers to drop out of the regular ranks.

For a defeated army General Lee had his men well in hand. If there was any plundering it was done by the "stragglers" or sutlers, as those in the rear were called. They would run after chickens and generally get them. They would get

into cellars, take what was fit to eat and quickly leave. All these pilferings were committed in rather a good natured way and were not very much resented by our people as no one cared to start any arguments.

But in justice to the Southern army it should be said that much thieving was done in its name, for which it was in no way responsible. The same assertion, with as much truth, can be made for the Northern armies. Many men—and it might be added a few women—who followed Lee's army and associated themselves with it, did not belong to his organization. They remained just far enough in the rear to be free from its discipline and took everything worth while on which they could lay their hands.

In fact this neighborhood, because of its location, was continually overrun by desperadoes who, masquerading as soldiers, committed all sorts of plunder and pillage. Franklin County people were never allowed to forget that our country was at war and they suffered losses which had no counterpart anywhere else in the North.

NEGROES IN THE SOUTHERN ARMY

Here and there were to be seen negroes going along with the white soldiers and they seemed to be the happiest of all. Some of them were servants of officers and a few were just boys and active little fellows they were. They too ran quickly into houses and stables and as quickly ran out again. At John Frantz's place by the spring, east of town, several of these little black fellows went into his barn in search of eggs. It appears that Mr. Frantz, instead of skedaddling with his horses as others had done, concealed them in a sort of cellar in the rear of his barn. Up to this time the horses had not been discovered and were to all intents perfectly safe. But the boys scouting after eggs found where they had been concealed. They informed their masters and John Frantz's horses joined the Confederate army.

BLUE MIXED WITH THE GRAY

One thing that particularly impressed our people as these marching men passed along was that among the dull gray of the Confederates were occasional patches of blue. These were contingents of Union prisoners. There were about four thousand five hundred of these scattered along in groups of several hundred men in each group. They were unarmed, of course, and no one seemed to be looking after them, but they kept pace and mingled freely with their captors. They showed no fear, but they looked tired and whenever the army halted for a

rest they too would stop. Their captives were taken across the Potomac into Virginia and lodged in prison camps at Staunton.

GENERAL LEE'S COW

Notwithstanding the fact that our streets during the Confederate retreat were crowded from curb to curb with marching soldiers, supply wagons, caissons, et cetera, there was seen by a few of our citizens, a soldier leading a solitary milk cow, weaving his way through the throng. It seemed strange and out of place for this peaceful looking animal to be moving along with these accoutrements of war. It was learned, however, that this cow was General Lee's personal property and wherever the cow was to be seen it was taken for granted that its owner was not far away. It was called Lee's cow and it was said that he never used any milk except that supplied by his own cow. He is supposed to have exercised this care in order to protect himself against eating or drinking any food that might be adulterated.

Whether General Lee's cow came along with him from Virginia and went with him through the battle of Gettysburg is not now known. He may have changed cows frequently for while his soldiers were in our valley they took thousands of cattle from our farmers and drove them toward the Potomac river. On account of the high water and because they could not wait until waters reached a safe stage many of these cattle were carried down with the flood and drowned.

It is a well known fact that considerable drinking was indulged in by the soldiers as well as by their officers. It is related that one evening while a group of officers were assembled in a tent, it was suggested, as was perfectly natural in those times, that they order drinks. The suggestion meeting with general approval each one was asked his preference. The question coming around to General Lee, he turned to his servitor and said, "Bring me my favorite drink," whereupon the servitor soon appeared with an empty glass and a pitcher of milk and set it on the table. Not another word was said but the whole assembly felt at once that they were tactfully and politely administered a gentle rebuke by their commanding general. This incident lends color to the fact that General Lee drank milk and that he would likely want it fresh from his own cow.

MORAL STANDARD OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS

There is one outstanding feature that should not be forgotten in any account of the invasion of Pennsylvania and that

is the high moral standard of the men composing Lee's army. Nearly 80,000 soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia spent two weeks north of Mason and Dixon Line in the enemy's country and there is not a single instance on record of any affront offered to women by look, word or deed, by any of these men during the time of this invasion. Judged by the standard of moral behavior it is believed that the record of our Northern and Southern soldiers has never been excelled in any war.

One civilian, it is true, was killed during the Confederate occupation of our county, Frederick Strite, three miles northeast of Marion, but he was supposed to have been murdered by outlaws—of whom there were many in the valley at that time—and not by soldiers of Lee's army. With the exception of the demands and inconveniences incident to war the occupation of the Cumberland Valley was accomplished in an orderly manner.

SOUTHERN ARMY LEAVES WAYNESBORO

The head of the procession in its course through our town, turned to the left at Leitersburg street, now Potomac street, and the long line of troops proceeded on their way toward Hagerstown and the Potomac river. On Tuesday, July 7th, 1863, at ten o'clock in the morning the last Confederate soldier left Waynesboro, the town having been in possession of the enemy about two weeks. On that day the Confederate flag was lowered from its staff above the old Town Hall on Center Square and the governing authority of the town was again vested in its Burgess and Town Council. The Stars and Stripes were then brought out of hiding and began to appear in front of the houses again. The citizens, breathing easier, gathered in groups here and there to relate their experiences—many of which were amusing, others not so pleasant.

One woman who lived on Main street says that after the Rebels had retreated through town the housewives became very busy sweeping pavements in front of their houses. She said the Southern soldiers were filthy, however, that was no particular reflection, as that condition has been a common complaint with all soldiers in every war.

A singular and interesting fact might be noted here, that General Lee approached Gettysburg by way of the turnpike known today as Lincoln highway named in honor of the war-time President, and he returned from Gettysburg by way of the turnpike known today as Buchanan highway named in honor of James Buchanan, Lincoln's predecessor in office. It is left to you whether these occurrences were anything more than a coincidence.

UNION CAVALRY ENTERS WAYNESBORO

Waynesboro was not to be left alone. On the same day, July 7th, several hours after the last Confederate had disappeared down Leitersburg street, over the Hagerstown pike, a large force of Union cavalry under command of General Neill came down the Monterey road crowding the street from curb to curb and dashed through the town, never stopping until they reached the west end. Here they encamped for the night in Funk's field where Frick shops now stand. It seems they were careful not to turn down Leitersburg street, the direction the Confederate army had taken. This statement is not intended as a reflection on the movements of these troops. They doubtless had their orders not to come in contact with the enemy.

The same evening an impromptu ball was given in the old Town Hall located in the southeast corner of the Public Square. At this day it may appear unseemly to have held a ball just five days after the battle of Gettysburg. But possibly it was just as well that, living in the midst of things and having evidences of war about them every day, our people should turn aside occasionally in order to forget their troubles. The ball was attended by Union officers—no privates were admitted—and as related by a citizen who lived here at the time but was not present, "All the women of the town who could dance were there."

UNION INFANTRY ENTERS WAYNESBORO

The next day, July 8th, Union Infantry began to pour into Waynesboro by way of our Monterey Road until the town was apparently as full of Union soldiers as previously it had been of Confederate soldiers. While their physical condition was somewhat better than their opponents at the same time they too were a tired looking body of men.

During the time the Union troops occupied Waynesboro several officers had their headquarters in the home of George Besore, now the Strickler building, on the northwest corner of the Square, or Diamond as it was then called. They seemed to be pleased with the neighborhood for one of them in writing about Waynesboro described it as a "considerable village" and that he enjoyed his stay here. The troops were in charge of General Thomas A. Neill and some years after the war General Neill sent Mr. Besore a silver drinking cup engraved with words expressing appreciation of the hospitable treatment accorded him and his fellow officers by Mr. Besore while quartered in his home.

MILITARY DISPATCH SENT FROM WAYNESBORO

The only military order issued from Waynesboro, of which there is any record, was issued July 11, 1863, by the Union General Knipe and shows how matters were looked upon here:

"Headquarters, First Division,
Department of the Susquehanna,
Waynesboro, Pa., July 11, 1863.

"The brigadier-general commanding calls the attention of the command to the certainty of an early engagement with the enemy and it is strictly enjoined upon brigade, regimental and company commanders, to attend at once to the condition of the arms and ammunition of the men under them.

"No time is to be lost in putting the arms in perfect order, and seeing that the boxes are filled with cartridges. The rations on hand must be cooked and put in haversacks, so that no detention will ensue when the order to march is given, and also that the men may not suffer for food when it may be impossible for the supply trains to reach them.

(Signed) Brigadier-General Knipe."

On July 12, 1863, the last of the Union forces left Waynesboro, most of them going by way of Leitersburg. During this time it was the general feeling among Waynesboro people that another desperate struggle with the enemy was sure to take place before he was willing to go back to his own country and their minds were not fully at ease until they were assured that Lee and his army were on the other side of the Potomac river.

MEADE IN NO HASTE TO FOLLOW LEE

It appears the lack of haste on Meade's part may be accounted for in that he did not desire to engage Lee in battle north of the Potomac river. It might be mentioned here again that both armies had run short of ammunition and neither side was aware that this was the case with the other.

The crossing of the Confederate Infantry took place at Williamsport on the thirteenth of July when the waters of the Potomac had subsided so it could be waded with safety. Evidently these were anxious days for General Lee, for while contemplating the weather he was heard to remark, "Does it never stop raining in this country?"

The Confederate crossing was effected in the following manner: Two lines composed of the tallest men were chosen to string themselves across the river. These lines were but a few yards apart and the men managed to sustain themselves by interlocking their arms. The smaller men waded between these lines some places up to their necks in water. Farther

down a pontoon bridge was strung across the river over which wagons with wounded and supplies were taken.

DELAY IN FOLLOWING UP VICTORY

After every battle there is always speculation that if the victor had promptly followed up his advantage the result would have been different, and Gettysburg is no exception. Heavy rains followed the battle in consequence of which the waters of the Potomac rose to such an extent that General Lee was unable to reach the Virginia side. Evidently it was General Lee's opinion that he would have to fight another battle on northern soil before extricating his army from its perilous position.

After receiving information from a Confederate soldier, who was wounded at Gettysburg and had made his escape, that he had seen a heavy column of troops at Waynesboro, General Lee warned General J. E. B. Stuart in a dispatch as follows: "We must prepare for a vigorous battle and trust in the mercy of God and the valor of our troops. Get your men in command and have everything ready."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN MUCH CONCERNED

That the same view was held by the people of the North is evidenced by the fact that General Simon Cameron in an earnest address to President Lincoln wrote: "I hope to God you will put forth your authority and order every man in arms between the Susquehanna and the Potomac to unite with Meade so that he may have no reason for delay in giving battle before the falling flood allows Lee's army to escape."

President Lincoln in his characteristic reply said: "I would give much to be relieved of the impression that Meade, Couch, Smith, and all, since the battle of Gettysburg, have striven only to get Lee over the river without any fighting." Sometime after the battle he was heard to remark in his cautious way, "I think if I had been General Meade, I would have fought another battle."

There were many contacts it is true between the troops of the opposing forces north of the Potomac and several heavy skirmishes occurred at Williamsport, Md., but the suspense was finally ended when the waters subsided and Lee made good his escape.

Another letter by President Lincoln, written about the same time to General Thomas in command of the Department of the Susquehanna, shows how anxious he was that our army should attack the Confederates before they crossed the Potomac river. It reads in part: "The force you speak of will be of no imaginable

service if they cannot go forward without more expedition. Lee is now passing the Potomac faster than the forces you mention are passing Carlisle . . . they will in my unprofessional opinion be quite likely to capture the 'man in the moon' as any part of Lee's army."

It has been said and with some degree of truth that Meade received more censure for not capturing the Army of Virginia at Williamsport than he received praise for his victory at Gettysburg. The fact is neither side was ready for another battle.

Colonel A. K. McClure, a Franklin countian stated that "Meade lost the Lieutenant-Generalship that was conferred upon Sheridan by President Grant in 1869, because of the disappointment in Washington at his failure to deliver battle to Lee at Williamsport."

The people of Waynesboro beheld a defeated army moving back to the country whence it came. Picture if you can a solid body of marching soldiers overflowing the road from Fairfield to Hagerstown, a distance of thirty miles; no bards, no music, no laughter, just a body of bedraggled and battle-scared men carrying furled banners. The procession was no rout. It was a continuous tramp, tramp, tramp. These worn-out men with blackened faces from the smoke of battle were the flower of Lee's army and the aristocracy of the South. Many were left behind and never returned to their loved ones.

And so the residents along our Road to Monterey looked upon scenes that we of the present day can hardly comprehend. They saw an immense army on our Monterey Road marching sullenly in defeat. The like of this did not occur at any other time during the war. Never before or since were so many men and horses in Waynesboro and Washington township as during those eventful days in July, 1863. Instead of a normal population of 3000 to 4000 almost instantly it was increased ten-fold. No other spectacle in America compared in numbers and significance with this great army in retreat on our Monterey Road.

Pennsylvania's Last Slave Sale

January 1940

About two miles southwest of Chambersburg, near Guilford Springs, in Guilford Township is a farm which deserves to be ranked as one of the historic places of Pennsylvania; for on this farm it is believed that slavery was recognized as an institution for the last time by the people of The Keystone State. The farm originally belonged to Colonel James Young a Scotch Irish soldier of the Revolutionary War. It now belongs to J. F. Slider who lives near Keefers Store in Franklin County.

Slavery was abolished in Pennsylvania about the beginning of the last century, but the Act of Assembly provided that all children born into slavery before the act went into effect were obliged to serve their respective masters until they were twenty-eight years of age before they could be declared absolutely free.

Hence it was that Colonel Young's son William continued to be the owner of two male slaves, and during the year 1829, when a sale of his effects took place, these two slaves were sold along with his other personal property. A platform was erected under a wide-spreading oak tree, the auctioneer put the two slaves under the hammer and they were sold to the highest bidders.

While the time of this memorable sale has not been determined, it is believed to have taken place during the month of April 1829. The exact date may later be discovered in the files of the Franklin Repository. However there is little doubt but that it was the last time human flesh was legally and publicly exposed for sale in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. One boy called Bob—slaves had no surnames—having eight and one-half years to serve brought \$150.00; the other called Ned, having one and three-fourths years to serve brought \$30.00.

One of the slaves was knocked down to James Dunlop, a distinguished lawyer of Pennsylvania and author of "Dunlop's Digest." He put his purchase to work in an edge tool factory in Chambersburg and drew all the wages earned by the slave until the date of his freedom. The other was sold to Silas Henry, a contractor who was engaged in building the King Street Bridge in Chambersburg. He was put to work on this bridge, but became unmanageable and threatened his owner's life, when he too was placed in the edge tool factory to serve out his time.

The information concerning this remarkable sale was obtained about forty years ago from Noah Heckerman, a shoemaker and a resident of Chambersburg, and a living witness of the sale.

Born November 19th, 1820, he was a boy between nine and ten years of age when his father took him to the sale.

Mr. Heckerman was in his eightieth year when he related this story but his memory was remarkably clear and he recalled distinctly all the incidents of the occasion. But now, sorry to say the big tree, blown down some years ago by a wind storm and "Uncle Noah" are both gone, but the spot where the sale took place may still be identified as it was near the barnyard fence and but a few steps west of the spring.

The dwelling house on Colonel Young's farm is a large house built of stone with a front porch running its entire length. Some years ago the porch was removed and replaced by another covering about half its original length and supported with ordinary concrete blocks.

Alongside this old structure and but a few steps from it stands a two-story frame building known as the cook-house. The ground floor was used as a kitchen and the second story was occupied by slave girls who were servants in the master's house. In the attic of the main building, up until thirty years ago, was to be seen the old frame of a harpsicord and tradition has it that this musical instrument was often played by a favorite slave girl in the Young family. The other slaves lived in a row of cabins on the farm about half a mile from the farm buildings. Forty years ago evidences of these slave quarters could still be seen. They were located a short distance from the East Branch of the Conococheague Creek.

Slavery in Pennsylvania and in some parts of Maryland was a benevolent institution, but there is no doubt some slaves were roughly treated by their masters, just as some white children today are harshly treated by their parents.

It may be mentioned here that Pennsylvania was the first state in the Union to pass an abolition law. The records show the number of slaves in Pennsylvania in 1820 were 211; in 1830 67; and in 1840, 64. The U. S. Census Reports do not mention any slaves after 1840 but permission was granted to negroes to remain slaves, if they so desired, and it is recorded that James Clark of Donegal Township, Lancaster county, held a slave in 1860—down to the beginning of the Civil War.

It is well known and worthy of note that the Germans of Pennsylvania were opposed to slavery; and it may be said of the Quakers that they too held very few slaves. These two elements of citizenship succeeded on March 1, 1780 in passing a law which provided for the gradual abolition of slavery throughout the State. In after years it became a matter of great pride among the Quakers and the Germans that Pennsylvania was the first state in the Union to enact such a law.

Evidently the Youngs of Guilford Township, Franklin County have been overlooked by historians for they doubtless

were prominent citizens in their day. Colonel James Young saw service in the Revolutionary War and from 1774 to 1780 he was Captain of 8th Company, First Battalion. His military service is recorded in the Pennsylvania Archives. Judge Henry Ruby, in "Chambersburg Sixty Years Ago" published in the Shippensburg News, November 27th, 1875 states that Colonel Young was among the first inhabitants of Franklin County.

His son William was also a soldier and on the Second day of August, 1825 he was commissioned by Thomas McKean, Governor, a Major in The Militia of The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania Seventh Division, comprising the counties of Cumberland and Franklin. He was familiarly known as General Young for doubtless he was the leader at "Musterings" or Battalion days, popular gatherings once a year in Pennsylvania after the War of 1812.

General William Young married Mary Irwin, daughter of Joseph Irwin and Violet Porter. Mary Irwin Young was a second cousin of the famous Irwin sisters who married sons of William Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States.

General Young's oldest son James graduated from The University of Pennsylvania in medicine April 4th, 1823 when he was twenty-three years old. He settled in Nashville, Tennessee and later went to Natchez, Mississippi. In 1838 he returned to Chambersburg and concluded a sale of his old home to Philip Lemaster. Dr. Young's daughter-in-law a woman eighty years of age is living in Memphis, Tennessee.

While on the subject of slavery, in addition to the foregoing, it may be noted here that there are still a few old colored persons living in this county who were slaves somewhere in the South before January 1st, 1863.

Abe Carl, an ex-slave lived during his boyhood days with the Gaither-Huyett families near Smithsburg, Maryland and a number of years after the Emancipation Proclamation he and his wife came across the "Line" to Waynesboro; not because they had been ill-treated, but for the reason they felt the urge for freedom and thought that freedom in the North meant a good deal more than their comfortable home with the Gaithers and the Huyetts.

Abe still lives in Waynesboro. He doesn't know how old he is but thinks he is eighty years of age; he is probably eighty-five rather than eighty. He was old enough to remember the retreat of the Rebel cavalry July 5th, 1863 on the road south of Smithsburg and distinctly recollects seeing Mrs. Gaither going out to the front gate and asking the horsemen—"What does all this mean?" They answered "Nothing much, the battle is over and we are going back home." The Confederates referred to the battle of Gettysburg and evidently were in haste to reach the

Potomac River. It appears one group of cavalry had lost its way at Cavetown.

Abe says that he with a number of other slaves lived in a small log building rear the master's house. He played with the Huyett children and part of his work was to look after their welfare and keep them entertained. His principal duty, Abe said, was to wait at table. As he grew older he helped with the work in the house and out in the yard and gardens. He never learned to read but thinks he could have done so had he been inclined to study. He says all were contented and happy in the Huyett home.

Max Huyett, for many years superintendent of the Washington County Schools, a few years younger than Abe, comes to see him whenever he hears that he is ill or in trouble and occasionally brings him money or baskets of food. And so the dim memories of slavery reach across the years.

George Frick and The Romance of Waynesboro Industry

April 25, 1940

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

One hundred years ago, when George Frick, the subject of our sketch was born, John Quincy Adams had just been elected President of the United States and our country had reached the semi-centennial of its existence as a nation. There was not a steam railroad in our country in 1826. The turnpike going through our town from east to west had been built just ten years before. Those were the days when the Conestoga wagons with their burdens were slowly lumbering across our valley and over our hills and mountains. Then it was that the people stood on the countryside and looked with wonder at the pony express as it galloped back and forth over the highways at the rate of ten miles an hour.

Waynesboro, one hundred years ago, was a little village with five or six hundred inhabitants. Quincy on the north and Ridgeville (now Ringgold) on the south were vying with it, and with each other for supremacy. Our town having been started on the crossroads finally forged ahead and left these little towns in the rear.

BREAKING HOME TIES

In 1835 when George Frick was nine years of age his father Abraham Frick, anticipating Horace Greely's advice by nearly half a century, decided to leave his ancestral home in Lancaster county and "go west." Accordingly, bidding farewell to their neighbors and friends he started with his family on their journey. After traveling a few hours they came to the Susquehanna river, and at Wrightsville they ferried across, as the long wooden bridge had not yet been built. Little George looked with awe on the waters spread out before him, and doubtless nestled safely in his mother's arms, for this was the first time he had seen so large a body of water.

So caravan-like Abraham Frick and family with their horses, their cattle, their wagons and their household goods, slowly wended their way across York and Adams counties. When they reached the top of the South Mountain, they looked over this

beautiful valley, as many had done before them, and beheld the promised land. They settled on a farm purchased by him on a previous visit. This farm is located on the west branch of the Antietam creek about a mile north of the present town of Quincy.

FORBEARS OF GEORGE FRICK

Before proceeding further with this sketch let us take a look backward and see who the arcestors of our subject were. The Lineage of the Frick family can be traced back to the Seventeenth century to Henry Frick, an officer of considerable importance in one of the Cantons of Switzerland. He was born in 1621. George Frick, the subject of this sketch, was seventh in line of descent from this Henry Frick, his Switzerland ancestor.

Jacob Frick grandson of the above Herry was born in Switzerland in 1684. He came to America in 1733 and purchased from the penns a tract of about 500 acres near Neffsville in Lancaster county.

Jacob Frick son of the above Jacob was also born in Switzerland in 1728. He came to America with his father in 1733 when about five years of age. His wife was Magdalena Herr.

Abraham Frick son of the above Jacob Frick was born in 1759 on the farm purchased by his grandfather. He was a captain in the Revolution and after returning from the war he was married to Christiana Royer. Abraham Frick seems to have been a man of some mears in his day for in his will made in 1825, which contained more than 4000 words, gave to each of his children six hundred pounds Sterling besides making them a number of specific bequests. Why he made his bequests in English pounds instead of in American dollars is not clear, as our country had then been on a dollar basis for more than thirty years.

Abraham Frick son of the above Abraham and father of our subject was born in 1793 on the same farm in Lancaster county. He was married to Catherine Diffenbach. Both died in Waynesboro, the former, February 4, 1879 and the latter, September 7, 1872. He it was who emigrated from Lancaster county to Franklin county.

George Frick subject of this sketch and founder of Frick Company was the son of the above Abraham and was the fourth child in a family of six children. He also was born on the original farm purchased from the William Penn heirs. He was married December 9, 1849 to Frederica Openlander, daughter of Frederick Openlander. To them were born the following children: Franklin deceased, Abraham O., Martin died in infancy, Ezra, Amos M., Elizabeth, killed when but a little girl by being caught in a revolving shaft near the works, Frederick and Annie, widow of Victor B. Good.

GEORGE FRICK'S FATHER

George Frick's father must have been a man of considerable means and some discernment. When he left his home in Lancaster county, it is evident that he did not come here aimlessly, as he selected for his future residence, what was then and is today, one of the finest country homes in southern Franklin County.

There is reason to believe that Abraham Frick had a mechanical turn for he was not here long until he dammed up the waters of the little stream out in the meadow in front of his house and installed a small water wheel made by his own hands. With this wheel he operated a pump, also of his own making, to raise water from a well into the house and to the barn. The water wheel was a considerable distance from the well and was connected with it by means of a chain drive which was elevated enough to run over the roadway. This convenience was used by him long before any one hereabouts thought of having running water in his house. The water is still running over the little dam and it turns a wheel, but not the wheel made by Abraham Frick. Today the water is pumped from the stream instead of from the well and it is conveyed in pipes to the house.

Abraham Frick contrived and built what was known as a tumbling rake for the purpose of collecting new mown hay into windrows. It was a queer looking contrivance, as it had no wheels, but it seemed to do the work, and many of them came into use.

One informant states that Abraham Frick invented one of the first grain drills ever used in this part of the country, but this statement cannot be definitely confirmed.

There was a sawmill on the farm when he moved here, which he operated doing small bits of work for himself and for his neighbors. Possibly if we knew more about Abraham Frick, we would arrive at the conclusion that his boy George, came honestly by his skill in contriving and building machinery.

GEORGE FRICK THE BOY

Little George was always present when his father was engaged in making things, and doubtless watched him with curious interest when he erected the water wheel and pump. The latent spark of his genius was likely quickened when he first saw his father's water wheel go round and round. As boys are wont to do, who play along streams, George built little water wheels himself and connected them up with toy machinery of his own making. Streams and sawmills and blacksmith shops in those days were fine places, as they are today, where boys can learn how to make and do things, and surely little George Frick was

a busy boy contriving the little machines of his imagination into real things.

So George Frick spent his days on a farm, the proper place to rear a boy. He received a common school education at a subscription school in Quincy township, as the Public School System of Pennsylvania had not then been inaugurated. It was said that he was fond of figuring, and the problems in the old arithmetics illustrating the subject of mensuration were easy for him to work out. It was also said that he had a decided liking for solving questions in cube root, stumbling blocks for most pupils then as well as they are today.

By the time he had reached his teens, George was permitted to help in the sawmill, and no doubt he gave a good account of himself. As boys will do, he soon outgrew, asking little things for himself. He wanted to make wheels big enough to do real work, so he apprenticed himself to Martin Kendig, a millwright living at Ridgeville. It was in 1843 when young Frick, seventeen years of age, went to learn the millwright business. At this early age he put away boyish things and became a man, starting out to support himself.

LEARNED TRADE OF MILLWRIGHT

It appears that one of the first jobs undertaken after he associated himself with Kendig, was the building of a wooden trunk for an undershot water wheel at Zeigler's Mill. This mill is located along the east side of the road about half way between Leitersburg and Hagerstown.

So soon did young Frick show his ability as a mechanic that he was asked to take charge; Mr. Kendig telling him that he knew more about the work than he did himself. A new mill now stands where the old structure stood and a concrete trunk replaces the one erected by George Frick more than eighty years ago. Young Frick, remaining with Kendig about two years, returned to his father's home at Quincy and began business for himself by opening a repair shop.

At that time there were about 75 grist or flour mills in Franklin county alone and young Frick, as an expert millwright and a traveling journeyman, had all the work he could possibly do. On several occasions he was called over into the Valley of Virginia to repair flour mills. After several years engaged in this kind of work he removed to the old mill property on Antietam Creek, now owned by Mrs. Anson W. Good.

As a bit of information on the side it is worth noting here that Franklin Frick Landis a second cousin of George Frick was born at this same mill property a few years prior to this time. While but a child, his father having died, he removed with his mother to Lancaster county. Many years later he came to

Waynesboro and connected himself in an engineering capacity with Frick Company. This was several years after George Frick's death.

DAY OF THE RESOURCEFUL MAN

When George Frick learned the millwrighting business, it was the practice to go along a stream where there was a water-fall, and erect a mill from the stone lying along its banks and out of the lumber from the forests nearby.

Excavation would then be made for a headrace. A trunk would be built and a waterwheel would be constructed and installed. By damming the stream the water would flow through the trunk and run the water wheel, and the wheel would run the wooden machinery. The mill was then ready to grind wheat and corn and every thing had been handbuilt.

That was the day of the resourceful man. Out of the raw materials at hand the carpenter or mason built his house, the cabinetmaker his furniture and the blacksmith the various implements of husbandry. The mechanic of that day developed from the good carpenter or the good blacksmith or the good wagonmaker or the good millwright. In the early days most of the work in shops was done by handpower or by footpower.

Fifty years ago a workman was shown a rough sketch and given a piece of iron and told to make some particular part. The work was laid off by hand. There were no forms, jigs, templets or cutter-heads. There were no blue prints and they had not yet begun to work by scale. To use a homely phrase, "It was cut and try" and the workmen were constantly caliper-ing every piece. A good mechanic in those days had faith in his hands, he had good eye and he was a man of good judgment.

It is said that so accurate was Mr. Frick's sense of touch that by means of his thumb and forefinger he was able without calipers to compare and judge the size of one piece of iron with another down to the degree of accuracy that was common practice in those days.

When an order was received for an engine, that particular engine was built. For want of capital there was no attempt at what is now known as mass production until 1875.

FRICK'S FIRST STEAM ENGINE

George Frick remained at the mill property but a short time when he returned to his father's home at Quiricy, and securing the use of a frame building known as a fulling mill or weaving shop, he began the manufacture of grain-cleaners or windmills as they were then sometimes called.

It was at this point in the fall of 1850 that Mr. Frick made

his first steam engine. It was a two-horse power stationary engine, constructed from his own patterns and built for his own use.

It is doubtful whether up to that time George Frick had ever laid eyes on a steam engine. As an illustration of the wonderful resourcefulness of this young man, he began by constructing his own patterns and what is stranger still, it is believed by some that he made his own castings. He may have turned his cupolo fan by means of horse power or he may have used water power from his father's sawmill, it is not certain which, but in either case his capacity for running down metal could not have been more than several hundred pounds at a heat.

He bored his first cylinder on a lathe, clamping the cylinder to the bed of the lathe and using a home made boring bar driven from the head-stock of the lathe. In this operation he may also have used a horsepower, communicating the power by means of a belt or tumbling shaft. One informant stated that his turning lathe was run by foot-power. All the flat surfaces, such as guides and crossheads were hand-chipped with hammer and chisel and then hand filed. George Frick must have been possessed of indomitable courage and energy to undertake the building of an engine under such handicaps. It should be borne in mind that it required more skill and ability to build a small steam engine seventy five years ago than it does to erect a two hundred ton ice machine in these days.

George Frick was just 24 years of age when he built his hand-made engine, about the time most young men are leaving school. He had no advantages of technical training, simply because there were no technical schools or colleges in those days, but he certainly had a natural talent for making things. In his ability to turn the raw material into the finished product he was far ahead of his time. Doubtless he had a vision of what his engine was going to look like before he ever did a stroke of work upon it. George Frick was the kind of a man who made his dreams come true, but it is doubtful whether he ever could have dreamed that his little engine would be the forerunner of an organization such as now bears his name.

TRYING OUT HIS ENGINE

The day had come for George Frick to try out the child of his genius and see whether it would run. He had set up his engine on the second floor of the fulling shop and had placed the boiler on the first floor connecting them with a pipe running up through the floor. It was perfectly natural for him to consider his project an experiment and he was more or less dubious whether it would run or not. Although he provided his engine

with a governor still he had misgivings whether the whole thing might blow up when he turned on the steam.

He related afterward to some friends that after firing up the boiler, he went upstairs and turned the crank of his engine just beyond the center. Then he went down to the boiler and after some hesitation he cautiously and slowly opened the valve and listened for results. He thought he heard the engine move, but even then he was fearful about going up. Mustering up courage, however, he slowly ascended to the second floor of the little building, and lo there he beheld his engine moving along at an even pace! It seemed a thing of life. He looked on it with awe, for there it was, the child of his fancy, created out of the raw materials of the earth.

This is the story of the first steam engine built by George Frick. He did it himself, he had no helper, and it was all done by hand in the little shop about a mile beyond the town of Quincy. Where today in this organization or in any other organization is there a man, who under similar circumstances, could do what George Frick did seventy-five years ago?

At this point we will stop just long enough in our narrative to say that George Frick was married December 9, 1849 to Frederica Oppenlander at Ridgeville. They were married on a Sunday in the church on this side of the little town.

Characteristic of Mr. Frick's simplicity, it was said that he and his bride walked from their home, a distance of half a mile, to the meeting house on the day of their wedding, and we may be sure the people of the village were all in evidence to watch them go by that winter morning. The young couple immediately went to housekeeping in one end of the fulling mill, and we may be sure that George Frick was a happy man, for he had his new wife and his new engine both under the same roof.

THE LITTLE SHOP AT RINGGOLD

The next year, in 1851 or 1852, he moved to a farm near the village of Ridgeville, Md., about three hundred yards south of Mason and Dixon Line on the place now owned by Benjamin Rodgers. Possibly this move was made to be nearer his wife's people. Here he built a shop and began the erection of the Frick engine, which he had invented and which was destined to exercise so important a part in the development and history of Waynesboro. Sometime after this it is recorded that he rented a shop on the Snively farm along the Ringgold road about a mile north of Ridgeville. Here he superadded, in 1857, the manufacture of the Geiser Thresher and Grain Separator invented by Peter Geiser, another farmer boy living in Maryland near Smithsburg. The first thresher, if it could be found, would furnish an interesting relic for a museum of old machinery.

The engine he made in Quincy supplied the power for manufacturing other steam engines and mill machinery. This little engine, being replaced by a larger size, was afterwards sold and not many years since it was still in operation. If possible, this engine should be secured by Frick Company, and given space in the works as an example of the handiwork of it's founder.

The steam engine was a machine which had a peculiar fascination of which he took great delight. His first type consisted of a strong wooden frame on which the engine was clamped at one end, the shaft at the other and the crossbar in the center. Later the frame was made of iron. Among the very first engines sold, was one at Welty's distillery. Other early makes were sold to the tannery at Thurmont and one to the tannery at Quincy.

One of the early engines made by George Frick at least sixty years old, may be seen at Joseph Musser's sawmill, just a few hundred feet south of the Greencastle road and a short distance on the other side of Waynecastle. John T. Metcalfe at Quincy claims to own one of the very oldest engines made by George Frick. It is a box-bed type and the crankshaft between the bearings was cast octagonally, but not machined, for the reason he had no machine on which to do such work. Several other old engines made by him are still in use throughout the country. They seem to have been so well and so substantially made that it is difficult to wear them out.

When George Frick operated his little plant at Ridgeville, he also ran the farm of forty or fifty acres in connection with it. Among his first apprentices were John Spangler, George W. Eyler, Jacob Stouffer and G. Frank Liday. He was a good trainer of men. All of these apprentices developed into first class mechanics and later held responsible positions in this company. When he had his shop at Ridgeville, some of these boys lived in his own house and they received little, if any pay, besides their board and lodging.

During the summer months, his hands were expected to help on the farm wherever needed. Indeed it was the practice in those days, and up until the Eighties, to close the shops for several weeks in order to allow the workmen go out and do haymaking and harvesting. This was done as a favor to the farmers who were nearly always short of help at that season of the year.

FRICK THE PIONEER ENGINE BUILDER

In our county at that time there were in operation many grist or flour mills also numerous saw-mills. There were paper-mills, woolen-mills, tanneries and various other small manufacturing concerns, all run by water power. There were also five or six furnaces and forges in our country in 1860. With the excep-

tion of a number of flour mills and saw mills, these are industries of the past.

But changes were taking place. The forests of our valley were being fast laid bare by the woodman's ax. As a result, the streams became smaller, and in some cases disappeared altogether. The problem of finding power to run these little factories then became a serious one. The substitution of steam was beginning to be resorted to and, unless the owner was an energetic and a forward looking man, the little industry was permitted to die out.

Here it was that Mr. Frick's engineering knowledge came into play, for he was called upon and consulted on all sides. The result was that the waning water power was often supplemented with power furnished by one of his engines. Sometimes the water power was abandoned altogether and his engine did all the work that was formerly done by the waterwheel. His machinery having a good reputation and his knowledge of millwright being well known, his advice was sought not only throughout Franklin county, but throughout the adjoining counties and states as well. And so his business spread.

About this time the farmers were also beginning to look to machinery to perform some of their operations. Among these the most laborious was that of threshing and separating the wheat from the straw and chaff. Frick built horsepower and portable engines to run the threshers. Then he built traction engines by which threshers and sawmills could be moved from place to place.

Thus the Frick business grew and grew, usually so rapid that he had difficulty in keeping up with demand. But it is too long a story to go into details and relate how he met each problem as it came along. George Frick not only met problems, but he created them for the farmer and the small manufacturer, and then he solved them for he was a pioneer in engine building.

WAYNESBORO VERSUS SMITHSBURG

It will be noticed in this account that the subject of our sketch had moved from one place to another. This disposition to move may appear as an evidence of instability on his part and one is led to conclude that had he remained at one place he might have made more headway. On second glance, however, it will be seen that every time he moved he bettered himself. It should be remembered that his resources were limited and it was not possible for him to expand any faster than the earnings of his business warranted.

The time had arrived, however, when his business outgrew the little shop at Ridgeville, and he realized the necessity of

moving to a larger town where there would be a greater opportunity to obtain the kind of labor he needed. He had two places in mind—Waynesboro and Smithsburg—and good reasons were advanced for going to both places.

Having taken on the manufacture of the Geiser threshers, he was urged by the Geisers, who lived near Smithsburg, to move his plant to their town. This seemed like a good business reason. On the other hand most of his friends lived in and around Waynesboro and they urged him to come here.

The problem presented to Mr. Frick was a difficult one for him to decide. Business reasons on the one side and reasons of friendship on the other. There is reason to conjecture that Mr. Frick and his wife, during those long winter evenings, often discussed the advantages and disadvantages of the two towns. His children were too small to take part in their discussions. That was one of the times when the fortunes of Waynesboro were swinging in the balance. Had George Frick gone to Smithsburg, Waynesboro would more than likely still be a country village, and it is doubtful whether ever a railroad would have reached the place. Without the Frick shops, other industries would not have come here, and it is very evident that Waynesboro, situated as it was then, would not have appealed to big business of any kind.

But friendship won. George Frick and his wife were friendly people and they decided to come and live among their friends. Who is there to say that the day when George Frick, a young man living near Ringgold, decided to come here, that it was not a happy and fortunate day for our town? At any rate the decision of the Fricks was the first step toward converting our town from a little agricultural center to that of a busy hive of industry. That decision has today culminated, through numerous vicissitudes, into a large industrial organization whose products are known in practically every country on the face of the globe.

If there was one who had more to do than any other with inducing George Frick to move his plant to Waynesboro, it may have been Lewis Forney. It is related that on one occasion Mr. Frick came to Forney's tanyard for a load of tan, and while these two men were loading the tan, they conversed about each other's business. Mr. Forney is said to have remarked to Mr. Frick, "You will never make a real success at Ridgeville, the thing for you to do is to come to Waynesboro." Mr. Frick answered, "I haven't the money," to which Mr. Forney replied, "I'll raise all the money you need." The fact that Forney afterward sold Frick the land on which he erected his shops in Waynesboro, lends color to the truthfulness of this conversation between the two men.

RINGGOLD HAD IT'S CHANCE

It is not generally known that while Mr. Frick was considering the offer to transfer his plant either to Smithsburg or to Waynesboro, that he was also revolving another plan in his mind. It was learned that in 1859, or about that time, he entered into negotiations with Hugh Logan, a man of pre-Civil War notoriety, offering to purchase from him a plot of ground located in the town of Ridgeville. The lot in question is situated on the west side of the public road and it can today be identified as the lot with the well. The well is now covered over with concrete, but the old pumpstock, though broken in two pieces, may be seen lying along the roadside.

No one knows why these negotiations were broken off. Perhaps it was because of some trivial incident. The failure to accomplish any piece of work can in most cases be traced to some insignificant circumstances. But the interesting thing to us at this day, is that Ringgold too had it's chance, but didn't accept it. If we suppose that Frick and Logan had consummated their deal, we are affording an opportunity to exercise our most vivid imagination as to the possibilities that might have been in store for that community.

The same hypothesis may be assumed in regard to Quincy. Had Wertz and Fahrney and Middour and Knepper of that day, sensed the possibilities of our little boy playing along the banks of the Antietam, would they have ever permitted him to wander out of their sight? No community has a right to say it never had a chance, and more than that, no individual should say that opportunity never once came his way.

FRICK PLANT MOVED TO WAYNESBORO

So it was in 1861, at the beginning of the war, that George Frick moved his entire plant to Waynesboro into a two-story frame building, 50 by 100 feet, previously erected by him. The works were located west of South Broad Street on the present site of the Geiser Manufacturing Company plant. Here he continued the manufacture of steam engines, grain separators, saw-mills, and other machinery on a much larger scale than he could have done in the cramped quarters at Ridgeville. The engines he built ranged in size—as noted in his newspaper advertisements at that time—from two horsepower up to 150 horsepower.

During the Civil War when Lee's army passed through Waynesboro on it's way to Gettysburg, the plant was not molested in any way. Upon the retreat from Gettysburg, the shop was not so fortunate as the industry lost one horse, described as old, grey and blind, the loss of which did not seriously affect the operation of the plant. Several soldiers broke into the shop and

appropriated whatever tools they could find. They also took all the leather belting, presumably for sole leather. One of the Confederate soldiers ordered Mr. Frick to open the safe which he refused to do, stating there was nothing in the safe that would be of value to any other than himself. While the argument was going on news came that the Yankees were coming, and the soldiers made a hasty retreat.

In the year 1865 he sold the grain separator business to the firm known as Geiser, Price & Co. This firm four years later, January 1, 1869, incorporated as the Geiser Manufacturing Company. It was thus due to Mr. Frick that there was founded a company, which with the Frick Co., has contributed so largely toward the material prosperity and growth of Waynesboro, and helped to raise it from a mere crossroads town to the thriving little city as we see it today.

ERECTED NEW SHOPS HERE

George Frick at once bought another plot of ground on the east side of South Broad Street where he began the erection of a new brick plant. The building of engines and boilers then became his specialty. Both these plants—the one on the west side of Broad Street and the other on the east side—have since been destroyed. The former was burned in 1882 during one of the largest conflagrations in the history of the town, and the latter was dismantled several years ago by Emersor-Brantingham Co.

It will be noticed in studying the interesting career of George Frick that he was nearly always handicapped for want of sufficient working capital to take proper care of the expanding trade which he was favored. The situation was relieved materially when he sold the threshing part of this business to Geiser, Price & Co., but in the early Seventies his engine trade developed to such an extent that he was again obliged to seek for aid. This time he went back to the county of his birth for the purpose of raising additional capital.

DEATH CHANGED PLANS

In the year 1870, Christian Frick Bowman, a young man from the city of Lancaster, and a second cousin of George Frick became interested in his plans. After some deliberation he became a partner with him under the firm name of Frick and Bowman. The business was conducted in this manner about one year when young Bowman in the fall of 1872, contracted typhoid fever and died at his former home in Lancaster. Mr. Frick's whole family, including himself contracted the fever and his oldest son, Frank, also succumbed to the disease. It is sad to relate that a brother and a sister of Mr. Bowman died at the same

time. What makes his death especially sorrowful was the fact that on the day his funeral took place, he was to have been married to Elizabeth Frantz, a young Waynesboro girl.

The death of Mr. Bowman and his son Frank, both in the very flush of young manhood, was a hard blow to Mr. Frick and to his business, for they were promising young men and much had been expected of the partnership.

Then it was that George Frick once more was obliged to seek additional capital for his business which was increasing more rapidly than ever before. Again he was confronted with a problem, the decision of which, meant either prosperity or adversity to our town of Waynesboro. After Mr. Bowman's death offers of help came to Frick from various places and Waynesboro was threatened with the loss of this promising industry. Notable among the place from which offers of help had been received were Chambersburg, Greencastle and Hagerstown. They offered not only land free, but additional capital to carry on the business. The offer from Chambersburg was especially attractive, and for awhile it seemed as though Mr. Frick would make another move, and this time to the county seat.

It should be borne in mind that no railroad had yet reached Waynesboro, and outside of the bounteous offers of capital, the question of transportation facilities came to the front. The other places in question were favored with railroad facilities which was an advantage that could not be gain said. Most of the iron, lumber, coal and other materials entering into the manufacture of the Frick products had to be hauled here by teams from the nearest railroad station at Greencastle, a distance of more than nine miles and the manufactured product had to be handled in the same way. This extra hauling had become a real burden and added materially to the cost of the goods produced. All this time a stable of eight or ten horses and heavy wagons had to be maintained.

WAYNESBORO'S PRAISWORTHY THIRTEEN

Greencastle and Chambersburg were finally eliminated from the contest and negotiations with a few of the leading men of Hagerstown, to make the transfer of the works to that city, were about being consummated. Then it was that a number of enterprising men of Waynesboro came to Mr. Frick with an offer to join him and furnish additional capital to meet the needs of his growing business.

This offer resulted in the organization of a partnership composed of thirteen members. The names of these men who came to the rescue of our town at a crisis in its history were Daniel Hollinger, Joseph Price, Daniel Hoover, John Philips, Samuel B. Rinehart, A. O. Frick, Jacob S. Leasher William B. Reed, Samuel

Hoeflich, Laban W. Wingert, Daniel Tritle, W. H. Snyder and Dr. A. H. Strickler. It will be noticed that Mr. A. O. Frick is the only one of these thirteen men who is still living.

Money was scarce at that particular period as our country was passing through the "Panic of 1873," the worst financial disturbance this country has ever experienced. These men deserve the thanks of the people of Waynesboro, for had they not come forward with their money when they did, this important industry surely would have been lost to the town. The men constituting this partnership who, at a critical moment, gave liberally of their means to save an industry for Waynesboro, might with good reason be called "the lucky thirteen;" for they all, without exception, became leading and prosperous citizens of the community, illustrating, once more the truthfulness of the adage that "Those who help others help themselves."

The new partnership began February 1873 with a capital of \$34,000. George Frick then relinquished his financial interest in the company, but he continued to serve the firm or partnership in the capacity of general superintendent, manager and treasurer. At that time the plant was leased by the firm from George Frick. Several years later it was purchased from him. John Philips, cashier of the First National Bank of Waynesboro, was elected first president of the partnership and to him should be given credit for bringing the thirteen men together.

YEARS OF GREATEST PROSPERITY

During the years of its partnership from 1873 to 1884 Frick & Company experienced its greatest prosperity. No such success in manufacturing had ever come to any concern in southern Pennsylvania, and it is doubtful whether such rapid expansion has ever before or since been equalled in Waynesboro where we have become accustomed to witnessing rapid growth in industry.

New members were admitted to the partnership from time to time by signing the Articles of Association and by paying money into its treasury. In January 1875, the capital was increased to \$40,000 and in January 1879 to \$125,000. Note how rapidly capital was now being poured into the coffers of the new company: In January 1882 it was raised from \$125,000 to \$350,000, a huge capitalization in those days. All the while it should be kept in mind that George Frick was superintendent and manager of this partnership.

Unable to expand further at its location on South Broad Street, the management in 1880 decided it was necessary to seek another location for the works. This time no question arose as to the company leaving Waynesboro; the only problem to be de-

cided them was at what place in Waynesboro were the new shops to be placed. The Mont Alto Railroad having previously entered the west end of town and the Western Maryland approaching the town from the south to the same point, it was finally decided to purchase 12 or 13 acres from the farm of H. C. Funk in the west end of town, and so in the fall of 1880 the erection of the new shops on this tract began, and in 1882 the works were removed to the new location where they have remained ever since.

FRICK COMPANY ORGANIZED

By this time the number of partners of Frick Company had reached almost 150, and realizing the difficulty of transacting business with such a large number, it was decided to convert the partnership into a corporation. Accordingly in 1884 the partnership known as Frick and Company was dissolved and the business was taken over by a new corporation called Frick Company, organized under the laws of Pennsylvania. The capital stock of the company was one million dollars authorized and \$90,000 paid in. The movement to incorporate was a popular one and there were several hundred stockholders, most of them residents of Waynesboro. Quite a large amount of stock was taken by employees of the company at that time, which was the beginning of employee ownership, and which has since become so popular in Waynesboro.

The capital of the company was increased from time to time as the needs of the business seemed to indicate until at the present time it has a capital stock of \$5,000,000. The policy of its founder is still the policy of the company. That is, "never over-represent the product, and always give full measure" or more, than what is expected." Frick Company bears a reputation for fair dealing and honesty that is country-wide.

It was on account of this great expansion that the present shops of Frick Co. were erected. The total floor area of the new shop at that time was in excess of 100,000 square feet. These shops were in advance of the times and visitors came to see them from far and wide.

ACCOUNT IN SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

As evidence that Frick Co. had made a name for itself and was beginning to attract the attention of the country at large, an article descriptive of the company and its operations appeared March 17, 1883 in the Scientific American.

The article was profusely illustrated and contained a number of outside and inside views of the plant together with pictures of the Eclipse portable and Eclipse traction engines.

The account in this journal pays compliment first to

Waynesboro, and then to Frick & Co. in the following language: "In the picturesque and historical Cumberland Valley, under the shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains, lies the busy town of Waynesboro, the home of Frick & Company, one of the most important industries in the country."

Then it has this to say about its founder:—"From its foundation, the business management of the company has devolved upon Mr. George Frick who, though advanced in years, continues to pay close attention to it, and while he has associated with himself a large and capable body of assistants, the present successes of the company are as largely due to his constant presence and supervision, as was the origin of the business to his ingenuity and unusual mechanical skill."

Continuing the article states that "The aim of the company has been to produce machinery which would yield the best possible results at a price consistent with permanence and durability. That these objects have been attained is forcibly shown in the widespread popularity, and the ever increasing demand for their productions. "A better proof than this of the merits of their goods could not be given."

During these times of eight or nine hour days, it will astonish both employer and employee when they are told in this magazine article "that for a period of five years from 1878 to 1883, excepting only when occasionally shut down for repairs, Frick & Co. ran on extra time, amounting in the average to thirteen hours out of every twenty-four."

HONORS AWARDED TO FRICK & CO.

This was the period when Frick & Co. and its products, not only began to enjoy a national, but an international, reputation as well. At the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, the judges found after minute examination, "That the 'Eclipse' farm engine gave the best results of any that were tested."

In 1880 one of the Frick engines was sent to Melbourne, Australia to be exhibited at the exhibition then in progress. Their engine captured first award, which was a noteworthy victory, as there were twenty-five engines from England and other countries by an American manufacturer.

At St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago and many other fairs and expositions, wherever Frick & Company entered their engine, they were usually awarded the highest honors. Twenty-four years ago an engineer of mechanical discernment, after making an examination of the Frick engine, gave his opinion in this language: "It is made on the highest scientific principles, original in design, strong, powerful and durable, and its unparalled

reputation is but the natural outcome of intelligent, persistent, honest effort exercised by its management and by making quality their first great consideration."

SEVEN FAT AND SEVEN LEAN YEARS

There have just been described the phenomenal years of Frick & Company's career. They were the most prosperous years in the history of the Company, but let us pause for a moment at this point to observe that there comes a time in the history of every company when its business, instead of going forward, goes backward, and such recession takes place, no matter what the management may do in order to prevent it. Frick & Co. in the course of its career had now come to the year of 1884, when one of the pauses that periodically overtook our country was upon us. The effects of this financial disturbance were spread out over a number of years, and the company, in common with many other concerns, felt the effects of the depression.

A factor that tended to aggravate the situation, was that the company had several years before decided to engage in the manufacture of ice and refrigeration machinery. This line of manufacturing was in its infancy at that time and Frick Company was one of the pioneers in the industry. As every manufacturer knows a new machine and a new business cannot be developed over-night. It is the experience of every one that years of experimentation and effort and labor are required to build a new line and bring it up to a production basis; and besides it is a costly process.

The result was that for a period of seven years, beginning with 1884, the company was not able to earn any return for its stockholders. In justification, however, for this lack of earning power, it should be stated that during this period the company was laying the basis for future prosperity. In the light of the present satisfactory condition of the company, the determination to go into the building of ice and refrigerating machines, it is now conceded, was well worth all the expense and the effort and the sacrifice that the venture entailed.

We should take a leaf from this untoward experience of Frick Company and bear in mind that whenever the sky is clear we may look for cloudy weather. Whenever one is trodding on smooth places he will be sure to come upon rough places. We should not forget the Biblical story of the "seven fat and seven lean kine," and remember that the time must come, though not now in sight, when the lean years shall be upon us again; and he is a wise man who in prosperity saves up against adversity; who in spring sows for summer and in summer stores away for winter.

THE FRICK LINE OF MACHINERY

George Frick, soon after starting his little shop at Ringgold, inserted an advertisement in the Village Record of Waynesboro. It read as follows:

"I am now fully prepared to make to order, on short notice, steam engines of various sizes. I use good material. My hands are all experienced workmen on this line of business. All my machines are sold under warrantee."

"I am also prepared to do repairing of all kinds in a workmanlike manner and on reasonable terms. Orders solicited and promptly attended to. For particulars and circulars descriptive of machines, etc., address George Frick, Waynesboro, Franklin Co., Pa."

"Hagerstown and Chambersburg Transcript copy six months and charge advertiser."

This reads like modern publicity. These are the words of George Frick himself written nearly seventy-five years ago, and they sound, as in truth they are, a voice from the past.

Believing in the efficacy of newspaper publicity from the very beginning he continued from year to year to carry advertisements in the local papers and later, as his business developed, they were to be seen in the various trade journals throughout the country as well. These advertisements tell the story of the expansion of the business from the little two-horse engine made by George Frick himself in his Quincy shop to the two hundred horse power engines built in the large plant of the company employing sometimes more than 1000 workmen. The company for many years used the trade name "Eclipse" or what is known as its farm or light line of machinery.

Noting briefly the growth of the Frick line of machinery it may be said to have developed in the following order:—stationary engines, grain threshers, horse-powers, portable steam engines, portable sawmills, steam traction engines, and Corliss Steam Engines. The building of ice and refrigerating machinery began in 1883 and now constitutes more than three-fourths of the sales of the company.

It was about this time that the company became engaged in the manufacture of cotton gins for use in the South. The building of these gins was afterward transferred to its branch works at Covington, Ga., and continued there for a few years.

It should be stated here that a number of features of the portable engines as used today were designed by George Frick. The details of course have been changed, but the general characteristics are still retained. It is a compliment to George Frick's skill as a designer that some of these features have been appropriated by other manufacturers in the same line. Without reflecting on any individual or on any company the same allegation

can with truthfulness be made, in regard to the type of ice and refrigerating machines designed forty years ago by Edgar Penny for Frick and Company. These attempts at imitation may be taken as evidence that George Frick as well as Frick Company have been leaders instead of followers.

In 1888 George Frick resigned his position on account of ill health, continuing, however, with the company several years longer, in an advisory capacity. Although, but 62 years of age he had been in the manufacturing business continuously from the time he was nineteen years of age until the time of his resignation, or a period of 43 years.

WAYNESBORO'S PROSPERITY

Waynesboro is indebted for its prosperity, more than is generally realized, to the Fricks, the Geisers and the Landises, but to George Frick the greatest credit should be given, for he was Waynesboro's industrial pioneer. Without the advent of these men our magnificent shops, as we see them today, certainly would not be in existence. No railroads would have come this way and it would probably be difficult to find the name of Waynesboro on the map.

It is safe to say that fifty per cent of the people who live in Waynesboro today, would not be here were it not for the shops. Most of us came here, selfishly perhaps, to better our condition, and whatever success has come to any of us, must be attributed to those men who preceded us, because they laid the foundation for our prosperity.

Mr. Frick himself did not build up a large estate. He lived through several periods of financial depression, more pronounced than we of the present generation know anything about. He worked and struggled and built for the future and the present stockholders of Frick Company are now receiving the benefits of his labor and his genius. Not only Frick Company, but all the other prosperous concerns in Waynesboro have been built along the conservative lines as practiced by George Frick.

A FAMILY OF INDUSTRIES

A study of the industrial concerns of Waynesboro discloses the fact that there is a closer relationship among them than is generally known. As previously noted, George Frick built the threshing machines for Peter Geiser. This arrangement was continued until 1865, when the firm of Geiser, Price and Company was organized, afterward the Geiser Manufacturing Company is the child of the present Frick Company, and by the same token, the Landis Tool Company may be considered a child of the Geiser Manufacturing Company, for it was in the shops of said com-

pany that Abraham B. Landis designed his first grinding machine. Later he and his brother Frank F. Landis, operating under the name Landis Bros., built their shop in the southern part of Waynesboro and began the manufacture of their grinder. This firm after their shops burned down in 1895, transferred their business to the present Landis Tool Company.

Going still farther down the line we come to the Landis Machine Company, engaged in the manufacture of a bolt cutter, originally designed by the same Abraham B. Landis, while employed with the Landis Tool Company. The patents and patterns for this machine were then sold to the present Landis Machine Company, organized in 1902 for their manufacture. Accordingly, the Landis Machine Company, became fourth in succession from Frick Company in the family of Waynesboro Industries.

In the same manner it can be shown that nearly every other concern in Waynesboro is closely related and owes its existence to some other industry in operation here. While each of these companies are conducted under their own charters and are separate and distinct in their management, there is some interlocking of directorates which means that all are operated along safe and conservative lines, such as would be approved by George Frick, if he were living today.

The prosperity that has come to Waynesboro by reason of its industries has not only filtered down through the industries themselves, but has reached every other line of endeavor, so that all our citizens whether engaged directly in manufacturing or not, are actually benefited by our shops.

Sometimes we of the present day are inclined to climb up on little pedestals and assume credit for the growth and development of the particular concern with which we are identified. But let us remember that the pedestals were put there by George Frick and Peter Geiser and Frank F. Landis and Abraham B. Landis. If there is any one in Waynesboro who first deserves a monument to his memory it is the subject of our sketch. The statement cannot be denied that during three decades from 1860 to 1890 no other name in Waynesboro was more often heard than that of George Frick, and since that time the same compliment can be paid to the company which bears his name.

THE TWO INDUSTRIAL QUARTETS

In connection with this recital of the life of George Frick, it has frequently been necessary to mention the names of other men who were present for many years in Waynesboro affairs. This has been necessary because of their association, at various times, with him and with each other. At once the names of three men come to mind, as being more intimately in touch with

George Frick than any others, they are the aforementioned Frank F. Landis, Abram B. Landis and Peter Geiser. These four men may well be designated Waynesboro's Industrial Quartet.

But there were four other men whose names should not be omitted when Waynesboro's past comes up for discussion. These men were contemporary with Frick and they were primarily responsible for the development of another of Waynesboro's main industries, one that also grew from a small beginning to that of a large establishment. These individuals may not be well known to the present generation, but thirty or forty years ago every one would at once recognize that the men referred to were Daniel Geiser, Benjamin E. Price, Jacob F. Oller and Josiah Fahrney. This group also may be said to form another quartet in the industrial history of Waynesboro.

The latter group of four were the founders of the present Geiser Manufacturing Company, and were responsible in a large measure for building up that business to large proportions. As stated before, George Frick, after selling his plant, erected new shops on the east side of Broad Street, and for five years he was furnished power to operate his shop, first by Geiser, Price and Company, and then by the Geiser Manufacturing Company. They also had a working agreement to sell each others products; Frick selling the Geiser threshers, and the Geiser selling the Frick engines.

Soon after this time, or about 1870, Frick also associated himself with the Landis brothers of Lancaster, Pa. who operated a machine shop in that city, by which he acquired the right to sell their engines as he did not have the facilities to meet his own demand. This arrangement lasted only a short time. Ten years afterward the Landises came upon the scene of Waynesboro's activities, and a propitious day it was for our town when Frank F. Landis and Abram B. Landis decided to leave their home in Lancaster and cast their fortunes with Waynesboro people. By reason of their affiliations with the various industrial concerns, their biographies would supply the material for a very interesting story.

Not wishing to make any invidious comparisons so far as these eight benefactors of Waynesboro are concerned, either as to their mechanical ability or as to their business qualifications, still there can be no doubt but that George Frick, being the pioneer among them, stands out in a class by himself. None of these other seven men, however, should be forgotten in any account of the development of our town for each one formed a link in our chain of industries which could not well have been dispensed with. Of these eight men, Frank F. Landis still remains with us, and although living a retired life, he continues his interest in mechanical pursuits.

WAYNESBORO'S BACKGROUND

Waynesboro does not only enjoy the distinction where the hospitality and generosity of the South meets the energy and thrift of the North, but there is good reason to make the statement that Waynesboro is the meeting place of two groups which have helped to make the town what it is today. It may seem like digressing to seek for the groundwork of our citizenship on the other side of the sea. But there is no doubt that it was laid on the one hand in the Highlands of Scotland and on the other it can be looked for in the mountains of Switzerland.

And so it was that the families of the Wallaces and the Burns and the Cochrans of Scotland sent their most hardy stock to America and fate directed them to this place. Also it may be said that the families of the Fricks and the Geisers and Landises of Switzerland sent their most hardy stock to America and their descendents also came and settled in Waynesboro. Both came to the United States to avoid persecution on account of their religious beliefs. The Covenanters and the Menonites; the one the straightest among their sects, the other the strictest among theirs. The one militant, the other non-resistant. The one ready to fight for his rights; the other got his rights without fighting for them.

These two streams met here and John Wallace became the political founder of Waynesboro and George Frick became its industrial founder.

These groups of humanity meeting on our soil and assimilating with each other have produced as trustworthy a citizenship as can be found anywhere throughout the country. Those of us who live here today have reason to be proud of a community with such a marvelous background.

FORTUNATE WAYNESBORO

How many times during the years that have gone have the fortunes of our fortunate town hung in the balance! Only in our imagination, can we visualize how some untoward event or some insignificant circumstance might have turned the course of the events from well-being to misfortune. The Wallace family of Scotland might have settled somewhere else in America instead of coming to this valley, but they didn't, they came direct to Waynesboro. Of the four Frick brothers who came to America from Switzerland, one of them settled in Lancaster county. There were hundreds of other places he could have gone, but he didn't he went direct to the Pequa district, and there through four generations of Fricks, was being prepared the man whose interesting life is the subject of our investigation.

George's father, as we know, decided to leave Lancaster

county and go a little farther west. He made a preliminary trip of investigation. This country looked good to him, and he went back, and after talking the question over with his family and friends they decided to come here. He might have gone to Ohio, or Illinois, as many people were immigrating to the West in those days, but he was conservative and only traveled west a distance of seventy-five miles.

A hundred years ago the chances for George Frick to come to Franklin county were very slim indeed, but he came. Sixty years ago when his little shop at Ridgeville became too small, he was almost persuaded to go to Smithsburg, but he came to Waynesboro. When in 1873, his partner died, and he needed more capital for his expanding business, he was almost prevailed upon to move to Hagerstown or Chambersburg, but he remained here. Fortunate Waynesboro. The same story of uncertainties and eventualities might be told of the Landises and the Geisers if we only knew the ins and outs of their lives.

WAYNESBORO—HALF NORTH, HALF SOUTH

It has often been remarked by persons who know Waynesboro more or less intimately that when a group of its business men come together, it will be found that about one half of them were born north of Mason and Dixon Line, the other half came from the south of the Line. It is assumed by some, truthfully perhaps, that this mixing of the peoples from the two sections has been helpful to the community. For instance, of the four mer—more than any others—to whom Waynesboro owes its maintenance of position in the industrial world, two of them George Frick and Frank F. Landis were born in Pennsylvania, while the other two, Abram B. Landis and Peter Geiser were born in Maryland. There is nothing significant in this, except that it is a coincidence worth noting.

In studying the career of George Frick one cannot help but be impressed with his successive journeyings from the north to the south and back again. Briefly recounting his movements, as we know them, we find him first living in Pennsylvania on his father's farm north of Quincy. Then apprenticing himself to a millwright, he took up his abode in Maryland near Ringgold. Living in Maryland about two years, he came again to his old home in Pennsylvania.

A few years later he moved to Good's crossing or property near the Maryland line. Here he did some manufacturing on a small scale. Then he came back to his father's farm in Pennsylvania and built his engine. Once more he moved to Maryland near Ridgeville and set up his small shop. Remaining there eight or nine years he migrated north into Pennsylvania again, with his family and his shop, and Waynesboro became his home.

In 1873 he was sorely pressed to go to Maryland again, but after careful deliberation he decided to remain here.

There is nothing unusual for a man to make frequent charges before permanently locating his home and his business, especially for a man of action like George Frick. Many other men can recount the same experiences and often, as in his case, their changes were made for the better. But the striking thing in these flittings of George Frick is that nearly every time he made a move he crossed Mason and Dixon Line, just as if the two sections were in some uncanny way contending with each other for this man of genius in order to make him one of their own.

Once during Mr. Frick's lifetime, when it was not necessary for him to decide in favor of Pennsylvania and against Maryland, or vice versa, was at the time of his wedding. Then it was that he was permitted to assume a neutral attitude, for his marriage took place in the Mennonite Church this side of Ringgold, which is located on the Mason and Dixon Line. However, after all was said and done, Pennsylvania may be said to have scored on that eventful occasion. At that time he was living at Quincy in Pennsylvania and his betrothed was living at Ridgeville in Maryland, so he made bold, crossed over into Maryland, had the ceremony performed on the State Line, and then brought his wife with him into Pennsylvania.

George Frick had eight children, four of them born in Maryland and four in Pennsylvania, still managing to keep his family in balance so far as state lines are concerned. It is no wonder then that in 1873, when he was invited by two towns, Chambersburg and Hagerstown, one in Pennsylvania the other in Maryland, that he had difficulty in making a decision. As is well known, he refused both offers to move his works and, once for all, he settled his long conflict between the North and the South by remaining on this side of the Mason and Dixon Line and in the State of his birth.

THE OLD MANSION HOUSE

It can be sensed by now that many fortuitous circumstances have in the past accrued to the benefit of Waynesboro. Some of them happened apparently without causes, so that one is prone to wonder if there is not a lucky stone lying around somewhere. But this sketch must not be over-burdened with an account of these coincidences of good fortune that seems to have followed the town down to the present time.

It is enough to record here that the old house along the Quincy road has a peculiar interest to the people of Waynesboro, not only because it was the boyhood home of three other men who, at the present time, have more to do with the conduct of

Waynesboro's affairs than any others. As has been related it was the home of Abram Frick, grandfather of Ezra Frick at present general manager of Frick Company. Abraham Frick when he moved with his son George to Ridgeville sold his home to Christian Frantz, father J. Elmer Frantz, (now deceased) who was general manager of Landis Tool Company. Christian Frantz remaining there a few years, and moving to Welsh Run, sold the place to Henry Good, grandfather of John G. Benedict at present general manager of Landis Machine Company.

Thus it is to be seen that the men who are mainly responsible for the success or failure of Waynesboro's three largest industries must hark back to this old house along the Artietam for their ancestral home. Does this not appear to be more than a mere coincidence? Does it not seem as if there is some peculiar force or divinity that is concerned with the welfare of Waynesboro, and this old mansion house is somehow or other identified with its paternal purpose?

A thought comes to mind that, after all is said and done, the progress of Waynesboro is largely due to the fact that Waynesboro does not import its general managers. They are raised on its own soil and trained for their work from boyhood up. This fact serves as a stimulant and an inspiration to those who come along in the future. The young men who are working in our shops and our stores and our barks know that there are other places in readiness for them whenever they are prepared to accept the responsibilities. May it not be a fact that in this attitude of the men above and the men in the ranks below, we have discovered the key which has opened the door to the pronounced prosperity that has come to this town? If opportunity ever offers, should not Waynesboro endeavor to acquire this mansion property.

GEORGE FRICK'S MOTTO

George Frick believed in thorough preparation for any work to be done. He was often heard to say "Be sure you are right, then do it quickly." If this expression is analyzed one comes to the conclusion it is a motto that could well be adopted for any business. If the Frick Company of today is looking for a motto that will fit all occasions, let it choose these significant words of its founder. They should be placed where they are in constant sight of every workman in the shop, as well as every clerk in the office.

"Be sure you are right, then do it quickly!" These words certainly fit well with good shop practice.

Mr. Frick was blessed with an even tempered disposition. He was never heard to utter an unkind word. He never scolded a workman when he made a mistake. He invariably told him,

"You must be more careful." And when some piece of work was spoiled, he would sometimes tell the workman to go home, take a rest and come back next day. On one occasion he was known to send a whole gang home on account of some costly accident or mistake.

Persons who knew Mr. Frick casually remember him as a man who made decisions quickly and settlements expeditiously. When, as a young man, he approached a piece of work, he took plenty of time in making preparations, then in accordance with his motto he proceeded to "Do it quickly." He expected every one else around him to follow the same plan.

PERSONAL LIFE OF GEORGE FRICK

The personal life of George Frick cannot better be portrayed than by using the language of an editorial written by the late N. Bruce Martin and appearing in the *Keystone Gazette* at the time of his death.

"In business methods he was religiously exact; in business intercourse polite and kindly; in his home life gentle and provident; in his walk and conversation pure and honest. A consistent member of the Mennonite Church, his life was Godly and illustrative of that charity which vaunteth not itself."

"Mr. Frick's was a busy life and his nature, though gentle as that of a child, was of heroic mould. Otherwise he could not have struggled up through all the adversities and discouragements that beset effort, especially upon new lines, to the parentage and headship of one of the largest and most flourishing industrial establishments in the land.

"Nature had endowed George Frick with the spark of inventive genius, but after all, the flame that lit his pathway was the result of work, persistent application, determination to succeed, trial, drudgery and sacrifice. In this school of discipline his faculties were sharpened and in the zenith of his career, his executive ability and capacity for grasping complicated details were of the highest order."

Peter Geiser the inventor, who was born in the same year as Mr. Frick, in commenting on his own life, wrote "George Frick, my good neighbor and collaborator in the vineyard of invention and manufacture, stands out with exceptional experience. He was kind to me in my adversity."

George Frick had no hobby unless his business could be considered a diversion. As he grew older, having been born on a farm, the recollection of his boyhood life seemed to urge him in the direction of the country. He owned several farms and he took delight in looking after them and directing them.

In his later years he would frequently drive out into the country, probably to visit his farms and often took one of the

apprentices along, possibly for company. Mr. Frick was a friendly man and always showed a keen interest in the boys who were learning their trade. Happy was the boy who was asked to ride with him on such occasions, and there was a little rivalry among them as to who would be asked to go next.

AN UNCOLLECTED ACCOUNT

Mr. Frick belonged to a church organization whose members are never found in the courts engaged in litigation, and all his life he adhered strictly to this principle of his faith. On one occasion he installed one of his engines in a mill located less than fifty miles from Waynesboro. The bill for the work, amounting to over \$4,000, was presented several times for collection, but at no time did the proprietor of the mill offer to pay. Finally when the debtor was pressed to give his reason for non-payment, he acknowledged that the engine was satisfactory, but flatly stated that he would not pay for it unless Mr. Frick would collect it by process of law. This Mr. Frick was unwilling to do, and the bill remains unpaid to this day.

This particular mill is in operation today, but the former owner has long since been dead. The old engine which Mr. Frick furnished may still be running, as his engines have the reputation of being long-lived.

Possibly in pursuing this policy he was better off than if he had made it a practice to collect his accounts by legal procedure. It is known that he collected millions of dollars in the course of his business career and, other than this one account, few people ever took advantage of his non-resistant principles. May it not be true that the policy of Mr. Frick, if pursued by the business world, would in the long run, be the least costly and net the best results in the end.

GEORGE FRICK, A BUSY MAN

In his early experience when his business was not large George Frick was really a very busy man. He was his own designer, pattern-maker, machinist, salesman, accountant, treasurer and manager. As his business developed he dropped one after another of these roles, thus gradually relieving himself in looking after details.

About 1865 he secured the services of Daniel B. Mentzer as accountant. He was his first office employee and remained with him and his company for many years. Some years afterward he took his oldest son Abraham out of the shop and he became his first draftsman and designer. A few years later his second son Ezra doffed his overalls and also joined the office force. These sons are now officers in Frick Company, and have been for many

years. The former as chairman of the Board of Directors and the latter as President and General Manager. Another son Fred is also in the employ of the company. All his sons took the overall route through the shops.

It is of interest to know that in the beginning he had no foundry in his shop at Ridgeville. He made all his own patterns, then drove to Baltimore with them, and had the castings made there. It was then his custom to drive again to Baltimore, a distance of 65 miles or more, and return with the finished castings. This was laborious business, but there was nothing too difficult or burdensome for Mr. Frick to undertake. Later when his line of work required heavier castings, he added a foundry to his plant.

It was not unusual for him to mount his horse and ride down into Virginia, a distance of a hundred miles or more, visit prospects at widely located points and return home with orders for machinery. Then he would spend a day or so in his plant seeing about the work going on there and a few days in his office looking after his correspondence and attending to the accounts. Thus he had one continuous round of labor. His hours were long and he was capable of doing a large amount of work.

George Frick is a conspicuous example of the possibilities of the business world for a man of ability and energy. The gradual development of his manufacturing business from its comparatively humble beginning to the present proportions is in itself, the only commentary needed on the man who controlled it from its inception down until 1888.

HIGH CLASS WORKMEN IN FRICK SHOPS

George Frick was resourceful not alone in a mechanical way, but in the conduct of his business as well. While he was generous and kindly in his relations with his men at the same time he was strict in the maintenance of discipline in his shop. If it was necessary at any time to let a man go for some infraction of the rules or for some other reason, he could dismiss him in a very positive manner.

As is the case with natural geniuses, Mr. Frick was full of ideas, and he often communicated them to others by means of rough sketches quickly done with chalk. Sometimes when in the shop with his workmen, he would show them some mechanical idea by drawing a design of it on the workbench. In this manner and in other friendly ways he would keep in touch with his men and always maintained pleasant intercourse with all in his employ.

George Frick's workmen were known everywhere as men of high moral standards. It may not be out of place to mention

one feature in regard to his practice to employ only sober men, and when any of the workmen were persistent in the use of intoxicating drinks, they were suspended or dismissed. Young men from the best families throughout the county became apprentices at his shop, and when they were through with their trade, they had no difficulty in securing a good position elsewhere, if they desired to make a change.

There are on the Company's payroll today 48 men who were working for Frick Company while George Frick was still connected with it some forty years ago. The type of management that leads men to remain with it during their whole working life bespeaks cordial relations between employer and employed, and reflects credit on both sides. Few companies have such a record of service among their men, and it is evident that the same spirit prevails today which prevailed when George Frick managed Frick Company's affairs.

GEORGE FRICK'S HOME LIFE

Men have testified time and time again that they owe their success in life to their mothers. It is not possible that more men should also give their wives credit for what they have achieved in the world? It is not too much to say that Frederica Oppenlander Frick was an inspiration to her husband in his life work.

A man who has now reached a prominent place in business circles in Waynesboro relates that when a mere lad in 1872 he with his mother, who was a widow, called at Mr. Frick's home one evening and she pled with him to give her son work. She went away very much disheartened after he told her he had no use for a boy at this time. The only ray of hope in the mother's heart was when she heard Mrs. Frick say to her husband, "Can't you find something for the boy to do?" In about two weeks the boy was sent for. He afterward became shop foreman and served Frick Company for many years.

During the early days many of the men and boys were often hired in the same way. They would go to his home and plead their case there. George Frick was a good judge and trainer of men, and it is said that all the men and apprentices he had gathered about him at Ridgeville became fine mechanics and most of them continued to work for Frick Company to the end of their lives. Who knows but that Mrs. Frick also was a good judge of human character, and how many men were employed through her persuasion.

The Frick family was seldom alone at meal time. In the early days some of the apprentices lived with the family, and fortunate were those who were permitted to eat at her table, as none went away hungry. The extension boards were never removed from the table, and it was long enough to accommodate

seven or eight on a side. At no other private home in Waynesboro, before or since, have so many people been entertained.

Relief for the poor and needy was not systematized then as it is today. There was much door-to-door soliciting for help. No one ever left the Frick home without a basketful of food. Tramps were many in those days, and they too were always sure of a full meal. Mrs. Frick's home was a hospitable place to which all went with the assurance that thorough understanding and sympathy were to be found there. Visitors in her house were at once made welcome. She greeted every one with a smile, and had kind words for all.

The home life of the Fricks was ideal. One who lived in their family for many years never heard a cross or complaining word there. There was, however, the proverbial woodshed in the rear of his house, but it was there for the purpose intended, and it is not learned that it was ever used as a penal institution.

GEORGE FRICK THE MAN

Such a man was George Frick, founder of Frick Company. He came upon the scene at the beginning of the period when the invention of mechanical devices to lighten labor brought in its trail all the wonderful achievements we enjoy today. He was one of the pioneers in this industrial evolution. We live in a mechanical age, the wonder age of the world, and to the men who have done their share in this development we should take the occasion to honor.

We can well afford to set aside an hour or two to tell about George Frick, his work and worth. By reason of his accomplishments, and because he was first in the field of mechanical endeavor, he has come to be acknowledged as the industrial father of Waynesboro. The establishment of his works where in 1861 inaugurated an era of improvement and brought in its train a long list of correlated enterprises, which sprang up as incidental to his company. In addition to this there are, the hundreds of new houses, the thousands added to our population, the multiplication of business establishments, and the vast aggregate of material wealth, which have transformed the village of sixty years ago into the thriving young city of today. George Frick deserves the gratitude not only of the organization which bears his name, but, more than any other man, he is entitled to the gratitude of all the people of this community.

The foregoing sketch, is sadly deficient in setting forth the proper estimate of George Frick. It is difficult to resurrect a man, project him on the screen of our consciousness and portray him as a flesh and blood man like ourselves. The intimacies of his life we know little about, but he certainly stands full height among the people of this community. George Frick was in-

dustrious; he was energetic; he was resourceful, and besides he was a genius. Combining all these qualifications in any one man will surely bring him success at they brought George Frick success. His achievements have contributed more to the welfare of Waynesboro than any other person who has ever lived here. The verdict of this appraisal of George Frick will, I am sure, be sustained by future generations.

His spirit reaches beyond the period of his natural days as it can still be discerned in the personnel of his company. If there is anything practical that can be gleaned from this short sketch of his life and his work, perhaps it is that George Frick was a careful and a practical man, and that he was the embodiment of the motto which he so often repeated to his men. It was his guiding principle in every thing that he undertook, and those of us who desire a full measure of success in our pursuits should give heed to this oft repeated admonition of George Frick: "Be sure you are right, then do it quickly!"

Up And Down The Falling Spring

April 30, 1942

As the crow flies, the source of the Falling Spring is about four miles from the place where its waters drop into the Conococheague; by way of the curving spring road, the distance is slightly over five miles, and along the winding stream, the distance is about six miles.

The Falling Spring is aptly named. In its natural state before beginning its industrial career the stream coursed along the countryside constantly seeking lower levels, finally dropping down thirty feet over an embankment in Chambersburg and mingling its waters with Conococheague Creek. Winding down through the green valley its volume of water is augmented by nearly a score of small streams before making the final plunge. Benjamin Chambers wrote it "F-a-w-l-i-n-g S-p-r-i-n-g." In some of the early land records the Falling Spring was known as Spring Run.

At the head of the Spring the sparkling waters gush out through crevices in limestone rocks in larger volume than any other creek in Cumberland Valley. Seventy years ago, as to-day, the spring and the roadway vied with each other in reaching their destination. Again and again the winding road crossed the curving stream over small wooden bridges, leaving the meadow-land sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other.

During pioneer days the upper Falling Spring with its crystal waters was an interesting place. The head of the spring was then an area of natural beauty. Luxuriant weeping willows lined its banks and added to the beauty of its winding course and the surroundings without being bold or rugged were intriguing to the nature lover.

The comfortable homes along the Spring in olden times were neat and clean and in best of order. The fences enclosing the yards were regularly painted or whitewashed. The lawns were closely clipped, not with a mechanized mower, but with the laborious scythe often swung by an itinerant visitor. The trees, shrubs and vines showed careful attention. The mills and factories were all doing well. The roadway itself was smooth and hard as any turnpike.

The charming features along the Falling Spring in early days were the substantial stone and brick houses in front and the big bank barns standing back from the roadway. The rectangular gardens were enclosed by paling fences regularly painted or whitewashed. The garden beds laid off in squares

by neat walks were covered with a layer of tan bark three or four inches thick for easy walking. One of the largest and most interesting of all the farm houses in Franklin County was erected more than a hundred years ago by John Brotherton. The old house stands at the bend in the road a few rods above the former Willow Grove grist-mill. The masonry in this large building is one of the finest examples of limestone work in Franklin county.

It is said that Brotherton never lived in the new home for he was obliged to sell the property in order to pay the debts incurred in its erection. The purchaser was Jacob Stouffer, son of pioneer Abraham Stouffer, who at that time possessed more than half the land lying on both sides of Falling Spring Road. The present owner, John R. Lehman, is a great grandson of the said Abraham Stouffer.

As nearly every house along the main stream had its own little individual spring, there was no need of pumps or windmills in the Falling Spring district. A few homes had lifts, operated by water power, carrying water to both houses and barns. These small tributaries, nearly a score of them, never failed to provide the owners with sufficient water for household and farm needs. After doing their work the little streams rippled joyously over shining pebbles to be greeted farther down by the parent stream just as a joyous mother greets her own children, when they run into her out-stretched arms.

The small runs which feed the larger stream continue to flow lazily through the lawns, though not so neatly clipped as in former years. The six mill-dams have all been washed out, the waters having broken through their barriers long ago and now take short cuts by way of other channels through the little valley. The foundation walls of stone still remain to indicate the sites of the old mills where trade and barter in former days were conducted on a friendly and an equitable basis. Many of the big trees surrounding the mills have been cut down and no longer gladden the hearts with their protecting boughs and kindly shade. The stream itself is not so neat and trim as it was sixty or seventy years ago, and more than that, the homes of the mill-workers have been taken down and the population along the roadway is only half as large as in former years.

And so today the Falling Spring, though its waters are slightly lessened in volume, still finds its way across green meadows but not so alluring as they were two generations ago. Then its waters turned the wheels of industry; today those old wooden wheels are rotting in the mud and mire. Since the mills and dams are no more, our stream has resumed lower levels and now idles its way through the little five mile valley. The volume of water has been lessened because the wooded areas along the stream have all been cut down. It is noticed however, that

floods are more frequent today for the reason that in earlier times the rains were absorbed in the surrounding woodlands and the moisture was released gradually.

Then the stream was rimmed on both sides with the greenest of grass and foliage; then scores of cattle grazed the meadows clean and trim as a golf course; then the graceful willows, spreading sycamores and sturdy oaks were spaced by nature along the water course as though a landscape artist had done the work. No weeds, no briars, no rubbish to mar the beauty of the stream. At every mile the creek spread out into artificial dams, thus conserving and steadying the flow of water through the mill races and thence to the big water-wheels. These picturesque dams attracted long-legged cranes and short-legged wild ducks which in turn enticed the small boy with a gun. And so the Falling Spring curved and zig-zagged through the meadow-lands forming pictures any artist would care to sketch.

There is historical evidence that the Falling Spring in early days crossed the present Lincoln Highway through an underground passage about one-quarter of a mile west of the present crossing where farther down it formed a junction with Hawthorne Spring. A few elderly persons remember hearing their parents tell about this detour under the pike. There are still indications of the old headrace having run parallel with Hawthorne Spring and only a few rods to the south. Together these two streams probably furnished power to run the machinery in the old Stouffer mill. This large mill on the Falling Spring about a mile from Chambersburg, though greatly altered, is now used for other than milling purposes. The mill property was unusual in that it had two dams, one on either side of the Chambersburg and Gettysburg Turnpike, now Lincoln Highway. No fences or other barriers on either side, although the dam was very close to the turnpike. One never drove that way without one's eyes wandering alternately from side to side for fear of missing the view of those two beautiful sheets of water.

Jacob Stouffer the owner of this property a hundred years ago, was the father of twelve children—five sons and seven daughters. To each of his sons he gave a fine large farm along the Falling Spring. To each of his daughters he gave the equivalent in money. There was a period during the last century when members of the Stouffer family owned nearly all the land on both sides of the Falling Spring from the limits of Chambersburg to Duncan's Mill, half a mile from the head of the Spring.

It is estimated by those who are well acquainted with this district that the head of the spring is about 100 feet above the point where its waters take their final plunge into Conococheague Creek, an average drop of thirty feet to the mile. While the Indians roamed this region the Falling Spring ran down the little valley on easy grade without let or hindrance. When the White

Man came he built his mills and factories and generated power by constructing head-races, tail-races, dams and forebays. Each dam or unit required from fifteen to thirty feet fall depending whether it was to turn an overshot or an under-shot water wheel. In former times it was a question sometimes discussed, whether the scenery along the Spring was more entrancing after the advent of the Pale Face with his dams and water-falls and creaking machinery; or during the period of the aboriginal Red Man with the streams rippling across the landscape on easy grade and constantly changing their tortuous course by the unyielding law of gravity.

A CHILDREN'S PLAY GROUND

Two generations ago it was the general belief that a boy's education was neglected unless he were reared or partly reared on a farm. And better still if the farm had a spring or a stream of water running through it. Another good place was supposed to be at one of the grist mills, of which there were six along the Falling Spring. During vacation periods it was rare indeed not to see boys, and girls too if you please, playing on the meadow banks along our stream.

The water-falls and ripples and dams afforded constant delight to children as well as to their elders. As sheltered spots the elusive trout furtively watched the boy with a hook and line, who, once in a long while, landed a handsome fish and happy was man or boy should it prove to be a speckled trout rather than the unwanted "sucker." In any case it is unfortunate that all boys do not live along a brook or a stream or a creek. Even the lowly tramp who carried no mirror in his pack occasionally kneeled down on the bank of our stream to behold his weather-worn visage mirrored in its crystal waters.

And there was the old swimming hole hardly deep enough to reach a boy's waist, but not too shallow in which to learn to swim. The weeping willows draped around these secluded spots were not dense enough however to hide those naked boys from prying eyes. The country lad got his first swimming lesson when a few older boys crowded him off the bank into deep water and he just had to fan the water with his hands to keep his nose above the surface. Next day the new swimmer taught another victim the depth of the swimming hole.

On certain occasions during a summer afternoon, when the sun was partly obscured, there were to be seen on the east bank of a Falling Spring mill-dam two beautiful pictures in colors, one above and the other below the water's edge. It was difficult for a boy to understand this. These pictures of the landscape were identical except that one was right side up and the other was upside down. No optical delusion, merely a reflection which takes

place whenever sunlight and shadow are just right. Such displays stirred the imagination of any inquiring lad as well as that of his elders.

Then too at some propitious moment, the splash of waters over the breast of one of the Falling Springs dams, or any other waterfall for that manner, may create a film or mist of spray when lo! there comes into view before one's eyes a miniature rainbow hanging unsupported in mid-air! Fortunate indeed was the person who had an opportunity to see such an interesting phenomenon. The perplexed child goes to his elders and they go to their books in search for the cause of such a wonderful manifestation of nature which once seen is never forgotten.

The conditions to produce such a spectacle are many: the observer has to be at the right spot and the air must be still; the sun a ball of pale yellow shining through a blanket of fleecy clouds just dim enough to cast no shadow; a film of mist arising from the splash of waters at breast of dam; the reflection at the right angle, all conspiring to dissolve the rays of light into globules of beautiful colors. One holds his breath for in a few short moments the vision is over.

So quickly does the little rainbow fade into nothingness that one has to rely on his imagination to retain the picture in his memory. Even a companion standing close by may not see it. When all factors are present the display may take place at any time. The probabilities that such a phenomenon may occur more than once in a lifetime, are very remote, and fortunate indeed is the person who has an opportunity to see a mist-formed rainbow not in the sky but close at hand.

There was nothing more enticing to a boy in that day than the area surrounding a country mill when it was in operation. Many of the seventy-five to a hundred old mill sites in Franklin County are in a state of decay and there should be some plan devised by which these blights on the contry side could be improved and possibly become recreational places again. Why not clean up the old dam sites and water-falls and meadow-lands for the sake of our boys and girls as well as for the pleasure and satisfaction of their fathers and mothers?

FARM AND MILL OWNERS

The land along the Falling Spring was first taken up by emigrants from England, Ireland and Scotland. Among these very early settlers were David Andrew, John Andrew, William Adams, John Baird, Thomas Baird, John Brotherton, Samuel Caven, Benjamin Chambers, William Dunlap, John Duncan, Peter Eberly, Benjamin Gass, Captain Samuel Lindsay, John Moreland, William Nugent, Andrew Oyler, Alexander Stuart, Patrick Vance, John Vance.

Rev. Caven was the first pastor of Falling Spring Presbyterian Church; Captain Jack was a well known frontiersman; the Nugents record, if written up, would make a thrilling story but somewhat off color.

It may be noted that this group of settlers were composed largely of Presbyterians and Covenanters. After living along the Spring nearly a hundred years many of the Scotch-Irish moved to other parts of the country. Owing to inflation and destruction of credit brought about by the war of 1812, great loss was suffered in this valley through foreclosures and otherwise, thus affording emigrants from York and Lancaster counties an opportunity to acquire most of these lands.

Following is a list of farm and mill-owners along the Spring Road shortly after the Civil War as shown on a map of Guilford Township printed by Pomeroy & Beers in 1868, beginning at the head of the Spring:

G. Baker, H. Baker, D. Keller, A. Small, J. Horn, J. Yaukey, G. Smith, J. Stoner estate, Martha Stoner, John Stouffer, Samuel Steiner, J. Strickler, C. Stouffer, G. W. Immel, W. Metz, J. Lantz, Daniel Stouffer, Jacob Stouffer, Abraham Stouffer, Issac Eberly.

The majority of these farmers and millers were of Swiss or German descent. In their commodious homes dwelled peaceful, law abiding citizens who, if stricken, did not strike back. There may have been locks on their doors, but the keys were seldom used. No hungry man ever left their homes without something to eat, nor was anyone ever refused a place to rest over-night.

There were others living along the road, but they were mostly tenants or small property owners. In course of time three small areas were built up known as Stoufferstown, Willow Grove and Falling Spring. The last two have decreased in number of inhabitants and are not now populous enough to be known as villages.

Among the industries located along the Falling Spring at various times were one barrel factory, one brewery, two clover mills, one cotton mill, two distilleries, six flour mills, one molasses factory, one oil mill, two paper mills, one pottery, two sawmills, one tannery and one woolen mill, an average of three or four factories or mills along each mile of this industrial creek; quite a handsome record for a country district, but sad to relate there is today not a single mill or factory outside of Chambersburg operating within this former busy area.

A large straw board paper mill located at Willow Grove was erected about 1860 by Christian Stouffer, John Stouffer and Jacob Strickler, sons and son-in-law of Jacob Stouffer. It ceased operations in the early nineties because of difficulties of transportation and for other reasons. The little village that had developed in the neighborhood of the mill is no more. Only foundation walls of the mill and homes of the workmen may be seen.

It is no idle guess that the combined assets of the farmers and mill-owners along the Falling Spring road just after the Civil War totaled three or four hundred thousand dollars, the wealthiest rural section in the county at that time. The panic of "Seventy-three" greatly reduced their holdings and again in 1884 another heavy loss was suffered. More than three-fourths of the real estate in the Falling Spring area changed ownership during those two eventful periods. For certain classes these so-called panics were even more distressing than any succeeding financial depression.

About ten years previous to the Civil War the patrons of Willow Grove School District raised by private subscription sufficient funds to pay for the erection of a stone school-building in Christian Stouffer's woods alongside the Falling Spring. At the end of the school term these same patrons unobtrusively presented the teacher with a handsome sum of money in addition to the regular salary paid him by the directors of Guilford Township. It is needless to say the position of school-master at Willow Grove in those days was eagerly sought. Now the quaint school-house of stone is gone, only the foundation walls remain to indicate where the old building stood. The big trees that surrounded it no longer cast their shadows over this primary hall of learning.

Years ago the Falling Spring Road was known far and wide as a delightful drive and many were the families from Chambersburg and elsewhere who drove out that way in their one or two-horse carriages, or low swung phaetons, to view the beautiful scenery and while away a few evening hours. The drive to the head of the Falling Spring and return was one of the things to do seventy or eighty years ago.

All who lived along the Spring as well as all who drove the roadway admired this fruitful country-side. The spring curved its way from one mill to the next where great water-wheels splashed round and round furnishing power to grind grain raised on adjoining farms. All these big wheels except one were inside of the mill buildings and out of sight to the passer-by. The water-wheel at Willow Grove, however, was on the outside and it was a marvelous piece of machinery to the inquiring mind of a boy, probably to his father too. This wheel was almost the symbol of perpetual motion, as it seldom ceased turning day and night throughout the years.

The landscape pattern at all the mills was practically the same; the head-race conveyed the water from the dam to the mill, the tail-race conveyed the water away after passing over or under the big water-wheel and the waste-race conveyed the surplus water around the mill. During heavy rains the white coated miller ran up the creek to open the sluice-gate, thus detouring the unused waters around the mill through the meadow

land to meet again the water that had turned the big wheel. The several millers who operated these water-power mills had to exercise good judgment when to lift the gate and let the rushing waters through, or when to close them again and conserve the supply of water in the dam.

All mills along the Falling Spring had to run of buhrs or mill-stones; one for grinding wheat into flour, the other for grinding corn, oats and rye. The mills had week-day schedules and none of them ever ran on Sunday. Now the stream passes in idleness through the same little valley as it ran previous to the advent of the white man.

GARRARD'S DESCRIPTION OF FALLING SPRING

Here is a glowing account of the Falling Spring written in 1856 by Lewis H. Garrard member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. This colorful description is remarkable in that it is all in one long sentence, and that it agrees with recollections of the stream as it appeared sixty or seventy years ago:

"The Falling Spring commenced in the confluence of several large springs, and held its meandering way through natural meadows, sometimes half hid by tussocks of long grass, sometimes over-arched by impenetrable copses of the thorny plum, that bent to the weight of its golden drupes and the matted interlacing of purple-clustered vines; then it collected in deep glassy pools, where speckled trout sported in the bright sunshine and darted away on the slightest sound of crackling brush or incautious voice to the safe refuge of a submerged log, or to the intricacies of friendly tree-roots laid bare by the washing of the current; then it rushed with musical murmur in glittering miniature cascades, and over loose stones in the shallow channel, and through mossy banks garlanded with pale wild flowers, and hung with dripping aquatic plants, and again spread out in broad placid sheets, which reflected in the stillness of the glimmering noontide the wide leaves and branchless stems of huge sycamores, standing on the water's edge—where scary schools of minnows rejoiced secure from the rapacious maws of the larger fish, and the summer fly lazily buzzed through its eccentric gyrations, an easy prey to the swift-winged swallow that, with eager eye and voluble twitter, lightly skimmed the air, finally, the brook contracted for the impetuous leap from rock to rock, and in foam, and mist, and rapid rill mingled with the waters of the Conococheague."

Historian Garrard also devoted several paragraphs to the observance of the Sabbath by the Scotch-Irish along the Falling Spring. It too partakes of the high-flown manner of speech in former days and furnishes a picture showing how strict those early Presbyterians were in the observance of the Lord's Day:

"The Sabbath there was in striking contrast with the rest of

the week. It was a period of delicious repose, in which surrounding nature deemed to participate. The sun beamed with genial lustre, performed its course, and gently waned beyond the hills, as if in accordance with the character of the day. The shrill note of the cock pierced the bracing morning air, and the impatient neighing of the horses shut up in the barn was more plainly heard than at other times. The lowing of the cows, anxious to be freed from the security of the night-inclosure, was modulated to a low, grateful moan as they slowly emerged, one by one, over the half-let-down bars to pull the fresh grass, yet sparkling with moistening dews. The water-fowl sailed noiselessly under the fringing alders of the mill-pond, or basked motionless in its centre; and the tinkling of the cataract, now that the stream was diverted from the silent water-wheel, struck softly in delicate, crystal notes on the delighted ear.

"In the house, the harmony was complete with the occasion. In deferential respect, the men were smoothly shaved, and clad in coarse, but cleanly garb. The children presented a bright array of decent clothes, polished, ruddy faces, and recently combed hair; while the good wife, ever present and ever kind, neat and skillful, prepared the moderate morning meal, which was despatched with becoming sobriety. When the table was cleared, the cloth folded, and order restored, the old russet-bound Family Bible, which had been their constant companion over land and over sea from the home of their youth, was taken from its shelf, and laid near the man who read aloud the blessed words of inspiration. Then, on bended knee, with his little flock clustered around him, he lifted his voice in supplication to the Almighty Ruler to accept the joint peace-offering of penitent hearts.

"No fire, save for the merest necessities, was kindled on the kitchen-hearth; nor was the day by questionable conventional license, scandalized by being converted into a period of feasting and sacrilegious hilarity. The Bible was read earnestly and intelligently; and the retentive memories of these settlers of Conococheague, made its history and its precepts, as illustrated by the Confession of Faith, household words. The children, reared without the adventitious aid of fine churches and bells, and other helps to Godliness in the cities, regarded the Sabbath at first with mysterious awe, until increase of age, and corresponding reason, assisted by the gradual inductions of the catechisms, explained its propriety, and taught them to follow the good example set by their devoted fathers and mothers."

Such were the religious practices and convictions of the first settlers along Falling Spring.

IN CIVIL WAR DAYS

Nearly all farms along the Spring had tracts of woodland containing from five to twenty-five acres each. One of these

woodland areas was known as "Stoner's Hill." The owners called it "Hill-Field," and with the exception of mountain ranges, it is the highest spot in Franklin County. Previous to the Battle of Gettysburg the hill was occupied by a detail of Confederate soldiers as a signal or wigwag station. A similar station was on Mount Parnell, another on a hill near Shippensburg. The soldiers in charge were well-mannered men and took turns in coming down to the house for food. They sat at the table with the family and before leaving politely offered to pay for their meals in Confederate currency.

It should be mentioned that one year later, July 30, 1864, Chambersburg was set on fire by General John McCausland, who claimed to be executing orders from his superior officers. That night the town was shrouded in the blackest of smoke, with great flashes of fire bursting through in numerous places. Bits of burning paper and pieces of charred wood were floating all around, although several miles from town. Hundreds of people from the Falling Spring area, climbed this hill to watch the dreadful spectacle. As no one wanted to go to bed that night the family took turns in carrying the youngest member, a babe in arms, about half a mile to top of the hill.

In the fall of 1862 occurred the spectacular raid of General J. E. B. Stuart, the famous Confederate cavalry officer, into Southern Pennsylvania including the county of Franklin. Early in the morning, October 11, before the family was up, a son of Dr. A. H. Senseny came riding up the road-way, hallooing to the top of his voice "the Rebels are coming! the Rebels are coming!" He stopped at our house, very much excited, and said "they are coming by way of Campbellstown" (now St. Thomas) "and some of them are already in Chambersburg, collecting all the horses they can find and taking them down into Virginia." He continued up the road warning everybody to take their stock away if they wanted to save it.

Many of the citizens along the Spring road quickly removed their horses to the mountains for safety; others took them across the Susquehanna River into Dauphin and Lancaster counties. Father left his horses in the barn that morning with two or three stable doors remaining open, probably thinking the invaders would take it for granted the horses were elsewhere. Then he casually went to work in the garden located between the roadway and the barn.

Several squads of cavalry soon passed up the road leading a lot of horses which they had already taken from farmers. Apparently they did not look at the barn. Finally the last group came galloping by when an officer stopped and called out "are there any horses over in that barn?" Father said "yes," and at once two soldiers dismounted, went to the stable and took four of the best horses along, leaving an old nag too feeble to be of

any service as a war horse. The sergeant then wrote a receipt and explained, "the horses will be paid for after the war is over."

The family, talking about the incident afterward, agreed that had father remained out of sight that morning the horses might not have been taken. After all had been said and done, he was probably glad the Rebels took the horses, otherwise he might have accused himself of acting deceitfully.

The raid netted the Confederates about twelve hundred horses from Franklin County alone. During the Eighties and Nineties Thaddeus M. Mahon, Congressman from this district, was elected and re-elected time after time on the platform that the Border Raids Claim amounting to over a million dollars would be paid. He offered his bill regularly each session in the Congress and just as often it was defeated or not taken out of committee. Mr. Mahon either died or was finally defeated and nothing more has ever been heard of the Border Raids Claim.

BENJAMIN CHAMBER'S FALLS

History records that Benjamin Chamber's settlement at the Falls was variously named Falling Spring, Chambers' Fort and Chambers' Town. The latter name it held until the erection of Franklin County in 1784, when the present name Chambersburg was adopted. The first house in the town was erected at the Falls by Benjamin Chambers. It was built of logs and covered with lap shingles. One time, while the owner was away from home, an unprincipled hunter burned it to ashes, it was said, for the sake of the nails in the roof. The second house in Chambersburg he built of stone. It was completely surrounded by a ditch or moat supplied with water from the Falling Spring. This moat was further surrounded by a high stockade of logs, firmly embedded in the ground, as a protection against Indian raids.

It is about two hundred years since Benjamin Chambers put to use the waters of the Falling Spring to grind grain and saw wood. Since that time many concerns have secured power from these Falls. They were described in Colonial Records as having a sheer drop of thirty feet, falling on jutting rocks near the bottom and creating a constant spray or film. Travelers on the Shenandoah Trail in early days often stopped a few moments and turned aside to look at this wonderful natural cataract.

An interesting reference to the site is contained in a letter written September 4, 1753 to James Burd by Edward Shippen founder of Shippensburg. In this letter he says, "As you go along the road to Virginia you may take notice of Ben Chambers' mill, where he does without any dam at all; a glorious thing formed by nature." It is a pity this "glorious thing" had to be destroyed because of the demands of industry, otherwise its preservation would now be an invaluable asset to Chambersburg.

Sherman Day, historian, as early as 1843, said "the water power of two creeks passing through the town of Chambersburg drives two flour mills, two fulling mills, an immense paper mill, cotton and woolen manufactory, oil mill, carding machines and a large edge tool factory."

A tradition exists that long before the presence of the White Man in this valley the waters of Falling Spring entered the Conococheague by way of the low ground in the old Falling Spring graveyard. It was supposed the building of a beaver dam long before, probably a very large affair, diverted the waters of the Spring to the place of the big Falls. This story seems unbelievable, although it has been repeated a number of times by local historians.

It appears the thirty-foot drop into the Conococheague furnished so much power that a wall was eventually constructed through the center of Falling Spring Creek, dividing its waters before reaching the Falls, so as to serve a number of industrial units with water power. It is recorded that a number of disputes arose as to the division of water power among the several industries at the Falls. One of these controversies could not be settled by negotiation, accordingly the dam question had to be referred to the courts for adjustment, eventually reaching the Supreme Court of the State for final decision. Had such a controversy developed up stream in that former non-resistant section there would probably have been no law suit.

Until about one hundred years ago there was still preserved enough of the old Falls to form a cascade, but not so entrancing as it had been when Benjamin Chambers first feasted his eyes upon the spot and determined to make it his home. Now the waters of the Falling Spring, after passing under King Street Bridge hasten down to the Conococheague through an artificial channel hewn out of solid limestone rock.

It may be noted that in early times the waters at the head of Falling Spring, before starting in their downward course, spread out in a natural lake forming a beautiful sheet of water. The area was girded about with rounded hills, covered with a stand of virgin timber and the surroundings without being bold and rugged, were intriguing indeed to the nature lover. More than a hundred years ago a group of prospectors, seeking lead, blasted and otherwise destroyed this beautiful expanse of water and it has never regained its former loveliness. Now the place in large part is a swamp, overgrown with rushes and weeds. Strange to say, ever since that time, flocks of cross and hissing geese have taken possession of the swamp and continue to patrol this disfigured area as though it were their own preserve.

The Falls at the mouth of the Spring in their primitive state were indeed a thing of beauty, but they too were sacrificed in the interest of trade and industry. For many years the area surround-

ing the Falls was covered with mills and factories. The running waters were then concealed in forebays and flumes. Now these are destroyed and it is doubtful whether a goodly number of the citizens of Chambersburg know there ever was such a beautiful thing as these Falls within the limits of their town.

And so not only was injustice done to our Spring at its mouth, but its scenic beauty was also destroyed at its source. Had these Falls been preserved in their natural state until the present time they would be worth far more to the town than all the industries which have depended on the Falling Spring for motive power. There are quite a number of falls or cascades throughout the State of Pennsylvania, but only a few of them made a bigger leap than our Falls and there are only a few over which a larger volume of water passed than our own Falling Spring.

The Conococheague Creek—a score of ways to spell the name—snakes its way over the country side; in former times it too turned the wheels of many mills and factories, now it idles its way around and requires the town to erect and keep in repair three or four expensive bridges in order that its citizens may pass from one side of the borough to the other.

There are only a few cataracts in the State of Pennsylvania as strikingly beautiful as were our falls, but owing to the former demands of industry this waterfall has altogether disappeared. This wonderful place naturally attracted the attention of young Benjamin Chambers whose settlement there in 1732 determined the location of the town of Chambersburg. These wonderful falls should be restored to their former natural beauty. Such a work if properly done should have great appeal to civic minded people for it would clear up an area that is of no particular credit to any one.

In 1764 Colonel Chambers advertised as follows: "there is a town laid out on Conococheague Creek on both sides of the Great Falling Spring where it falls into said creek." The Colonel did not say "Great Conococheague," but he did say "Great Falling Spring." The "Falls" were uppermost in his mind, just as they were in every other person's mind who had an opportunity to see them. It is well to remember what Edward Shippen said about these falls: "A glorious thing formed by nature."

Whenever any property in this area comes on the market it should be purchased and held in trust by some responsible authority until all the needed properties shall have been acquired to restore to its former beauty one of the scenic spots of Colonial days. This is no idle dream. The fact that the plan may take years to accomplish need be no deterrent to such a worthy enterprise; and no one should refuse to support the project for the selfish reason that he may never live long enough to witness its accomplishment.

Tramps Along The Falling Spring In The 1870's

April 27, 1944

Seventy years ago nearly every farmer along the Falling Spring was prepared to keep tramps over-night. When one of these wayfaring men came to the kitchen door he seldom asked for a meal or a night's lodging; he merely proceeded to place his pipe and matches on the outside window sill and other things were taken for granted. During the summer months he went to the barn and lay down on the hay or straw; when weather became colder, at my home he climbed to the loft above the spring-house where there were two beds; in dead of winter he may have been allowed to sleep in the attic of the main house. Next morning he appeared at the rear porch where a member of the family handed him several slices of apple-buttered bread and a tin-cup of coffee. Some of them received this with stolid indifference, others with profuse thanks.

It was the rule for those transients who slept in beds to make up their beds before leaving. The rule seldom worked for that task was usually left for the next occupant to do. Some tramps got up early in the morning and silently stole away without breakfast fearing, if they remained, they would be asked to cut wood or fill up the wood-box on the rear porch. The daily trips of these men were not long. They knew all roads and planned tours through the country-side with as much precision as though they had pockets full of money and paid full prices for board and lodging. In fact some of them had schedules and knew for a certainty where they would be a week or a month in advance. Tramps were perhaps even more care-free than the farmers who provided them a living.

Should these men be asked why they tramped some of them replied they were unable to get steady employment; others claimed they were not feeling well and couldn't stand a day's work. A few of the latter sometimes drifted into a physician's office and after counting their pulse and looking at their tongue the doctor gave them a few pellets and at once they thought they felt better. Then bowing themselves out of his office they went their way often asking for a few pennies in addition to the pills.

At the County Home or "Poor House," so called in early days, it was the custom to permit tramps to stay over-night; some lying on crude bunks others on the floor in a big heated room. Occasionally the occupants became unruly resulting in fist fights,

so that the person in charge had to drive the loud ones outside. Those who behaved properly were given breakfast next morning before going out in the cold. One of the homes along the Falling Spring, because it was a Mecca for tramps, was known as "Poor House, No. 2."

It was the common belief among residents of the Spring district that tramps cut or scratched certain marks or symbols on front gate posts, though very indistinct, they were supposed to indicate that here may be had a bite to eat or a place to sleep. As evidence of this, it was noticed that after a yard-fence had been painted or white-washed, requests for lodging and meals were materially lessened. On the other hand, some farmers posted a notice on their front gate with the information, "Cross Dog Here." Tramps were dreadfully afraid of dogs and strange to say dogs had an inherent dislike for tramps and usually greeted them with growls and barks. The notice however served its purpose although in many cases there was no such animal about the premises.

Though tramps were more or less ragged they actually kept themselves pretty clean. During winter weather they probably went no further than washing their hands and faces and rather carelessly at that. Few of these men shaved regularly, and many of them looked as though they had never seen a razor. Some of them probably used scissors on their beards. Children were afraid of the unshaven ones and ran whenever they came in sight. Old Yakob was cleanly shaven, but his brother Balthus had a full black beard, both frequent travelers in the Falling Spring district.

In course of time the Spring Road certainly had become a highway for foot-loose people. Apparently these roving men had an eye for the fitness of things and selected as one of their camping places, the lee or sheltered side of a wooded hill, underneath tall trees, beside a running stream and a short distance from the main road; the sort of spot any one would select for a picnic ground. Such a place was their camp along the banks of the Falling Spring. When evening came and weather permitting they lay down on the greensward for a night's rest with their packs for pillows.

So well established was this camping area, it was taken for granted that tramps had a sort of squatter's claim on the place and accordingly no one disturbed them. It should be noted too there were similar places in the country along other streams where tramps assembled for shorter or longer periods. During summer months there were to be seen at one time as many as ten or twelve itinerants at this place apparently having an enjoyable time. They managed to roll big stones together for a cooking stove, anticipating by seventy years the popular out-door kitchens of today, an ideal spot for outings but when residents of the

community wished to have picnics they had to go elsewhere on account of vermin.

Such gathering places are now called "Jungles." At these camps they naturally exchanged travel notes, telling of homes that were easy and those that were hard. For recreation they often pitched horse-shoes and so skillful were some of them that "ringers" and "standards" were the rule rather than the exception. Should there be any loose change in the crowd they sometimes engaged in "penny-ante" using very dirty cards with the usual result that one of the players acquired all the loose change.

From these central points tramps searched the country-side for food, each going alone, from kitchen to kitchen, asking for all sorts of eatables, accepting of course anything handed them. Should the housewife hesitate they artfully reminded her of the nice pile of wood they had cut for her four or five months previously, she did not remember but gave them a few things to shorten the interview. When these old scouts returned to their rendezvous they brought with them various assortments of food which was prepared by one of their number skilled in cookery. Should it be damp or raining they would repair to wagon sheds open at both ends or to a hay shelter cut in an open field. During favorable weather they often remained at their camps for two or three weeks at a time, taking turns in canvassing the country-side for provender.

Tramps had knowledge of the liberal farmers along the road and doubtless there was competition among them as to the places they should solicit for shelter and food. These problems had to be solved before starting. It would have been interesting to hear their discussions on such occasions, for out of their experience they had learned lessons in human nature from an angle that other people know little about. At times these men became quite jovial, for the parcelling out of prospects developed into a game of chance and they greeted with laughter when one of their number drew a supposed dud.

Disagreements sometimes arose among them which had to be settled with blows. The beardless Irishmen had a decided advantage over the full-bearded Germans whose thick shock of hair furnished good handgrips for the enemy; on the other hand the heavy hair of the Germans doubtless served to soften the hard-fisted blows of the Irish. At any rate the cheering by-standers saw to it there was fair play and as usual the best man won. Next day the bout was forgotten and all were friends as before; these nomads were philosophers as well as tramps.

Many wayfarers had definite circuits covering two or three hundred miles or more which, in the course of six or eight months, brought them back to the same neighborhood. There were some characters too, as in all walks of life, who did not live up to the rules of the road and had to go to other areas when

seeking food and shelter. Whether Americans or whether foreigners, when a man acquired a taste for tramping he seldom or ever gave it up, as it was a sure way to obtain a livelihood and the most care-free life in existence. No boss, no worries, no responsibilities and he seldom went hungry. After bunking over-night in a barn and having received breakfast a tramp seldom asked for more as he was not anxious to carry a surplus load. But during his progress along the road-way after having enough to eat he would ask for a few cents. If refused money, his next request was "couldn't you give a poor man several eggs?" He usually got eggs for among farmers' wives, eggs were about the cheapest product around the place.

There was a certain degree of good-will among tramps and should one of them find a suitable place for food and shelter, members of his group soon knew about it and calls for food at that particular place increased. They were communicative with each other and what one knew about the country-side the other knew also. They spotted the so-called "tight-wads" in a neighborhood and doubtless talked disparagingly about them in their impromptu conferences; on the other hand they discussed the generous people with more or less good-will.

As winter approached these men of the road asked for clothing and when given a garment they donned it over the old one; as it became colder they put on extra pieces of underwear. Should donations of clothing not be correct in size they did not return but exchanged with other hobo friends. As weather warmed up again, they dispensed with one layer after another until down to summer togs again. Tramps had a bad habit of leaving their discarded clothing along the road-side. These rags lay there during the summer and children were warned not to touch them. It was noted by some observers that tramps appeared better fed in winter than in summer; this is not true, the extra quantity of clothing they wore in wintertime accounted for the deception. One must not think of these men of the road in earlier days as ignorant and of lowly birth; many of them were men of bright minds but, on account of abuse of themselves through ungovernable temper, or drink, or loss of parents in their youth, they acquired a roving spirit.

OLD YAKOB

There were a number of itinerants tramping the Falling Spring Road, known as "regulars" who, by reason of their friendliness and willingness to do odd jobs about the premises, were in return given food and lodging. Such a man was Yakob Meyers, an old German. Of a morning when the household was getting up some one of the family would usually remark that old Yakob was outside. If it were summer time he was probably mowing

the yard with a sythe; or he may have been cutting a supply of wood and kindling for the kitchen stove; or he was in the tool-house cleaning tools and stacking them neatly in their proper places; or over in the barn feeding cattle, sheep, hogs, etc., but never willing to work among horses. Later in the day he cleaned all the stables and feeding rooms; doing the work better than any of the workmen about the place. He resented being told what to do, but when his work was finished every thing was neat and orderly. He knew where feed was stored and gave it to the stock as though he had been working on the farm for years.

Sometimes Yakob remained two or three days or as long as there were any jobs to be done. More than likely he performed in the same manner at scores of other places. He was polite and reticent and never talked unless spoken to. Old Yakob kept himself immaculately clean and when not doing anything else he was down along the spring washing his clothing.

This reminds me that one evening when but a lad and having occasion to go into the barn-floor, I was surprised to see a tramp down on his elbows and knees with both hands over his face. He seemed to be moaning, and thinking he was ill, I went near and asked what was the matter. He looked up and in a very serious manner said: "I am saying my prayers." I shrank away and then understood the reason for his peculiar position. From incidents such as these I am convinced that some of these homeless men were probably as religious as the persons from whom they sought alms.

BALTHUS MYERS

Balthus or Balser brother of Yakob was also a semi-annual visitor along the Spring but they never arrived at the same time. He had a heavy black beard neatly cropped while his brother had light hair and a smooth face. Balser never worked and conveyed the impression he was doing one a favor by accepting board and lodging. He had been a school teacher in Bavaria and was of the intellectual type who took pleasure in telling about his Father-land. It appears there was compulsory schooling in Germany long before it was in force in Pennsylvania. Children especially listened attentively when Balser told how a truant officer patrolled the district, carrying a big switch and woe to the child who was late in the morning. By children he was regarded with a certain amount of awe, however in the evening, sitting in the usual place on the wood-chest behind the kitchen stove, he related many interesting stories about provinces in Germany and elsewhere thus making the study of European geography more or less interesting to children.

Finally becoming too aged and infirm to walk the road any longer, admission to the Franklin County Home was secured for

him. Before going there he pled with my father not to let them bury him in a pauper's grave and so after Balser's death it was arranged he be given a decent Christian burial in the Willow Grove Graveyard. He also saw to it that a tombstone was erected over this old tramp school teacher's grave bearing the inscription:

BALTHUS MYERS

Died Feb. 17, 1876

62 yrs. 10 mos. 11 das.

Born in Hidleburg.

His brother Yakob died several years later, but his body lies in an unmarked grave somewhere along one of his travel routes.

ZIMMERMAN

And there was old Zimmerman, a tall angular sort of fellow, smoothly shaven, always neat and clean, between sixty-five and seventy years of age. He conversed in good English but with pronounced German accent. He was too proud to ask for anything, but, as a matter of course, received an evening and morning meal together with a place to sleep in one of the rooms above the Spring-House. Zimmerman furnished his own coffee and wanted it strong. He brought his rye bread along and it had to be hard and black. He was never known to do a stroke of work, such as cutting wood, shoveling snow or mowing the yard, for he considered himself too high born to do menial labor.

Zimmerman always appeared to have money enough to care for his needs, but no one knew where he got it. He said very little about his folks in the "Old Country" and it was thought he had belonged to a family of some importance. Possibly he left his home-land because of his uncontrollable temper, his greatest weakness, which doubtless was born in him. The slightest remark upset him and without a word he gathered up his belongings and left in a huff. For such tantrums he lost many stopping places. On the other hand, by reason of his entertaining ability, he picked up others thus keeping his calling list more or less on an even keel.

His range of travel covered such wide-spread arears as Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, Eastern Shore in Maryland and Bucks and Berks counties in Pennsylvania. Actually if one should make a graph of his wanderings it would resemble an isothermal line in a mountainous country. He was a sort of a speed demon and covered his circuit about once a year and from his accounts of places he traveled it is estimated he sometimes walked between two and three thousand miles within that period.

His place after supper was on the wood-box behind the kitchen stove where he told of his wanderings among our friends

and relatives in distant parts. From him the family learned of weddings, births and other good fortunes of acquaintances living at a distance; when he told of accidents or deaths tears would streak down his wrinkled cheeks. Old Zimmerman's technique, when calling at a place, was to learn the names and locations of relatives and friends in other parts of the country; and though they lived hundreds of miles away he made a mental note of such information which he never forgot.

When at our house in order to start conversation he would causally remark he had seen cousin "So and So" down in Virginia who wanted to be remembered to us; or about a family in Lancaster county who just had a baby and wouldn't we send it a little gift or, better still, let him deliver it. Anything he learned at our house doubtless he carried to other places possibly three or four months later. Thus he played news against news and won two meals and lodging as a reward. Next morning, up bright and early, he started on a half-trot on another journey which sometimes reached twenty-five miles from sun-up to sun-down.

Zimmerman was one of the tramping fraternity who did not come or go with his pack on his back, but carried his neat case in one hand with an old-fashioned walking stick in the other which he said he had brought all the way from Bavaria in Germany. He was really an upstanding man but had an unbearable temper.

OLD JOE

Some tramps had a way of becoming better acquainted than others doubtless because they were willing to do odd jobs about the house. One man in particular, Old Joe, no sooner had he arrived than he began burnishing things up. He didn't care to work in fields and wouldn't have helped there, even had he been asked to do so, neither did he want to be told what to do. He preferred to select his own work and it is remarkable how many things he found about a place which needed attention.

When Old Joe was through everything looked spic and span. Beside his board and lodging he expected to be given a little change. It was noticed too that this man invariably turned up the latter part of the week and usually remained until the following Monday morning. Such men from long acquaintanceship and because they would do anything at any time were really welcome visitors at a farm where there was always a lot of work to be done.

THE DOG MAN

An old dark full-bearded tramp, known as the "Dog Man," appeared on the road about once a year. His two husky dogs

pulled vigorously on the leash, with one end wrapped around his waist, thus speeding up his locomotion. He carried a heavy stick which, grasping in both hands, served as a sort of third leg to steady his equilibrium. He also used this rod with good effect on attacking canines. Boys were glad to know when the Dog Man was in the neighborhood for they dearly loved a dog-fight and saw to it that one of the big country dogs was on hand for the fray. The formula was to prod the farm dog with a stick and at once the fight was on. The tramp's dogs came out victors for it was two against one plus any aid the "Dog Man" could render with his big stick. At night he lay on the straw with a dog on each side to keep him warm or to serve as protectors. Next morning after breakfast for himself and dogs the trio performed a few simple tricks and fared forth for another strenuous day.

Few women traveled the road, but when they did, they usually wore men's clothing and once in a long while some one of the family would remark "I believe that tramp is a woman." It was difficult for a lone woman to secure lodging anywhere. Sometimes she was accompanied by a brother hobo known as her husband. After a little questioning they were usually allowed to go to the barn together.

Those were times when few people in outlying district received any but local newspapers. Knowing the eagerness of country people for news these travelers nearly always had something of a startling nature to tell their so-called hosts. Accidents, sickness, and deaths of persons throughout the valley were their stock in trade. These wandering men were methodical purveyors of news and often colored it a bit so that sometimes it bordered on neighborhood gossip. In any case they had attentive listeners nearly everywhere they went. Their formula was to trade news items for things to eat and a place to sleep.

These men were tale-bearers too and while sitting behind the kitchen stove, with eyes half-closed, but with ears alert, they sometimes sensed a bit of gossip never expected to go beyond the walls of the house. With such hearsays pieced together they had something to dispense at other firesides, where in return they possibly received an extra slice of bread or a strip of meat, thus obtaining food in exchange for that intangible thing known as gossip. It may be mentioned here that a certain farmer in the district one time secured the services of "roadman" to obtain a bit of information for which he was reimbursed quite handsomely. Some of the tramps harbored vermin and no one about a farm cared to fork over the straw or hay in which they had slept. The following couplet has been written by some one who attempts to define the difference between a tramp and a hobo:

"The hobo begged when he could not work,
The tramp worked when he could not beg."

Hobos have been described as honest working men with "itching feet" which kept them on the move. They earned their living usually on short jobs as harvesting crops and other work where not enough local labor was available. They drifted in, did the job, and drifted out again. Tramps were known as friendless outcasts who never worked but walked the road from place to place, begging food and clothing. Bums were merely tramps who still made some slight claims to respectability. They seldom worked and remained more or less stationary in a particular neighborhood, begging and stealing their way around. There seemed to be a gradation of casts among itinerants for hobos despised tramps and bums.

A few vagrants carried a supply of, needles, thread, buttons, lead pencils, shoe strings, etc., and wanted to be recognized as peddlers. No licenses were required at that time and the regular tramps declared them to be pretenders. Their stock in trade was small, probably costing a few dollars and what they had was soiled from frequent handling. The so-called peddler was actually as much of a tramp or hobo as any of them.

Quite a good many tramps made friends with children and through their good offices, reached the parents too; some of them were particularly skillful with a pen-knife in cutting and carving various sorts of toys and figures out of wood. One of these derelicts neatly copied the alphabet in three languages. Such men were welcome at any home where there were children. Little folks were glad when it rained or snowed so the friendly tramp might remain one more day. Too bad such mementoes of childhood days have been lost or mislaid.

These men often did tricks with strings, buttons and beans. Give them several pennies and with a few slight of hand movements the coins vanished and all laughed for some one had lost his money. They knew riddles and puzzles and had a stock of catch-words. As entertainers of children some of them were unexcelled. They recited poetry and did it with proper emphasis and suitable gestures. They played the mouth-organ and the lowly Jews-harp. They sang songs and sometimes accompanied them with jigs and fast dances. Also they kept in stock a variety of stories to amuse the people out in the country, thus helping to make their welcome last a little longer. At our place such performances were done behind the barn. There were all sorts of tramps just as there are all sorts of other people. Tramping developed them into keen observers of human nature and they knew more of the "ins and outs" of the area through which they traveled than many of its permanent residents, at least they

knew quite well the places where they were assured of bed and board.

Tramps were not vagrants as we know the so-called hoboes today. Some of them actually added color to the life of the people out along the roadway and were not always unwelcome visitors. Most of them were methodical in their passage through the country. Some had visiting lists, not on paper however, numbering a hundred or more places which they covered about twice a year and where they were pretty sure of obtaining a place to sleep and a bite to eat.

These knights of the road stopped at certain houses with as much assurance of securing food and shelter as though they had entered a hotel and intended to pay for the service. They lost stopping places by reason of deaths, removals, misunderstandings or alleged illtreatment. Tramping as practiced in the "Seventies" was actually a business or should it be called a racket, for such it was, as tramps constantly kept their eyes open for new stopping places. They had their clientele and disliked to lose a place for the same reason that a merchant dislikes to lose a steady customer. These men were not strangers in the districts through which they traveled and their acquaintanceship was probably wider than that of the people whose homes they visited.

Just because tramps begged their way around was no reason to brand them as bad men. Seldom or ever were they accused of taking any property that was not theirs, nor were they often brought into the courts. It is possible they may have dug up a hill of potatoes, or snatched a few roasting ears hanging close to the road fence, or picked up fallen apples which had rolled out along the highway. Country people did not begrudge them such snacks of food for who among us when a boy did not at some time or other leap over a fence into an orchard and acquire a little ripe fruit.

Farmers had various methods of handling the tramp problem. At some homes there was a large kettle on one corner of the cooking stove with water boiling most of the time. Into this receptacle were cast bones and other bits of unused food. From this potpourri they dished out hot bowls of soup, handed it to the tramps and let it go at that. At one home when a tramp appeared, and the man of the house was present he merely pointed to the wood-pile and if the tramp didn't go to chopping wood, he got nothing to eat and no more words said.

When coming to a house, tramps assumed a sober forlorn attitude. Sometimes they feigned lameness, or had a patch over one eye. Such ruses aroused the sympathy of the house-wife, as the responsibility of saying yes or no usually devolved upon her. All sorts of devices were used to impose on charitably inclined people. Through skillful combination of old clothes,

a subdued facial expression, or some faked physical defect, such as a pulled up sleeve showing a large ulcer, it was no sore at all just the juice of a plant, such as poke-berry, smeared on his elbow. They disguised themselves with patches, bandages and crutches, or walked with a limp, or carried their arm in a sling. Some posed as being almost blind and apparently had difficulty in finding their way around. A profitable begging device was the organ grinder with a trained monkey. Of course there have always been persons, because of physical or mental limitations or strokes of illluck, who are unable to procure a livelihood.

"Old Crutchy," as he was called, was one tramp who did not feign lameness for he was actually a cripple and needed both a crutch and a cane for every step, a sympathetic tramp who invariably brought news of some one's illness which he related with tears in his eyes. When preparing to leave he collected a nickel, never accepting anything less, as he said there was too much acid in coppers which, if, carried in his pockets, were poison to him.

American tramping has its counterparts in England and throughout the continent of Europe, with this difference however; here tramps go practically anywhere, over there they have to register and must carry permits to solicit aid and only in the area or district in which they had been born. It was made easy by the European authorities, possibly not to their credit, for such persons to come to America where they found a paradise as compared with conditions prevailing in the Old World. Wars in Europe, especially the Fraco-Prussian War of 1871, caused many Europeans to leave their native country and seek homes in the "Land Of The Free." Hundreds came in holds of vessels at low fare. They spread out over the rural sections of the country and while apparently seeking work found it comparatively easy to support themselves by going from door to door through the country districts. A few gave up the quest but most of them slipped into the easy way of tramp life.

Two such immigrants came to the Falling Spring District but, more persistant than others, they secured steady employment with farmers. After several years, having saved most of their earnings, they forwarded passage money to their sweethearts on the other side. In due course the young women arrived at the Spring and the two couples were married. For many years these two families lived in tenant houses but now their children and grandchildren own good farms in this country. Stories such as these could be duplicated over and over again.

During the later "Seventies" many Irishmen were brought to this county to assist in grading and building the Mont Alto and the Western Maryland railroads and to do other hard work. After one job was finished and unable to get another, some of them took to tramping and finding it an easy way to acquire a living they never went back to regular employment. Later

Italians came in large numbers to perform the same sort of hard work. They were followed by Hungarians and other immigrants from middle Europe. To their credit, may it be said of these people, few or any of them ever became vagrants.

Some of these men, especially the Germans, belonged to good families over there and could speak two or three languages, but owing to adverse circumstances, they came to America, the country known all over Europe as a place where every one could do as he pleased and where no person died of starvation. The average German had at least a good common school education, for compulsory training had been in vogue there long before it prevailed here. The thrifty ones soon acquired a working knowledge of English by carrying a copy of the New Testament printed in English and German in parallel columns.

One winter evening while my Father was hearing my geography lesson, one of these old tramps, sitting behind the kitchen stove, heard me answer that Archangel is located on the shore of the Caspian Sea. He aroused himself from apparent stupor and in broken English said, "My boy, Archangel is on the White Sea in Russia, I know, for I lived on the banks of that sea and went to school in Archangel." About a year later he came around again and as soon as he espied me he said, "Young man can you tell me where the city of Archangel is?"

Quite a large group of these men from "Middle Europe" were not of the low class and never having worked over there, they didn't care to work over here. Some of them doubtless belonged to the aristocracy and for one reason or another had been exiled and not allowed to acquire a livelihood. It was noted also that such men carried their pack in one hand by their side rather than on their backs, thus indicating they were of the higher class. Old Zimmerman was probably one of these.

A good many of these vagrants acquired a certain philosophy of life and believed the world owed them a living. One rather intellectual old tramp, who had traveled up and down the land for years, said it was definitely possible to obtain a meal at one out of every three houses visited. That average was his experience covering ten or twelve counties in the State of Pennsylvania. Along the Falling Spring the average was doubtless much greater than that, possibly a hand-out at every other house. Pennsylvania in those days was considered by tramps to be the banner state in the Union for acquiring a livelihood without working for it. Franklin, York, Cumberland and Lancaster counties ranked high in this classification and it may be presumed the Falling Spring section was one of the most generous areas where it was possible to receive something for nothing.

Few other places in Franklin county show such marked changes as those along the Falling Spring Road. Even tramps, who used to go this road, now seek their alms along other high-

ways. The picture of a man cleaning his clothes, cooking a meal or washing in a nearby stream, is a picture not so often seen nowadays as it was in the last century.

The itinerants who tramped along the Spring Road were counterparts of thousands of such men traveling throughout the Middle States. After Civil War days the number of vagrants increased; many ex-soldiers, unable to find work and having become used to out-door life, took to tramping and liked it. It was noted too, that they asked for food and lodging, not so much as a favor, but as a right, for they would have one know they had fought battles for the preservation of the Union. There was probably more mendicancy during the Sixties and Seventies of the last century than during any other period of the country's existence. Steps were taken by some counties to stop the racket, for such it was, but to no avail. At that time it was thought that twenty-five percent of the tramping fraternity were native Americans, fifty per-cent Germans, ten per-cent Irish and the remainder belonging to other races. Without available statistics it is estimated that an average of between one and two hundred homeless men were constantly traveling throughout Franklin County and accordingly it is evident that in those days the country people surely carried the unemployment load.

Tramps do not beget children, hence their numbers are recruited from various groups of unfortunate men who may have lost money in a business venture, or may have committed a certain crime, or may have been unlucky in love. But the great majority came from Europe, having sought the New World in order to make another start in life, they seldom went back to the old way of working for pay. There was no compensation for idleness in those times and when a man was out of work he was obliged to ask for help and seek food and shelter wherever it was to be had. Today there are still many vagrants, but most of them are pan-handlers who ask for money instead of food.

In those days they kept away from the larger towns and cities and traveled in the wide open spaces. The range of tramping is much wider now than it used to be for tramps have taken to freight cars in going from one place to another. Now many of them obtain food and shelter in municipal lodging houses and charity missions in the larger towns and cities. But tramps are vanishing for the vagrancy laws are thinning them out. A man with a bundle on his back and a heavy stick in his hand is a less common sight today than it was sixty or seventy years ago.

Not all tramps to be seen on our roads begged because they needed food or clothing. Some would have continued to beg even though they were to inherit a fortune, just as men play cards because of their fascination for the game and not because they need the money. A few posed as traveling evangelists for the

same reason, others worked under cover of salesmanship and sold numerous articles of small value. Once a man sets loose he finds it almost impossible to become attached again. His aim in short is to get something for nothing—a species of salesmanship in which little capital is needed. Should one be willing to put up with inconvenience he would find tramping an easy lot.

While discussing beggars, one should also take note of givers. Without donors there are no beggars as they are complements of each other. During the Middle Ages beggars stopped at monasteries and without cost got food and a place to rest. Some tramps to this day will say "God bless you," a hang-over from past centuries when alms-giving was considered a religious act. This attitude however has practically died out, although there are persons who still feel it is unchristian not to give to beggars; the Falling Spring people probably considered giving to beggars nothing more than a charitable act. An argumentative tramp justifies his calling by saying the world owes every one a living and he may as well get his share whether he works for it or not.

Mont Alto Furnace Days

MONT ALTO FURNACE DAYS

May 23, 1946

The story of the great "Iron Plantations" which flourished in Pennsylvania during the Eighteenth Century and the early Nineteenth Century is perhaps one of the least known but most interesting chapters in the history of the American Iron and Steel Industry. These plantations were extensive in area, some covering as much as twenty thousand acres of woodland. Their economic and social life centered upon the large mansion house of the owner and clustered around the big house were cottages for the workers and their families as well as the necessary work buildings, vegetable gardens and orchards.

The living areas of these plantations were surrounded by virgin Forests of oak, hickory, ash, chestnut and pine. They provided wood for making charcoal to be used in the blast furnaces and forges by means of which iron was produced. A typical blast furnace of that period consumed every day, wood grown on a full acre of wood-land.

The first furnace in Franklin County was Mount Pleasant in Path Valley about three miles north of Loudon. It was built in 1783 by three brothers, William, Benjamin and George Chambers. A forge was also erected by them about the same time. The furnace was abandoned in 1834 and the forge closed down nine years later. In 1865, on this same site a furnace called Richmond was erected.

In 1840 there were eight furnaces and eleven forges, bloomeries and rolling-mills in Franklin County; it may be noted also, there were six furnaces and five forges and rolling-mills in Cumberland County.

Mont Alto Furnace was built in 1807 by Daniel and Samuel Hughes. Two forges of the same name, about four miles from the furnace were built in 1809 and 1810 and were abandoned in 1866. A foundry was built in 1815, a rolling-mill in 1832 and a nail factory in 1835. In 1850 the nail factory was burned down and in 1867 the rolling mill was abandoned.

The furnace life in this community was the life of old England transplanted to the New World. The furnace families or barons as they were sometimes called were of a class by themselves and the doings at Cumberland Valley furnaces in early days followed a rather aristocratic pattern. The mansion

houses had large rooms with fire-places in each one. Furniture, china and linens were perhaps imported from overseas. There were plenty of servants to do the work. There was much visiting among furnace people and lively were the parties in those palmy days. A tutor was often employed to teach children and some of them were sent abroad to finish their education. Fine clothing after the European manner was usually worn.

There was a wide margin in the stratum between the furnace owners and the furnace workers, but it should be noted that occupants of the mansion houses did not assume any superior attitude toward the laborers living down in the cottages. The grand lady of the big house occasionally visited the homes of the workers and when there was sickness in their families she prepared home-brews, poultices and other remedies. Cures usually were effected and some of them doubtless enjoyed being ill under such circumstances.

Mont Alto Furnace at one time had more than five hundred workman depending upon it for their living. Few industries in the Cumberland Valley even today exceed this old iron industry in the employment of labor. The value of the furnace property together with 22,000 acres of mountain land was at one time worth several hundred thousand dollars. That sum of money was practically all lost due to improved facilities in iron-making in other areas.

Seventy-five to a hundred years ago Mont Alto was an interesting neighborhood. Doubtless there are persons who still remember the smoked-covered structures, the big furnace building in the center of the group with its leaning timbers, broken windows, rubbish of all sorts scattered around—a depressing sight indeed. In early days of the iron industry everything was in proper order, even down to the little huts of the workmen.

Seasonal shut-downs occurred. When operations were renewed, there was rejoicing all around, for the workmen had been going on short rations and the owners too had probably felt the pinch in their financial commitments. After such periods there was held what was known as the "blowing-in" ceremony usually attended by all the workmen and their families as well as the owners and their families. Occasionally representatives from other furnaces in the valley were present. The master's wife or one of his daughters usually started the fire in the furnace. Iron-makers were all "protectionsts" in those days and great care was taken not to light the fire with a democratic newspaper.

When a bride visited the furnace area it was the custom, by some means or other, to obtain her slipper (ladies didn't wear shoes then); the token was kept by the men until she promised a treat. Some iron men honored their wives by naming their furnaces for them, such as Mary Ann Furnace, Augusta Furnace and Maria Furnace. It is quite impossible for us at the present

time to visualize the gay life of furnace people in the Nineteenth Century.

Nearly all furnace owners were English or of English descent. A few were Irish and almost no Germans. The Wiestlings however were from Germany, three generations removed. Daniel and Samuel Hughes, who established Mont Alto Furnace, were of Irish descent. Two furnaces, Mount Aetna and Antietam, on the west side of South Mountain in Maryland were operated by other members of the Hughes family in 1770. During the Revolution Mount Aetna Furnace cast the first Maryland cannon.

Furnaces in Maryland employed a few slaves and indentured servants brought by the Hughes from overseas. Many of the workmen were known as "redemptioners" as their passage fare from England had been advanced by the furnace owners and then deducted from their monthly wage in small installments until all was paid. While their pay was small it was larger than they had received in the "Old Country," so they were all well satisfied and quite loyal to their employers.

In contrast to the big house of the owner were the little story-and-a-half homes of the workmen. They were built of log or stone and white-washed inside and out once a year. The stone chimneys were almost as big as the huts themselves. A single fire-place served for both heating and cooking. Floors were sanded. Iron knives and forks were used. Life in the homes of the workmen followed the simplest pattern. Some of the proprietors of furnaces employed a teacher during a few months in winter so that most of the children learned to read and write and to figure up the wages due their fathers.

Each cottager had a garden, very productive, kept in best of order and its vegetables saved many a trip to the company store. They had chickens, usually two pigs, and the more thrifty families had a cow which roamed at will along the mountainside. At milking time the cows were easily found by the sound of their tinkling bells. The workers entertained themselves with apple-butter boilings, quilting bees, corn huskings and sometimes spelling contests. Their festivities ended with a dance after which the young men took the girls home. A self-taught musician provided the music with a home-made fiddle. Hoedowns and jigs were in order. The lights were tallow dips hung around on the walls.

Brides went with their swains to the nearest preacher and were married. On their return they were greeted with a calathumpian serenade and the whole affair usually ended in a treat. Because some of the men drank too heavily the gathering often broke up with a lot of noise and possibly a fight or two. Sometimes it happened that employer and employee, forgetting their different stations, were seen locked in each others arms during

such periods of hilarity. The masters generally sipped French wines, sherry, etc. while the workers gulped down whiskey, beer and hard cider. However the Wiestlings, last owners of Mont Alto Furnace, were strictly temperate in their habits.

Children of furnace workers looked forward with keen excitement to the holiday season when a Christmas tree at the big house was provided. All the children with their elders were invited and given candies, cakes and fruits. There were few books and toys in those days. The old rag doll was given a new face and the children were proud of its renewed looks.

The furnace workers were as a class restless people, the single men especially, often moving from one furnace to another. While no previous arrangements had been made for their coming, they were usually given something to do and remained until the urge prompted them to move again. This frequent shifting from one place to another was really a phase of furnace life and didn't seem strange or odd to either employer or employee.

Of the three basic materials—ore, limestone and charcoal—needed in the production of iron—the most important was iron ore. These items were assembled on the platform at top of stack and fed into the hot cauldron by men of experience in iron-making.

There were seventeen mines from which iron ore was obtained for supplying Mont Alto Furnace. They were known by consecutive numbers from one to seventeen. Several of these mines were close to the furnace, a few were out in the country three or four miles distant. Nearly all were shallow surface operations. The mine at Pond Bank however was underground, the drifts radiating in a number of directions from the main shaft. No one save miners were permitted to go down these shafts and it was maintained by some that the Pond Bank drifts led underground far beyond the furnace-owned property.

Ores obtained from these mines were nearly all of different composition. For this reason they were classified and placed above the stack in separate bins numbered from one to seventeen; accordingly it was necessary to use certain proportions of ore from different bins in order to produce iron of proper content. The manager of the furnace plant was therefore careful to select men qualified to do the sorting of ores so the high standard of Mont Alto iron might be maintained.

Ores were washed and prepared for smelting in this wise; after broken up by sledge and napping hammers, the small pieces were shoveled into a large wooden trough, fifteen or twenty feet long, set in nearly a horizontal position. In this trough was a timber shaft twelve or fourteen inches in diameter with iron blades fastened around it in spiral order, thus making it a screw-shaft or worm. This mechanism was turned by water power. Water was also introduced into the lower end of the trough and

by means of the revolving screw, the ore reached the upper end thus freeing it of clay, etc. The ore then fell into a waiting cart to be taken up to the bridge-head and deposited into one of the numbered bins.

Limestone required in making iron, was found on farms belonging to the furnace. It was taken from shallow quarries and hauled to the furnace in big six horse wagons, also deposited on the bridge-head.

Charcoal was the third factor in iron production in early days. The making of charcoal is one of the arts that has been practiced more than two thousand years with little change during that long period. The amount of charcoal used at a furnace was simply enormous as it took more than one acre of good timber land every day to supply the charcoal needs of Mont Alto at the time of its greatest production. The wood growth on the South Mountains hereabouts had been cut over twice and were iron-making in vogue today, so rapid is the growth of mountain forests that some of the stands would now be ready for the third cutting. Chestnut timber was generally used in furnaces, but hickory, ash and various species of oaks were also acceptable. Our compliments are due the woodchoppers of those days, sturdy fellows, who didn't make two strokes where one would do.

Preparing charcoal for the furnace stack involved a great amount of labor; felling and cutting up the trees into cord-wood lengths and hauling to the charcoal pits where the pieces of wood were set on end in a cone-shaped stack. These stacks were fifteen to twenty feet in diameter at the base and eight feet in height with a small flue in the center to furnish a slight draft.

This pile of wood was first covered with moist leaves then with wet earth. After set on fire the collier with his helper watched constantly day and night for more than a week to see there were no openings for air to leak in and burn the whole stack into ashes. When all was burned but the carbon the fire was put out and in three or four days the pit or stack was cold enough to be opened, the residue being charcoal. It was then hauled from the mountains, possibly six or eight miles, in big wagons with high sideboards, to the furnace stack in readiness to use. Hundreds of level spots in the mountains about thirty feet in diameter show the location of these old charcoal pits as they were then called. They are not difficult to find as these spots still remain, strange to say, devoid of tree growth.

While no two furnace stacks were exactly alike it is noted however that most of them were square and uniformly erected of sand-stone, held together by iron bars. They were located alongside a hill about twenty feet high and twenty five feet wide at the base so they could be filled from the top without much labor in lifting and hoisting.

On each side of the stack were openings where air could

be forced in by bellows. In front was an arch which closed while the contents were being heated and opened whenever the hot metal was to be released. A short bridge or platform was laid from the ore base on top of the hill on which materials were unloaded or dumped from the big wagons. Workmen, called "fillers," carried the ingredients, namely: ore, charcoal and broken limestone, to the stack. Filling a furnace was like making a striped layer-cake; alternate layers of charcoal, iron ore and limestone were dropped therein. Nothing was weighed, but like the good house-keeper in cake baking, so accurately did these men at Mont Alto do their work, that a well balanced grade of iron was the result. The molten metal draining from a small opening below ran sputtering into grooves or channels made of black sand. After cooling and becoming hard the metal was broken into two foot lengths by large sledge hammers thus producing the pig iron of commerce. Workmen immediately prepared the sand bed in preparation for another running of hot metal. They usually made three of these runs in twenty-four hours. Furnaces were supplied with forced draft or blasts of air run by a big water wheel. This is the reason they were known as blast furnaces.

In those days four elements necessary to establish a furnace were iron ore, charcoal, limestone and water power. These together with labor produced iron at an average cost per ton as follows: iron ore \$10.00, limestone \$1.00, charcoal \$5.00, labor at furnace \$5.00, making total cost \$20.00 to \$21.00 for a good grade of hematite iron ranging in price from \$30.00 to \$50.00 per ton, somewhat more than the present cost of iron-making. Pig iron was converted into wrought iron by stirring, known as "puddling." Some of the workmen called it "muddling."

Iron plantations in those days were interesting to look upon. They revealed continuous action throughout a large area and the work was co-ordinated by men skilled in their respective vocations. Here were forests with their wood choppers and charcoal makers; dams with their floodgates and waste gates to regulate the supply of water to run the big water wheels; the big stack and its casting shed; the blacksmith shop with its resounding anvils; the stables with their neighing horses and rollicking colts; the charcoal house, the refinery, the sawmill, the office building, the storeroom; the homes of the workers all in the best of order; and last but not least the big mansion house itself; together with its bake house; smoke house; and ice house; all located at respectful distance; a self contained community and conducted in an orderly and a systematic manner.

Furnaces were noisy neighborhoods and a veritable medley and jumble of sounds emanated therefrom. There were loud intermittent blasts of the furnace itself; the harsh grating and crunching of the mill; the creaking and splashing of the big water

wheel; the groaning of the great six-horse wagon teams; the commands of drivers; all intermingled with the stern orders of the overseers, his assistants and the constant noise of men at work. But above all was the intermittent thumping, thumping, thumping of the quaint forge hammer. When atmospheric conditions were favorable the echo of the forge could be heard several miles down in the valley.

The staff at a furnace consisted of a general foreman, two keepers, three or four helpers, two cinder snappers, two fillers, two bank hands and several mules. A large conch shell was blown by the foundry man announcing the time of casting when all hands and the mules quickly assembled below in the casting house. Each man and mule knew exactly how and when to do his part.

Near the furnace building was the company store, known in the community as "The Store," a unique institution. The employees of some of the furnaces were not paid in coin or in U. S. currency, but were handed their wages in pieces of paper, colloquially known as shin-plasters. These bits of paper were printed in small denominations, from five cents upward and were exchangeable for goods purchased at the company store, but not acceptable anywhere else. This was probably a satisfactory arrangement for the workmen in and around Mont Alto, but those employees who lived at Old Forge, for instance, had to go six or seven miles each way on Saturdays to purchase the necessary articles of food, clothing, etc. A long walk and frequently it was daylight on Sunday morning before they reached their home in the Old Forge district. And should they have tarried at Mont Alto Hotel they probably would not have straggled in until later in the day and may have kept many persons awake along the route.

These shin-plasters were not money and had no value except at "The Store," since they could not be transferred. In later years such script was outlawed by United States statute. It may be mentioned that during Civil War Days our nation went into the shin-plaster business on its own account and its citizens were compelled to use bank notes and other U. S. obligations instead of metal currency. It is beyond our recollection to know, but it is said that prices were pretty high during that period of inflation when the United States was off the Gold Standard. We are off the Gold Standard now but happily do not know it. In Civil War Days this country did not have the gold to redeem its paper money. Now the government owns the gold, but, as in furnace days, it still issues a sort of government shin-plaster. No one, however, experiences any difficulty or inconvenience by reason of handling the neatly engraved U. S. Currency notes. Incidentally had the European War continued we might again have to go through a period of currency inflation.

Sometimes furnaces would shut down over the holidays, also during hay-making and harvesting to afford their workers a chance to go out among the farmers and earn a little real money thus supplementing the shin-plaster received at the furnace.

In early days iron was wagoned to the Potomac at Williamsport, Md. and floated down the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal to tide-water. The route of these big six-horse teams from Mont Alto was by way of Quincy, Tomstown, Black Corner, across Waynesboro and Monterey road at Red Run, through Midvale, Ringgold, Leitersburg, Hagerstown to Williamsport, Md. A good sized load was three tons and it required two full days to make the round trip. When the Cumberland Valley Railroad reached Chambersburg, iron was often taken there for shipment and when the Western Maryland Railroad crossed South Mountain it was hauled to the station at Pen-Mar.

In 1872 the Cumberland Valley Railroad constructed a branch to Mont Alto Furnace, thus happily solving the difficulty of long hauls. The number of horses employed did not decrease as one might suppose for the output of the furnace had increased untill it reached the large total of 51 tons of hematite iron per day. But the irony of it (no pun intended) was that at the very height of Mont Alto's prosperity, with the brightest prospects in its long career, after being in existence nearly a hundred years the furnace property passed into the hands of a receiver. A few years later it was taken over by the State Forestry Commission causing a loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars to its former owners and creditors.

Today there are industrial organizations flourishing just as the old iron furnaces flourished. Now it should be taken into account that the tempo of change is more rapid than it was in furnace days. And those who have set their heart on the industries of today should bear in mind that the life-span of industrial concerns is becoming shorter and shorter as the years roll on; accordingly the conservative investor should have a care and set his financial compass accordingly.

Among the reasons advanced for the downfall of Mont Alto Furnace and sixteen or eighteen other furnaces in the Cumberland Valley area are: richer ores were found in other places; the charcoal industry was dying out for want of timber; larger units for making iron had come into the picture; another reason and probably the best of all, that it was cheaper to haul the ore to the fuel than haul the fuel to the ore. Although the ores in Mont Alto district have by no means been exhausted it was competition that destroyed the iron industry in this valley.

During its career of eighty-five years Mont Alto Furnace produced between seven and eight hundred thousand tons of iron. At the peak of the iron industry in 1840 there were eight furnaces and eleven forges in Franklin County and six furnaces and

five forges in Cumberland County. During the Nineteenth Century it is estimated that between four and five million tons of iron were produced in this valley.

There were twenty furnaces in the Cumberland Valley not all however running at the same time. In Franklin County: Mary Ann, Southampton, Roxbury, Carrick, Loudon, Mt. Pleasant, Richmond, Franklin, Falling Spring, Caledonia and Mont Alto.

In Cumberland County: Boiling Spring, Mt. Holly Springs, Pine Grove, Chestnut Grove, Cumberland, Augusta and Big Pond. In Washington County, Maryland, also in Cumberland Valley, on west side of South Mountain, were Mount Aetna and Antietam Furnaces.

Most of these furnaces were established in the early part of the Nineteenth Century and it is significant that few of them lasted longer than a hundred years. Accordingly a lesson can be gathered from their history which may well be studied by present-day industrialists. Many of the captains of industry in the last century died before their business defaulted, while others sadly lived to see the fires of their furnaces go out and the wheels of their factories cease to run. Two or three small furnaces survived Mont Alto, the last furnace blowing out in 1912. The time may come when the iron industry will be revived in this area for there is no better ore to be found anywhere than in the Cumberland Valley.

Today all evidences of these old furnaces have been cleared away and hardly a vestige of the quaint buildings remain to indicate the manufacturing activity of other days.

Mont Alto Furnace surviving almost a century, folded up at the very time of its greatest prosperity. Its failure was no fault of the Wiestlings. It is not possible to patch up all leaks in one's economic program and no matter who was operating that furnace in 1893, the result would have been the same. The same observation may be made concerning scores of other industries. Flour mills, tanneries, potteries, distilleries, carriage and wagon makers, creameries, paper mills, woolen mills, all having passed out of existence and even their location erased from the landscape. New groups of men came forward and developed new industries which made the efforts of the preceding manufacturers look like boy's work—and now a third generation from furnace days appears on the stage contriving scientific and mechanical devices which promise to bring about the wonder age of the world.

